

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. IX. No. 6.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, JUNE, 1908.

PRICE { 5c. per copy.
50c. per year

JOEL HUTT'S NEW HOUSE

By RACHEL B. HAMILTON.

I AM a district school teacher in West Virginia. The life is quiet and monotonous, if one is willing it should be so; but a little observation, aided by human sympathy, may give it interest and even romance. Some teachers might be able to write narratives of their own experiences; but it has not fallen to my lot to be a heroine, and having no story of my own I prize more highly those of my neighbors. I have many a nice budget stored away in head, heart and portfolio.

Three years ago I found myself without an engagement. After many inquiries I heard of a school, which I was told was such hard work and poor pay nobody wanted it. Having no other choice I concluded to apply. It was five miles from home by the road, and three across the hills. The former way was so impassable with mud that I preferred walking, my sister Mary going with me. A warm rain had fallen the day before, and the sky was still cloudy, but betokening nothing worse than spring showers. Those that had already fallen had set the birds crazy with delight, filled the air with the smell of the soil, and made the ferns and mosses brighten out among the old dead leaves.

We had been directed to Joel Hutt, who lived "just beyond that hill where you kin see the clearin'." Woods and deep hollows lay between, and we were not sure that upon emerging we would find the "clear-in'" whose unsightliness was plainly visible in the distance. Over logs and



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across rocky brooks, through underbrush, and up the hill-sides, where the yielding loam sent us back when we pressed most earnestly forward, until we came out in an open field about a quarter of a mile to the right of the stump and log-covered hill. In the center of the field before us stood a house and barn.

"How glad I am," said Mary, as she climbed the fence, "that we found the place so easily. I am quite tired enough to stop!"

"Don't be too well pleased with ap-

pearances. I don't believe that is the house."

"Oh, it must be! There is no other house in sight but that one away over on the next ridge, and it can't be so far off as that, I know."

"But that is beyond the hill we were directed to, while this is nearer than the hill itself."

"I wonder if it wouldn't be best to inquire, instead of talking the matter over here," said my active sister, as she started in the direction of the house. It was a two-story frame,

for the protection of some fruit trees that had been planted around; they might have had some ten years' growth. There had been some attempt at ornament, for a cedar and an arbor vitae grew at what seemed intended for the front of the house. The bricks of the chimney were not discolored by smoke, and the paint was weather-beaten, but not worn from the doors and frames. The fine big barn, standing a little way off, had been well used. Wagon-wheels had cut deep ruts around it,

straight and stiff in every outline—such a house as you may see anywhere and everywhere. This was all we observed as we passed through the field toward it. Half a dozen wild-looking cattle were trying to pick the young grass from among the dry timothy stubble. As we approached they raised their heads, sniffed the air, and ran off at full gallop.

"Not much used to company!" said Mary. "And only look at the house. I wonder where the people live?"

"This is the front, I suppose, and they stay in the back kitchen."

"But there is no road here, and neither gate nor foot-path."

"Little need of gate with only this fragment of rail-fence. But let us go round to the other side."

The other side was just the same. The same rectangle, containing the same number of windows, and a door painted red. All the windows were hung with blue paper blinds which closely fitted the frames. The thresholds were some feet away from the ground, but there were no steps. No paths in the yard, which was only a small enclosure

Don't Have "Spring Fever"

"Spring Fever" is just another name for Biliousness, Irregular Bowels, Upset Stomach.

What you must do is to get the blood pure—by stirring up the liver—making the bowels regular and the stomach sweet. The quickest, and surest, and pleasant, way to do all this is to take Abbey's Salt. It's the best spring tonic.

25c and 60c a bottle.

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent Salt

Eddy's

Silent Parlor Matches

"Silent as the Sphinx."

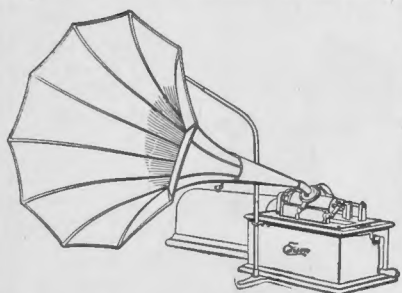
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Hints for the Housewife.

At the Dinner Table.

He sat at the dinner-table
With a discontented frown;
The potatoes and steak were underdone
And the bread was baked too brown;
The pie was heavy, the pudding too sweet,
And the meat was much too fat;
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
'Twas hardly fit for the cat.

"I wish you could taste the bread and pie
I've seen my mother make;
They are something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a slice of her cake."
Said the smiling wife: "I'll improve with age—
Just now I'm but a beginner;
But your mother has come to visit us,
And to-day she cooked the dinner."

A mustard plaster mixed with the white of an egg will not leave a blister.

If a steel needle is held between the teeth when peeling onions for pickling it will prevent the eyes from watering.

If your cellar is damp, as it is apt to be in the early spring and fall, put a piece of unslaked lime in it. It absorbs the moisture, and keeps the place sweet.

Cheese may be kept from going mouldy by wrapping it in a cloth dipped in vinegar and wrung nearly dry. Cover the cloth with a wrapper of paper, and keep in a cool place.

Hair brushes should be washed, if possible, every day. The best plan is to keep two in use at the same time. Unless a clean brush is used the hair loses the bright, glossy look that it should have.

A veteran housekeeper says that washing lamp-chimneys is a waste of time. Just hold them over the steam from a boiling tea-kettle, then rub them with a dry newspaper folded up into a wad, and lastly with a soft cloth, and they will be all that can be desired.

When your gas burns poorly, probably the mantle is black. If so, remove the globe, get a salt shaker, and with it sprinkle salt on the mantle, as much as will cover it, then light the gas and let it burn till all the black is off. Then replace the globe. Cleaned thus, the mantle should be as good as new again.

It takes less than a minute to put on an old pair of gloves when one has a dirty piece of work, such as dusting or making a fire, to do; but what a saving it is to the hands! Housewives who make a point of thus protecting their skin never have unsightly ingrained blacks on their hands, nor those distressing cracks that get so dreadfully chapped and painful.

If a skirt is much splashed with mud, or stained along the hem, it should never be brushed until the stains are completely dry, prompt treatment while the mud is still wet only causing the dirt to sink into the material. If brushing does not succeed in eliminating the marks when the material is dry, sponging with pure alcohol should be tried, this method succeeding admirably both with serge and cloth costumes in dark colors as well as lighter fabrics.

What to Wear.—Fair women who flush easily should avoid light blue, more especially for evening gowns, and the woman of indefinite coloring should never wear black velvet, while she of brilliant complexion and decided features will probably look splendid in it. Then, again, the dullness of chiffon is trying to some and the sheen of satin to others. The only way to come to a decision in these matters (and once learnt one should bear it in mind) is to hold the various materials up before you and study the effect in the glass.

Sweeping An Invalid's Room.—Everyone knows how untidy a sick-room becomes, and how annoying the dust of the sweeping is to the patient. "To remedy this," said a trained and capable nurse, "I put a little ammonia in a pail of warm water, and with my mop wrung dry as possible go all over the carpet first. This takes up the dust and much of the loose dirt. A broom will take what is too large to adhere to the mop, and raise no dust. With my dust-cloth well sprinkled I go over the furniture, and the room is fairly clean."

Soothing for Coughs.—Toffee has a great advantage over cough mixtures, because, as it requires to be slowly sucked away, it has a longer time in which to act on the parts which are irritated by coughing. This simple toffee

is both soothing for coughs and delicious to the palate. Take half a pound of Demerara sugar, one pound of butter, one tablespoonful of treacle, one tea-spoonful of Ipecacuanha wine. Mix the sugar, butter and treacle together, and boil them slowly for half an hour. Then, add the wine, and when thoroughly mixed with the other ingredients pour the mixture on to a greased plate to cool.

Laying the Cloth.—A table ought first to have a protective covering of thick felt or baize—fastened securely at the corners by tapes—to prevent hot dishes damaging the woodwork, and also to help to deaden the sound of plates and other items being placed upon it. It is not wise to choose a material of bright coloring for this purpose, as when children are present and any liquid gets spilled thereon, the dye from the baize is apt to discolor the white linen cloth. In such cases it may be necessary to have a piece of oilcloth placed between the baize cover and the linen. Spread the linen evenly on the table.

To Remove Stains from the Hands after Peeling Apples.—Rub the inside of the apple peeling on the part stained and you will find that the ugly mark will soon disappear.

Polished tables may be kept in good condition if about once a week they are rubbed with a mixture of turpentine and olive oil. Apply with a piece of flannel, afterwards polishing with a dry cloth.

When washing the hands, rub them over with a bit of lemon, for the juice has a cleansing and softening effect on the skin. Lemon-juice, diluted with an equal quantity of water, is sometimes used to remove freckles, but for many people this remedy would be too drastic and would cause a rash all over the face.

To Make Cold Cream.—Take ½ lb. of the best lard and a little essence of lemon. Put these in a basin and pour boiling water upon them, then set aside, and when cold pour off the water. Twice repeat the process of scalding, then with a fork beat to a soft cream. Put in jars and it is ready for use.

Never give painted toys to very young children. They are a source of great danger, as it is difficult to prevent children from putting them to their mouths, more particularly at teething time. Tin toys are also better banished from the nursery, as many nasty cuts are caused by a fall on the sharp edges of a tin toy badly made.

To Prevent Clothes Iron-Moulding from the Rust off the Boiler.—When the washing is done each week empty all the water out of the boiler, and while the latter is warm rub it all over with soft soap, and let this remain on till the boiler is required again; it is easily washed off. Mutton fat can also be used. If this is done every week the boiler will never iron-mould the clothes.

Cooking Oatmeal.—Oatmeal should be cooked in a double boiler. This is a small boiler hung or placed in a lower boiler, which is partly filled with boiling water. In other words, we give the oatmeal a water bath, which ensures perfect cooking and removes the danger of burning. Stir the oatmeal into boiling water until it begins to thicken. Cook constantly for half an hour. Do not stir after it begins to cook.

Fish Toast.—Take the remains of any cold fish, pound well with butter, pepper, a pinch of mace, a little chopped onion, parsley, and salt. Mix well with some cream, warm it in a pan over the fire, and stir in the yolk of an egg. Put it on to hot buttered toast, piled high. It must be thick enough to stand, sprinkle over with breadcrumbs, pour a little clarified butter on the top, and brown.

Smokers' Wives.—Not every housewife knows that a large bowl of fresh water placed in a room over night will absorb all the smell of tobacco from the evening's pipes and cigars, and prevent that stale smell in the morning which is so difficult to get rid of. At the same time, all ends of cigars and tobacco ash should be cleared away before closing the room for the night. This simple precaution is quite worth while where a small flat is concerned, and where the dining-room is used in lieu of a smoking-room.

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen, painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by all druggists.



Used by the Winners of Special Prizes for Home Baking at 82 Western Fairs Last Year

At Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, and 79 other Western Fairs last year, special prizes were offered for the best Tea Biscuits, made with Blue Ribbon Baking Powder.

Over a thousand Competitors took part, and the result was the finest showing of light, flaky, toothsome biscuits ever exhibited in the Canadian West. So high was the general average, that the judges had a difficult task deciding which were the best plates amongst so many good ones.

The ladies who baked such excellent biscuits were not professional cooks, and few of them had ever exhibited before. They were simply the wives and daughters of Western citizens and farmers. Any woman (and some men) could do just as well, by using Blue Ribbon Baking Powder and following the plain and simple directions.

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Half-Dozen Tea Biscuits, made with Blue Ribbon Baking Powder. Empty can to accompany each exhibit.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
- - - - -	\$5.00	\$2.00	\$1.00

Blue Ribbon Cook Book (bound in Oilcloth) free to each contestant.

Here is Good Recipe for Tea Biscuits.

TEA BISCUITS—Ingredients—1 pint flour, 2 level tablespoons butter, 4 level teaspoons Blue Ribbon Baking Powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2 level tablespoons lard, milk to make soft dough from $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 cup according to the flour used.
Sift flour, Blue Ribbon Baking Powder and salt into mixing bowl. Add butter and lard, and cut it into the flour with two knives. Add milk by degrees. Turn out on lightly floured board; roll quickly in the flour. Flour your rolling pin; roll out dough about an inch thick and cut with a floured cutter. Bake in a VERY HOT oven 15 or 20 minutes.

Look up offer in Prize List of your Fair, and be ready to win one of these prizes.

If your grocer has not Blue Ribbon Baking Powder in stock, please let us know.

Blue Ribbon Winnipeg
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Look for Big Special Offer next month

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You can get any of the following articles and many others simply by saving

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and sending them to us.

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Our catalogue shows the complete line but here are a few:—

STANDARD SOAP CO. LIMITED, Calgary, Alta.

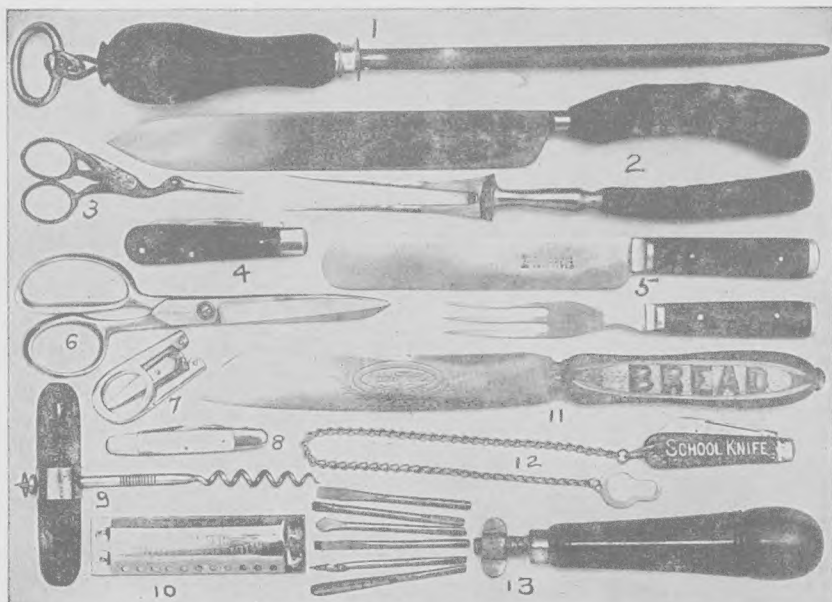
This Coupon is accepted by us as of equal value to Six wrappers when accompanied by other wrappers.



This attractive silver plate teaspoon free for both ends of a 2 lb. carton of Golden West Soap or Golden West Washing Powder. Enclose 2c. stamp and address

Dept. H. M. STANDARD SOAP CO., LIMITED, Calgary.

FINE HOUSEHOLD CUTLERY



No. 1—Best Steel, a very useful household article. Free for 40 wrappers or 10 wrappers and 25 cents postpaid.

No. 2—Handsome Carving Knife and Fork. Good value. Free for 200 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and \$1.00 postpaid.

No. 3—Dainty Embroidery Scissors, artistically mounted. Free for 60 wrappers or for 20 wrappers and 25 cents postpaid.

No. 4—Best Jack Knife. Strong and serviceable. Free for 50 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 20 cents postpaid.

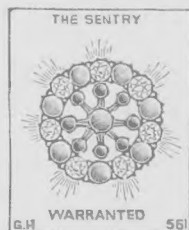
No. 5—Ebony Handled Steel Tipped Knives, English Sheffield Steel, with forks, 1 dozen knives, or 1 dozen forks. Free for 300 wrappers or for 50 wrappers and \$1.40 postpaid.

No. 6—Sunset Scissors, seven inch blade, best razor steel. Free for 50 wrappers or 15 wrappers and 20 cents postpaid.

NOVEL JEWELRY DESIGNS—Postpaid.



No. 62—Gold Plated Crescent Brooch Pin with seven stones, brilliant cluster. For 30 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents.



No. 63—Circle Cluster brooch border of 15 jewels, close set, showing no metal. Centre is a cluster of emeralds and 1 brilliant. For 100 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 40c.



No. 64—Wreath Brooch, set with 7 brilliants, entwining branch and blossom, each blossom set with an inserted stone. In either green, gold or rose gold. For 30 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents.

Value of Golden West Wrappers

As applied to the different brands we manufacture:—

LAUNDRY SOAP AND SPECIALTIES

Golden West Laundry Soap.....	1 carton equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
Golden West Washing Powder.....	1 " " " " " " " " " "
Golden West Powdered Ammonia.....	1 " " " " " " " " " "
Golden West Lye.....	1 tin " " " " " " " " " "
Bristle Scouring Soap.....	1 cake " " " " " " " " " "

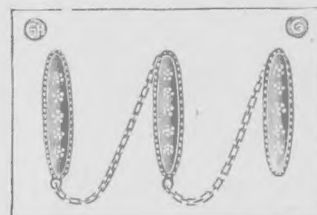
TOILET SOAPS

Heather Bouquet.....	each cake equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
Golden West Toilet.....	" " " " " " " " " "
Weir's Buttermilk.....	" " " " " " " " " "
No. 77 Baby's Bath.....	" " " " " " " " " "
"Herron's" Floating Castile.....	" " " " " " " " " "
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Golden West Glycerine and Pine Tar.....	" " " " " " " " " "
Weir's Pine Tar.....	" " " " " " " " " "
Uncle Tom's Tar.....	" " " " " " " " " "

BAKING POWDER, etc.

"Trophy" Baking Powder.....	each tin equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
"Trophy" Baking Soda, one lb. package.....	" " " " " " " " " "
"Trophy" Baking Soda, " 1/2 lb. package.....	" " " " " " " " " "
"Trophy" Jelly Powder, each package.....	" " " " " " " " " "
"Trophy" Flavoring Extract, 2 oz. bottle.....	" " " " " " " " " "
"Trophy" " " " 4-oz. ".....	" " " " " " " " " "
"Trophy" " " " 8-oz. ".....	" " " " " " " " " "
"Trophy" " " " 16-oz. ".....	" " " " " " " " " "

NOVEL JEWELRY DESIGNS—Postpaid



No. 65—Three-piece Baby Pin Set, consisting of 3 pins with chain attachment. For 20 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 10 cents.



No. 66—Cable Link Gold Plated Neck Chain, hung with Roman gold secret heart locket containing one brilliant. Opens and closes and has space for two photos. For 30 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents.



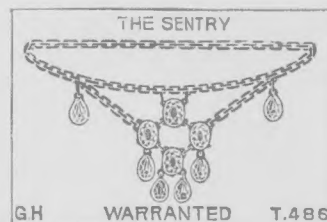
No. 67—Real solid gold Shell Ring. Tiffany mounting, containing large brilliant, finest imitation diamond. For 100 wrappers or 25 wrappers and 50 cents.



No. 68—Real solid gold Shell Ring, faceted pattern. Guaranteed to wear. For 60 wrappers or for 15 wrappers and 30 cents.



No. 69—Solid Gold Shell "Princess" Ring, choice of diamonds or garnets. The stones are doublets. An exact imitation of the real gems and will last a lifetime. For seventy-five wrappers or for twenty-five wrappers and 25 cents.



No. 70—Lavalier or Bangle Necklace, Parisian style, hung with 10 jewels, choice of Emerald, Ruby, Turquoise and Sapphire. For 75 wrappers or for 35 wrappers and 25 cents.



No. 73—Ladies' engraved Curb Link Bracelet. Perfect working padlock and key, in either sterling silver or gold finish. For 50 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 20 cents.

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Notice to Subscribers!

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Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

We always stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.**

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To every present subscriber or reader who will send us one new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for one year at Fifty cents, at any time before Oct. 31, 1908, we will send Free by mail, post paid, Twelve Beautiful Post Cards and a neat Post Card Album, bound in boards suitably printed cover, and having spaces to hold 24 cards.

The twelve post cards are of fine quality, beautifully printed, no two alike, and include views of schools, parks, public buildings, etc., etc., in Western Canada, a real nice post card to mail to your friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada, and embrace the following groups of Winnipeg views:—

GROUP I.	GROUP II.	GROUP III.	GROUP IV.
Looking North from City Hall	Looking South from City Hall	Assiniboine Park	Ros'yn Road
St. Mary's Church	Wesley Church	Portage Avenue	Kennedy Street
Central Congregational Church	Medical College	Princes Street	Government House
Manitoba College	Wesley College	Armstrong Point	Court House
University of Manitoba	First Baptist Church	Wellington Crescent	Royal Alexandra Hotel
Grace Church	St. Stephen's Church	Fort Garry Gateway	Fort Garry Court
Victoria School	General Hospital	Government Buildings	The Assiniboine River
Normal School	Carnegie Library	Manitoba Club	Mr. John Galt's Residence
Deaf and Dumb Institute	St. Andrew's Church	Old Post Office	Assiniboine Park
Sacred Heart Church	St. John's College	Canadian Bank of Commerce	Redwood Brewery
Mulvey School	Norquay School	Edison Store	Bannatyne Ave. East
Land Titles Building	Machray School	Mr. W. Whyte's Residence	Residence of Mr. F. M. Morse

Each set of cards is entirely new, never before offered by us, all printed nicely and the subject are the most attractive we have ever seen.

It is quite impossible for us to split up these groups and accordingly subscribers are debarred from selecting some cards from one group and some from another.

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To secure twelve post cards and album, all you have to do is to take a copy of a recent issue of The Western Home Monthly, show it to friends, neighbors or acquaintances, call attention to its merits, attractions, and very low price, and ask for the subscription. As soon as you have secured it, send us the name and address with the 50 cents, and state that you want the twelve post cards and album as premium.

They will be sent you promptly, and when you receive them we are sure you will feel well repaid for your time and trouble. In your letter do not fail to say that the subscription is for The Western Home Monthly, and do not fail to give your own name and full address as well as that of the subscriber. Do not be discouraged if you do not get the subscriber at the first house you visit; keep on until the subscription is secured—the reward is well worth the effort. If you want more than one set of the cards and album, and can get more than one subscriber, do so; we will send you a set of twelve and an album for every new subscriber you send us.

We have mentioned a new subscriber, but if it should be one who has taken the Western Home Monthly at some time, and has failed to renew for this year, it will make no difference; anyone not now a subscriber to this magazine is eligible. Please bear in mind that this is a special limited offer, good only until October 31st, 1908, hence must be taken advantage of before that date. You may select any one of the four groups.

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Send One Dollar To-Day

We were thoroughly interested and puzzled. That a new house should have stood so long empty in a section where so many were anxious to buy or rent was unaccountable. We were very certain that neither Joel Hutt nor anyone else had ever lived there.

"Well," I said, "shall we go on to the other house?"

"Across that deep hollow and up another hill? I don't believe that's the place."

"But where else can we go?"

"Come on, then. It would be hard to come so far and see nobody. And then I want to inquire if this house is haunted," said Mary, who was alternating between amusement and annoyance.

Across the hollow and up the hill we went. The house was an old log one, a story and a half high, and having one wing—a small frame kitchen, which seemed to be a late addition. There was a porch in front, up which honeysuckle had climbed so long ago that its thick stems seemed to support the moss-grown roof as firmly as did the craggy old posts. In the yard stood one of those huge apple-trees whose spreading branches are good for nothing but the shade and snug props to robins' nests. Behind the house were fruit trees which promised bright things for May and good things for harvest. As we approached a woman came out on the porch and blew a tin horn.

"We are in good time for dinner," said Mary; "this long walk has made me hungry enough to enjoy it."

Although we were opening the gate when the woman concluded this dinner-call, she only glanced toward us and hurried into the house.

"Cool that, now wasn't it? I'm afraid we'll have no invitation to help them eat that nice ham I smell."

Some minutes after we knocked a voice, in quaint and measured tones, bade us "come in." On entering we saw the same woman who had blown the horn sitting in the corner knitting. It was the position and occupation she thought best for a reception.

"Good-day," said the woman, still knitting.

"Good-day," I answered. "Does Joel Hutt live here?"

"Yes."

"Is he in?"

"No."

"Is he at home?"

"I reckon he'll be yere soon. I've blowed on him for dinner; but he's over in the fur field a-plowin', and if he ain't at the end of his furrow he won't stop till he's done."

"Do you know whether a teacher is engaged for the school?"

"No, we haven't got none yet. You want it?"

"I came to see about it."

"Won't you take cheers and wait till Joel comes?" And at last she rose and pushed two chairs out a little from their places by the wall.

"Did you come fur?"

"About three miles."

"Which way?"

Mary pointed toward the unoccu-

pied house, and said, "That way."

"Whose girls are you?"

"Mrs. Rood's."

"Over by town? Oh, yes, I've heered of her often. I thought mebbe you was old man Johnson's daughters, they're school marm's. He lives over on Mill Creek. D'ye know him?"

"No, ma'am."

Just then we heard the horses coming down the road, their chain traces rattling to every measured tramp.

"Joel's comin' now," said Mrs. Hutt, and she hurried to the kitchen and began poking the fire and getting out dishes. Presently we heard Joel come in, and while he washed she explained who we were and what was our errand. Then she came to the door of the sitting-room and said, "You might as well take off your things and stay to dinner," and we immediately untied our hats in assent to what was intended to be a warm invitation. We followed her to the kitchen where the table was spread. Joel stood behind one of the chairs, and, as we entered, nodded to us and sat down. He was a fine-looking farmer of about thirty-five. As we ate I made known my errand to Joel, and found I could get the school "if the other directors was willin'." Then we talked of the weather and the crops until almost through the meal, when Mary asked: "Who lives in that house over there?"

Joel, to whom the question was addressed, evidently desired to seem not to hear; and, finally, his mother answered, quite shortly in tone and letter, "Nobody."

"Where do you kalkilate to board?" said Joel, before another question could be asked.

"I am not acquainted with anyone in the district. How far from here is the school-house?"

"Something less than a mile."

"Do you ever board teachers?"

"Sometimes I used to," said Mrs. Hutt; "but I'm not so smart as I was onst."

"Oh, well, it will be season to look for boarding when I'm sure of the school. When will you let me know?"

"About the last of the week, I reckon," said Joel, as he rose from the table.

Returning home we again passed the empty house.

"If it has a ghost story connected with it the Hutt's don't seem inclined to tell it. And I believe they have some reason for not wanting to talk about it. Didn't you think they avoided it?"

"Yes; but if I live here this spring I will find it all out for you."

"I wouldn't board with those people if I were you. They are so queer, and with only those two old folks you will be so lonesome."

"Everybody is queer; and you know I don't often have time to be lonely when I teach. Then I will come home for Saturdays and Sundays, and talk over the week with you and mother."

We reached home and were refreshing ourselves with rocking-

chairs and apples when the click of the gate latch announced a visitor, Miss Sarah Jane Singell. Sarah Jane don't come often—don't go anywhere often, and consequently is more queer than most people. Her greeting consisted of two or three funny little nods, each accompanied by an unspellable sound that meant "how d'ye do?"

"Good afternoon, Sarah Jane; take this arm-chair."

"Any one will do," said Sarah Jane, as she took the chair and tried to arrange her skirt in such a way that one little fold might be coaxed to touch the floor. To do this required a rather awkward position; but Sarah Jane maintained it throughout her call, and by much pulling and patting managed to have her drapery look tolerably well.

"Are your folks all well, Sarah Jane?"

"Yes'm; you uns all well?"

As the conversation proceeded she said, "Are you a-goin' to teach this summer, Hanner?"

"Perhaps. I've been to apply for a school to-day."

"Where at?"

"Over in Hutt's district. Do you know anything of the place?"

"Oh, yes, lots. My cousin William lives there, and I've been at his house often."

"We were at Hutt's to-day. Do you know them?"

"Yes, I went there once with cousin William's wife to spend the afternoon, and then I've heerd her tell a heap about them. There was four boys of them, but they're all married now but Joel. Hiram, he's livin' out West; John, I s'pose you've seen him. No? Why, he used to come to our house a-courtin' lots of times." Sarah Jane's faded face blushed at the recollection. "But he was given to drinkin'," she continued, in explanation of the fact that his wooing had been unsuccessful. "Sam—" she was going on to tell of the whole family; but being more interested in Joel than Sam, I asked her if she knew anything of the unoccupied house that had so excited our curiosity.

"Yes, that's on Hutt's land. Joel built it."

"Did anyone ever live in it?"

"No; but Joel was to 'a lived in it."

"Why didn't he, then?"

"Well, them that told me said I wasn't to tell; but I reckon I might say as much as that he was to 'a married, somebody, and was disappointed."

"Was it anyone we know?"

"I guess I oughtn't to tell."

"Tell us if she married anyone else."

She hesitated a minute, and then nodded in answer, as though she might divulge a secret in that way which her conscience would not let her speak. We were interested, and would have liked to question further; but Sarah Jane reproachfully and penitently told us we "oughtn't to ask her, seein' that she re'ly mustn't tell;" and after asking for a sleeve-pattern she took her departure, making me

promise never to tell anyone in Hutt's district that she ever told me anything.

"Because you see it wouldn't do, for I promised them that told me it shouldn't go any farther."

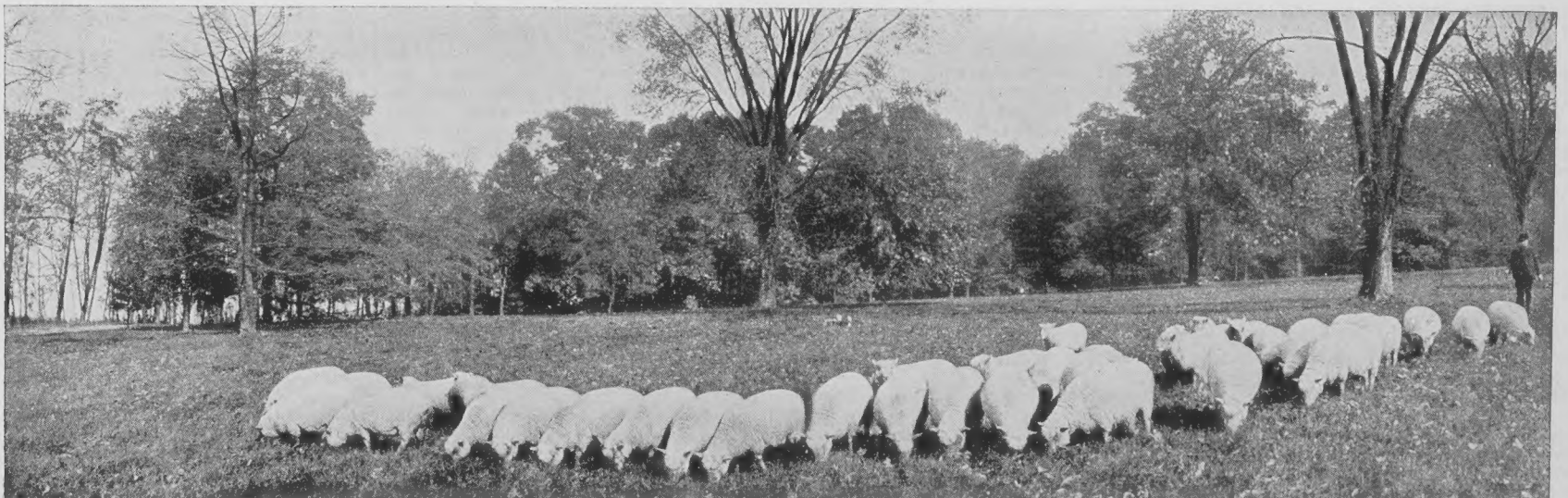
Two weeks after I was teaching the school and boarding with Mrs. Hutt. She "reckoned I wouldn't be much trouble." I looked as though I could wait upon myself. She was very kind, and the five days of each week which I passed with her were not so tiresome as Mary had feared for me. As I saw more of Joel, I learned to respect him exceedingly. He was a good son, a considerate master, merciful to his beasts, and manly and straightforward in all his dealings. I wondered often if the girl who left him for another had found that other so true and worthy. Her name was Robena Allen. I discovered it accidentally. One morning, when Mrs. Hutt was busy preparing for the "hands" who were to come that day and help plant corn, she asked me if I would "mind makin' up the beds and doin' a little sweepin' for her." The sweeping had to be followed by dusting, and as I brushed the books on a home-made table in Joel's room I thoughtlessly looked them over. A "North American Reader" and some other school books with worn, yellow leaves, "The Lives of the Presidents," "History of South America," a book of Indian wars, and a bible, on the blank leaf of which was written, in a large, irregular hand, "Presented to Robena Allen by her friend, Joel Hutt." Robena Allen was her name then. This was the girl for whom the house had been built, for Joel was not the man to make presents to everyone. To him a book like this, with faded pinks and rose-leaves pressed within, expressed no transient feeling, but the hope and disappointment of a lifetime.

I knew her name; but as the time passed, I began to fear I would learn nothing more about "the New House," as the children of the neighborhood called the object of my curiosity. I would not inquire of my pupils, and I made no other acquaintance.

Two months of my term were past when one day a change came to our quiet life. When I came from school I saw Joel sitting in the barn-door, stroking the head of his dog, his head so bent that I passed without being seen. In the house Mrs. Hutt sat in the best room, while in her place in the kitchen a neighbor woman was bustling about preparing supper. A letter had come from the West, telling that Hiram was dead.

The bit of paper gave the bright May-day a sad closing. "It's goin' to be a warm, growin' day," Mrs. Hutt had said to me as I started for school in the morning; and Joel had asked me to observe "what an uncommon lot of cherries he was goin' to have!"

To her, sighing for her first-born, and to him for a playmate brother, the sun's mild setting gave no promise of to-morrow's light and heat. The rays goldened the young leaves and lingered on the floor at the poor



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old woman's feet, but the house and field were dark to her. And though Mrs. White and I tried to busy ourselves, and keep much bustling work going on as usual, the house would at times grow fearfully still; and at last nothing more could be thought of to do, and all was silent except the chirping of the cricket under the hearth, and the murmuring of Mrs. Hutt about "poor Hiram."

Joel broke the silence by saying, "Mother, we must talk about what we had best do."

"Not to-night, boy. Leave me to-night to think of what's done."

But it was talked of, and decided that Joel should go for the children. Hiram's death had orphaned three, of whom their stepmother intimated she would be willing to be relieved. They were in Iowa. Joel thought he could be back in three weeks; and after arranging for his absence he went, charging me to "take good care of mother."

I kept her from being lonesome by letting her entertain me. She spent the evenings by the kitchen stove, her feet on the hearth and her elbows on her knees, and in that position she was most talkative, and would tell me stories for hours. She liked to dwell upon "old times," as she called everything past, and I was beginning to weary of hearing about her husband and her relatives, near and far, when she came to the story I had so long expected.

It was a warm evening, and I had persuaded her to sit with me on the porch. Over the tree-tops across the hollow the New House showed white in the moonlight. I was thinking how Joel and Robena Allen might have been living there—how a honey-suckle like this might have climbed over the door, under which, on such evenings, a happy family might gather—how Mrs. Hutt might have lived through her old age without task or care. I turned to look at her. Weary old woman! Hands which have grown hard and brown

with the work of threescore years should rest for the little time remaining. There should be little feet to run errands, little hands to comb the gray hair from the wrinkled brow—there should be love and comfort in abundance for weary old age. But then to Joel's wife, as to many women, "grandmother" might have been only an unthanked servant; and perhaps she is happier in being her own mistress. When the children come she will have company and help. They may move into the new house then, and forget old cares in pleasant new ones.

I was thinking this way when the robin in the apple-tree above waked up and twittered contentedly as it settled to rest again. "Good-night, little neighbor," I said. It's voice and mine aroused Mrs. Hutt from her reverie. She looked at me, then at the new house, and in a half-frightened voice said:

"You might often a-wondered about that house over there?"

"I have wondered why you do not occupy it, when it is so much better than this."

"Joel won't never allow that; nor he won't rent it out neither."

She was silent some minutes, and then said, half to herself, "I reckon I might as well tell you. You seem most like one of the family, anyhow."

Then, sitting in her favorite position, her elbows on her knees, she told the story, beginning as though I already knew a part:

"The girl's name was Beny Allen. They lived in sight of yere, right over across them fields there. The house is gone now. It was such an old, tumble-down thing that as soon as they went away the man that bought the place (it was a little farm—only thirty acres) cleared it right off and built round on t'other side of the hill. Well, when Beny and Joel was children they was always uncommon fond of each other, and many a time we used to joke them on it. When they grew old they never thought of

going' with other young folks—that is, of keeping particular company with them, you know—and it was a kind of understood thing from the first that they were to be married some day. And we was all well enough pleased about it, too. Beny was poor, to be sure, but we had a plenty; and then we never did think money nor land was the only thing. And I will say it for Beny that she was as smart and pretty a girl as there was anywhere round. She was a great hand at housework, too, and Joel used to say to me when he'd come in and find me real tired, 'Never mind, mother, you'll get rest when Beny comes.'"

"When he wasn't much more'n twenty he began to think of gettin' married; and, all we could say, this house wasn't good enough to bring Beny into, but he must build a new one. You wouldn't think anybody as still as Joel would be so set in their own way; but he is. When he's made up his mind he can't be turned no more'n anything. Well, as soon as harvest was over he set to work at it, and it was settled that they was to 'a' been married Christmas."

"He had just got well started when we begun to hear stories a-goin' the rounds that Alf Hawley was goin' to see Beny Allen oftener than a girl that was engaged to marry another young man ought to allow. Joel only laughed, poor boy, and said he wasn't afraid of fifty Alf Hawleys. Alf lived over on Mill Creek. His father was worth forty thousand, but I couldn't see that Alf was any better of it, as he wasn't a bit stiddy, but went to all the gatherings for ten miles round, and they say he often left them the worse for drinkin'. He made a great dash, and used to come to see Beny in a two-horse buggy, and take her off ridin' with him. And sometimes he took her on horseback; and he got her a hat with ribbons and feathers all a-flyin'. The first time she wore it they came right past here. I was a-lookin' out of the window, and Joel was doin' somethin' in the yard. She

got red as a beet when she saw him. I think she'd been talkin' and carryin' on so with Alf that she didn't notice which way she was a-ridin'; for she wasn't bold enough to do such a thing a purpose. But Alf Hawley was, and I know well enough he was just a-doin' it to show off to Joel. Joel looked mightily disturbed, and I believe that was the first time he was the least bit jealous. After that I saw that he didn't act as he had done. He quit talkin' about Beny to me, and though he was over at the new house all the time when he was alone, there would be whole hours when I'd never hear the hammer. Still he'd go over to Allen's on the reg'l'ar evenin's. Things went on this way about a month when one Saturday night, after he'd went over as usual, he came back in about an hour; and when I saw things wasn't right he just burst out a-cryin' and he sez, 'Mother, it's true. Beny is goin' to marry Alf Hawley.' After a while he said, 'Mother, you mustn't think hard of Beny. Her father's coaxin' her on to get Alf's money; and then, as far as she sees, he's a good deal better worth havin' than me.' And with that he went off to bed, and he never said another word about it, and I thought best not to say anything either. But he went on and finished the house, and then shut it up, and there it's been to this day.

He wanted me not to think hard of Beny; but who could 'a' helped it, knowin' how fur things had went, and how much more deservin' Joel was than that Alf Hawley."

"And where is she now?" I asked, when she had wiped her eyes with her apron, for even now she felt Joel's hurt keenly.

"They went West. His father wasn't willin' for it, and threatened everything. So Alf coaxed Allen to move West, and pretended it was all broke off; but when they was well gone, he took all he could get and cleared out after them, and we've never heerd nothin' of them sence."

I reckon it's wicked, but I can't help hopin' they're reapin' the reward of their bad treatment of Joel."

Four weeks passed and yet there was no word from Joel. His mother was very anxious. There had been a railroad accident, she knew, and it was vain to tell her that if any such thing had occurred we would learn it through the newspapers. "It mightn't 'a' been found out," she said.

At last, in the fifth week of his absence, and the last of my stay there, he came.

It was growing dark and we sat on the porch, Mrs. Hutt in one of her still moods, and I thinking of home, wishing Joel would come, that I would have no reason to linger there after my school closed. A little wagon came down the lane.

"Who kin that be?" said Mrs. Hutt. "None 'o' the neighbors has wagons like that."

It stopped at our gate. A man said "Here we are," and jumping down, began helping others out.

"It's Joel," said Mrs. Hutt; "but who kin that be? I wonder if Hiram's wife could 'a' come wit' him."

They came up the walk, Joel and the woman beside him, the children following.

Mrs. Hutt shook hands with her son and asked, "Is this Hiram's wife?"

"No, mother," replied Joel; "this is my wife."

She stared at him and at the poor woman, who was hiding her face and crying audibly.

"These children will tire more than help you, and I brought you a daughter to kee for you in your age."

Mrs. Hutt was still speechless with astonishment. The woman lifted her head and sobbed out, "Don't you know me Mrs. Hutt?"

"No more'n the face of the dead. Who could I know way out in loway?"

"But I didn't always live in Iowa. Look at me and think a while."

"You're not Beny Allen!"

"No, mother," said Joel, "she's Beny Hutt."

I left them then and took the children in to the kitchen fire, for riding from the station in the evening air had chilled them. I put the kettle on for the tea I knew Mrs. Hutt would soon begin to think of, and then went up to my room and left Joel to tell his mother how he found his old love among the prairies.

About two hours after Mrs. Hutt came in, and sitting down on the bed, told me how it had come about.

"Who'd 'a' thought it! I never dreamed of such a thing happenin' as Joel gettin' married, let alone marryin' Beny Allen after all, though I might 'a' knowed he'd 'a' staid a bachelor to doomsday before he'd 'a' had anybody else. Bless her heart, she's just like she used to be before that Alf Hawley turned her head. I always knowed she'd come to see it different some time, and she has, poor thing, sure enough." She sighed and paused a while, as though she had occasion to be sad.

"How did Joel find her?"

"Why, in the queerest way in the world. It seems just like it was ordered by Providence, and I reckon it might 'a' been, though I'm sure if the rest had had such wicked feelin's about it as I have, such a blessin' wouldn't 'a' ben sent for anybody's deservin'." But I tell you how it was. When Joel got to Hiram's the children wasn't ready to come. You see their step-mother didn't do the best by them—some step-mothers don't—but I wouldn't say they're all alike. I kind o' thought Hiram's wife wasn't one of the good sort, but I never knowed it for sure till now that Joel tells me they hadn't decent clothes to come home in, though I'm sure they might 'a' had, for Hiram had a plenty to get them with. Beny says she heard she was a real lazy woman, and liked better to run to her neighbors than to take kee of her own house and children. Well, as I was a sayin', they hadn't hardly decent clothes, and she was so busy with her own things she wouldn't take time to 'tend to them. So Joel had to look

after them himself. She told him as he didn't know nothin' about such things he'd better take the children to some sewin' woman and let her get and make them a suit apiece. It isn't a good way of doin', but you see Joel didn't know, and so asked her where he'd go. She told him that on the next street there was a woman lived that done sewin'—she didn't know much about her—she'd only come lately, the woman had, but it was said she was a good hand at plain sewin'. She didn't know her name neither, but there was a sign up, and there wasn't no other sign, and he'd know it by that. So Joel he went off to find the place. He saw the sign, but he went in without stoppin' to read the name. A woman was sewin' in the corner. She riz up and said, "Good-mornin'," and he was beginnin' to tell his errand when all at onst they knew each other for Benny Allen and Joel Hutt. Well, they made it all up somehow—I reckon they don't kee to tell how—and he married her and brought her home with him. And that's how it comes she's here now."

"But where was her husband, and what had she been doin' all the while?"

"Didn't I tell you of all that? It seems to me my head is all mixed up to-night. Why, come to find out, she didn't never marry Alf. Just after they went West her father and mother both died, and it seemed as if the trouble opened her eyes and set her to thinkin', so that she come to see things different, and she wouldn't have Alf at all. She had a hard time of it, though, taking kee of herself among strangers. But she must 'a' done pretty well, for she was as comfortable fixed up as could be, only she was so lonely, poor thing. She says the Lord helped her and keered for her, and she says she isn't punished enough yet for treatin' Joel so. But Joel won't hear to any such talk. You'd think to see him that he'd been the one to blame and Beny'd never done nothin' wrong. And she does seem real good. I'm sure I'm not the one that will ever throw it up to her that she most broke Joel's heart. It was more'n ten years ago, when she was a giddy girl, and what's the use of rakin' it up to fret about now. Yes, she's good; and I'm glad Joel's got her to kee fur him when I'm gone."

The Hutt's are still my friends, and I go there sometimes to see and enjoy their happy comfort. The house—the New House, of course—is surrounded by neat palings. A honeysuckle is making progress over the door, and the borders are bright with flowers from April to October. Beny has dismissed the blue blinds, and in many ways smoothed out the once reigning stiffness. Within the easy-chair, placed in the coziest corner and its cushion covered with bright patch-work of her own piecing, always stands empty unless Mrs. Hutt sits there. She rocks and knits, or goes about the house as freely as its mistress, but feels no burden. Beny and the children are ever ready to serve her.

Little Rain.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, little rain,
Patter on the window pane!
Were you frightened up so high
By the frowning of the sky?

When you saw the air turn black,
And you felt your cloud-home crack,
Then you ran away in fright,
Sprinkle, sprinkle, in the night.

And now in the dark you weep,
As adown the pane you creep,
And you tremble as you try
To escape the frowning sky.

But my lamp is like the spark
Of a vain hope in the dark.
Till the sky grows bright again
You must sprinkle, little rain.



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WEDDING PREPARATIONS

The second article—forming a complete handbook concerning the invitations, gifts, and all the incidentals of a wedding ceremony.

By MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND

The day of days in a woman's calendar is that of her marriage. All the world turns a smiling face when a man and maid set out to meet life together, and, in our favored land, a wedding is usually the climax to a love story.

A church, doubtless, offers the setting for the most beautiful and impressive of ceremonials and gives to the simplest wedding an added dignity. On the day of the marriage, the ushers should arrive early at the church to find the awning and carpet at the entrance, and the man stationed to open carriage doors, the kneeling cushions in place, the white ribbon at hand, and the boutonnières ready for their acceptance.

They leave hats and coats in charge of the sexton and take their assigned places at the entrance of each aisle. Their number depends upon whether many or few guests are expected. The florists have made the edifice lovely with palms massed in the chancel, and perhaps flowers follow the outlines of its rail or are bunched at the ends of certain or all of the pews of the middle aisle. The organist is at his post, and, upon the arrival of the first guests, begins his musical programme. The ushers offer their arms to the women guests, and seat the friends of the bride at the left and those of the bridegroom at the right of the church.

* * *

Wraps are removed in the vestibule and carried on the arm.

The first pews are reserved for the families of the bride and bridegroom, on their respective sides of the center aisle, and the ushers are furnished with lists of the names of special friends and relatives for whom places are reserved. Shortly before the entrance of the bridal cortege, the bride's mother and family arrive and are escorted to their places by the ushers in force—a like attention having been shown the ladies of the bridegroom's family.

Meanwhile, carriages call for the bridesmaids, to take them to the house of the bride, where she presents their bouquets on behalf of the bridegroom. It is an old custom for her to give to each a garter which she has worn—"for luck." The bride and her father enter their carriage, and those of the bridesmaids follow it to the church. The bridegroom arrives with his best man and joins the clergyman in the vestry. When the bridal procession is ready, they are notified, whereupon the clergyman enters the chancel. The bridegroom and his best man take their places at his left hand, outside the chancel rail, or at the head of the middle aisle—the former facing the aisle to watch for the bride's appearance. Two ushers next stretch a broad white ribbon along both sides of the middle aisle, closing in the pews, and then, joining the bridal party, head the procession.

* * *

A burst of joyous music from the organ announces the bride's coming, and the entire audience rises to greet her. The ushers advance up the aisle two by two, followed by the bridesmaids in pairs—each couple separated by a few feet of space, and stepping in time to the stately music. The maid of honor walks alone. If there is also a matron of honor, one precedes and the other follows the bride.

Sometimes little flower girls scatter loose blossoms in the brides pathway, when they, of course, immediately precede her. If some child fills the office of ring-bearer, carrying the precious circlet on a flower-decked cushion, he precedes the bridesmaids. The bride comes last, leaning on her father's right arm on that of her nearest male relative, who is to give her away.

The procession divides, moving to

right and left at the foot or at the top of the chancel steps, and forms a half circle on either side of the place where the bride and bridegroom are to stand, the bridesmaids between the ushers or in front of them, as preferred, the flower-girls before them, the ring-bearer standing near the best man, a little behind him. The bridegroom advances a few steps to meet the bride, who leaves her father's arm to accept his hand, and they stand before the clergyman. Bridal traditions say that this must be their first meeting that day. She has been "brought unto him"—the cortege is her escort. Both kneel for a moment. The father steps back to the left side, and the fateful service begins.

At the words, "Who giveth this woman?" the father advances and places the bride's right hand in that of the clergyman, who gives it into the right hand of the bridegroom, whereupon the father withdraws and joins his wife in the pew.

* * *

Choir boys singing an epithalamium sometimes go to meet the bridal party, and, turning, precede it up the aisle. When there is but one feminine attendant she is usually preceded up the aisle by the ushers.

When the ring is to be given, the bride hands her glove and bouquet to her maid of honor. The best man, who has the ring, gives it to the bridegroom, who passes it to the bride. She hands it to the clergyman, who gives it to the bridegroom, who places it on the third finger of the bride's left hand. This completes the circle, typical as is the ring itself of the perpetuity of the compact. The part taken by the clergyman in giving the ring to the bridegroom, as of placing the bride's hand in his after receiving it from her father, has the significance of the sanction of the church. When the bride has no attendant her father remains near her and holds her glove and bouquet when the ring is given.

* * *

It is the English fashion to have the betrothal at the foot of the chancel steps, after which the bride and bridegroom go up alone to the altar. The kiss, formerly given by the young husband to his bride—for which so many rehearsals were necessary—is now discontinued, in public.

The rite all spoken, the clergyman congratulates the wedded pair, and the bridegroom offers his right arm to his bride. The maid of honor returns the bride's bouquet, and, stooping, turns her train, that it may hang properly, and relieve her of all concern for "millinery." The organ peals forth another triumphant march, and the happy pair lead the way down the aisle. The rest follow in the reverse order to which they went up. The ushers bring up the rear but return after the departure of the others of the bridal party to escort the ladies of the families of bride and groom to the door. On their way they withdraw the white ribbons, permitting the departure of all guests.

Meantime the best man passes through the vestry and down a side aisle, ready to give the bridegroom his hat at the church door.

* * *

Occasionally, the best man offers his arm to the maid of honor on the return down the aisle after the ceremony, and each bridesmaid is accompanied by an usher.

The organist plays until all have left the church.

Arrived at the bride's house, after the expression of loving wishes on the part of their attendants and immediate families, the newly made husband and wife stand together, the bridesmaids forming a line at the bride's other hand.

The Guests enter unannounced

and form a procession that advances to offer congratulations. The ushers proffer their escort to present any strangers to the bridal couple, who also introduce their friends to one another. The bride's parents stand near the entrance and all should speak to them, who are the hosts. The parents of the bridegroom, who are the guests of honor, or associate hosts, may receive in another part of the room, or better, the bride's mother with the bridegroom's father and the bride's father with the mother of the bridegroom stand together and present their friends to each other.

* * *

A wedding reception is conducted like any other. There is usually music from a small stringed orchestra, a mandolin quartette, or a single performer—screened from view by plants and palms.

At an afternoon wedding, the refreshments are served from a prettily decorated table in the dining room. After a noon wedding, the "breakfast" is sometimes served "en buffet," but it is usually a friendly little feast where the few guests are served in courses at a single table. Or a choice but simple menu is served to a numerous company at small tables, gay with flowers and dainties. In nearly all cases bride and bridegroom sit together at a table apart prepared for them and the bridal party.

Dame Fashion no longer advocates evening weddings, but some flout her dicta and the occasions are none the less enjoyable. They are conducted in the manner of those taking place in the afternoon.

* * *

In the spring and summer, if the bride's home is in the country, set in the midst of pretty lawns, the reception may take the attractive form of a garden party. This is often done at house weddings.

There are many who feel that a girl's home is the most fitting place for her marriage—its shelter about her until she steps forth to take her new place in the world.

In preparation for the event, the drawing-room is made attractive with flowers and plants, simply or with profusion, according to the taste or means of the hosts. Often a flowery bower is arranged at the place in the room set apart for the ceremony, a bow window is made to resemble a miniature chancel, or the place is marked by palms and flowers in greater profusion. The bride's mother usually welcomes the guests at the drawing-room entrance, or two ushers or girl friends show them all necessary attention. The bride's father is not in evidence until he enters the room with his daughter.

* * *

Sometimes, only near relatives and intimate friends are asked to witness the ceremony, and invitations issued for a general reception half an hour later. Occasionally at a noon wedding, only the beloved few are bidden and a "sit down" breakfast is served, unhampered by the presence of strangers. The wider circle of friends is welcomed at two or half after two o'clock. They offer congratulations, and light refreshments are served.

When the happy day has come the house wears a festive air. A room is set apart for the clergyman, the bridegroom, best man, and ushers, and one for the bridesmaids. As the appointed hour strikes, the clergyman enters the drawing-room through the door nearest the place reserved for the ceremony, and faces the assembled guests. The bridegroom follows, attended by his best man, and stands at the clergyman's left, awaiting the bride.

* * *

Two ushers mark off an aisle with broad white ribbons, bunches of flowers concealing weights at their ends to facilitate their being held in place.

The ushers then return to meet the bridal party, and precede the bridesmaids, entering the room at the end farthest from the place of the ceremony. At their appearance, the opening notes of a wedding march from the concealed orchestra are heard, or

the music is furnished by a piano alone or with violin accompaniment. The maid of honor follows the bridesmaids, and the bride comes last, taking her father's arm.

The attendants step to right and left, permitting the bride to pass between them, the bridegroom advances to meet her, and they stand together while the rest group themselves, as before described in the church ceremonial. The solemn rite then begins. At its conclusion, the clergyman offers his felicitations to the bride and bridegroom and yields his place to them, who turn to be greeted first by their parents, families, and relatives, and then by all others present. The bridesmaids having ranged themselves at the side of the bride, or at either side of the couple, the best man and ushers make themselves useful by presenting the guests to them. All are cordially greeted, with extended hand and hearty thanks for the kind wishes expressed. If the bride shows marked attention to any, it were well bestowed upon the relatives and friends of her husband, and a cordial manner on his part predisposes the friends of the bride in his favor.

* * *

The guests, after offering congratulations, seek their friends and acquaintances and pass on to the dining room as at any ordinary reception. After a half hour or so the bridesmaids are free to leave their places, though the bridal pair remain half an hour or longer, chatting with the friends who seek them, and then go arm in arm to the dining room where they are, of course, the center of much friendly attention.

The general company usually takes leave before the bride and bridegroom go to the dining room, or immediately afterwards—only the more intimate friends remaining. To each departing guest a servant hands a box of wedding cake from a pile on a hall table, or the guests help themselves.

In the dining room, meantime, the best man proposes the health of the bridal pair, and all rise to pledge them to long life and happiness. Bride and bridegroom then withdraw to prepare for their journey. At a breakfast, the bride and bridegroom are the first to enter the dining room, and are followed by the maid of honor with the best man, and the bridesmaids with the ushers. The bride's father takes in the bridegroom's mother. The bride's mother requests the escort of the officiating clergyman or the father of the bridegroom. Bride and bridegroom sit side by side at the table reserved for the bridal party, or at one to which their immediate families and the clergyman are also made welcome.

* * *

When the bridegroom is dressed for the journey, he awaits the bride at the foot of the staircase, and the bridesmaids and all the company throng the hallway. Each friendly enemy has a handful of rice or of loose flowers. The bride's appearance is greeted with enthusiasm. She holds aloft her bridal bouquet and, with the merry injunction, "Catch, who can!" throws it among the bridesmaids. The fortunate maiden to seize it is supposed to be the next bride.

The bride takes leave of her family and friends, reserving the final embraces for the nearest and dearest, and they make a hurried exit, amid showers of rice.

If they are subjects of the friendly persecution of finding their carriage beribboned and bedecked so as to advertise their new condition to the passers-by, another carriage may await them around the corner into which they quickly enter and pursue their way unhindered.

The best man alone is privileged to meet them at the station. He will have attended to sending their baggage in advance of their departure from the house, and has ready the checks, tickets, and perhaps some little gift of fruit or bonbons.

His is the last voice to bid them "Godspeed!"



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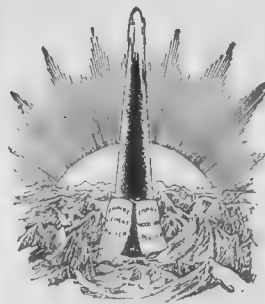
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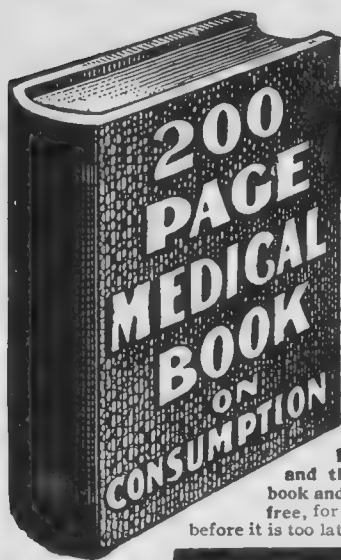
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By Hero Strong.

JORLETTE will be on board the 7.30 mail train. Follow him to Liverpool. Will meet you there. Look sharp!

"Cathcart."

This was the wording of the telegram I received one wet, ugly night last December. I was sitting in my little snugger back of my office, before a blazing grate, with my feet in slippers, and my body in a warm dressing-gown. I had a mug of hot punch and a cold mince pie on the table beside me, with an uncut novel and a genuine Havana, with which I intended to regale myself presently. And although I had a very strong anxiety to secure Jorlette, it must be confessed that I was altogether too comfortably situated to relish going out into the cold that dismally dirty night.

This telegram was from my chief, who, I might as well say, was a detective; and I had followed that thankless and precarious business for several years. People considered me very successful in working up difficult cases, but I was never quite satisfied with myself. I wonder if any man ever is?

This same Jorlette had given us a great deal of trouble. We had never had so keenly cunning a spirit to cope with. Strategy was matched with strategy, diplomacy with diplomacy; and scores of times, when we were sure of him, he had slipped from under our fingers like a flea, and left us wondering how he managed it.

Perhaps it would be well to explain that Pierre Jorlette was a murderer, upon whose head was set the price of two thousand pounds by the crown. A Frenchman and a nobleman by birth, a gentleman by education, he had when very young married a beautiful English girl, with whom he passed two years of unalloyed happiness. At the end of that time some fearful shadow came between them—none knew of what nature—and the inhuman husband stabbed his wife to the heart! Her confidential maid witnessed the deed, and attempted to save the life of her mistress, but Jorlette fell upon her with savage ferocity and left the corpses lying together side by side.

These are the facts as briefly as I can place them before you. Of course, there were many minor circumstances not worth recording, as they have little bearing upon the short story I am writing.

It seemed from this telegram that Jorlette was to be on the 7.30 train. I wondered how Cathcart had got his information, but he had armies of spies constantly working for him, and probably some of them had made the discovery.

I had only to follow instructions.

For the hundredth time I took Jorlette's photograph from my pocket-book, and examined the features of the murderer. It was a singularly handsome face that I saw—clearly cut, with large hazel eyes shaded by long dark lashes, a mouth delicate and sensitive as a woman's, a high, rather narrow forehead, half hidden in clustering curls of auburn hair, a form rather spare, yet well knit, and a hand symmetrical and rounded as a woman's.

The picture would have answered splendidly for that of a sentimental, sonnet-making poet—but for a murderer it was a dead failure. Nevertheless, somewhere in the past, before crime had scathed him, Jorlette had sat for it.

I changed my slippers for boots, got myself inside my fur overcoat, stuffed a valise with brown paper and blacking brushes, that I might appear a respectable traveler, and looking at my watch found I had just time to reach the station.

The train stopped ten minutes for refreshments, and taking the guard, who was an old friend of mine, sufficiently into my confidence, I was

given an opportunity of looking through the carriages previous to the starting of the train.

It was a full train, but, singularly enough, there was not a red-headed man on board of it. Jorlette was red-headed, and aside from that circumstance, he had a face which I flattered myself I could not readily mistake.

As I stood irresolute, and feeling very much as if I had been fooled, there came toward me from the dining-room an individual, tall and spare, with a slouched hat, a white cravat, a huge piece of game pie in his hand—and this person had red hair! And dark eyes!

I watched him closely. There was a certain dogged, skulking look about him; he would not meet my eye, and he walked off to the extreme end of the platform by himself, and remained there munching his pie until the last bell rang; and then he hurried on board with the air of one who felt that a great deal depended on his getting a seat.

I was convinced that he was my man, though he was not altogether like the photograph. Still, faces and photographs differ a great deal, since to the picture there is little expression and no color—and do not the characteristics of a face depend more on color and expression than a mere outline of feature?

He entered carriage No. 171, and, at a hint, the guard put me in the same van. There were three persons already there beside my pie-eating friend and myself. An elderly gentleman, who was reading the Times wrong side up, and nodding blandly over its fascinating columns; a pair of rural lovers, lounging on each other's shoulders, and discussing peppermint drops together; and presently we were reinforced by an old lady in a very prim bonnet with brown ribbons, and bearing luggage in the shape of a bird-cage, a basket with a cat in it, an umbrella, and a very large carpet sack.

Jorlette had produced another section of pie, and was demolishing it vigorously. Seemingly he enjoyed it. Well, I suppose even a murderer may enjoy eating pie.

Just as the train began to move, the door opened, and a young lady came hesitatingly forward. You know what helpless creatures women are on their feet in a bouncing, swaying railway car, and this young beauty was no exception. She tottered, and would have fallen, but I put out my arm and caught her, at the same time offering her the unoccupied seat by my side.

She blushed rosily, thanked me in the sweetest voice I had ever heard, and sank down on the cushions, covering my knees with billows of ruffling and fringing, and making me feel—well, not many removes from the gates of Paradise.

A lovelier face I had never seen. The skin was clear and fair; the mouth sweet, sensitive, and a little sad; the eyes dark and melting; and the beautiful dark brown hair, which hung over her shoulders in the prevailing style, was soft as floss silk, and rippled like the bosom of a meadow brook when it flows over a bed of pebbles.

But so lost was I in contemplating the charms of this fair creature that I suddenly remembered I was not "looking sharp," as Cathcart had ordered me, and I turned to regard my unsuspecting Jorlette.

If a criminal, he was a very self-possessed one. He had finished his pie, and was picking his teeth with a quill, and furtively regarding his boots, which, by a peculiar tightness and stiffness of look, I judged were new ones. Occasionally he felt of them, as if, perhaps, his corns were pinched, and once I was sure he muttered something like an oath as he rubbed his long white fingers over the locality of his great toe.

There was nothing to be done with him until we reached Liverpool, unless he attempted to leave the train, so I might as well cultivate the acquaintance of my pretty little seat-mate.

She was somewhat shy, but after a while I managed to overcome her reserve, and we chatted pleasantly like old friends.

She had not been much from home, and was a little timid about traveling alone. She started nervously every time the car gave a lurch, and I deemed it my duty to put my arm around the back of the seat to calm her fears.

She had such a horror of railway accidents, she said, and her Aunt Jane had predicted, before she left home, that something dreadful was going to happen to her; and then she lifted her large, melting eyes to my face, and I drew the arm down from the seat and let it rest on her shoulder. Men are the natural protectors of women, you know.

We talked on various subjects. My sweet companion was very well informed, and her language was simple and well-chosen. Before I was hardly aware of it, I had told her I was a detective, and that I was making this journey expressly to help capture Jorlette.

She shuddered and drew a little nearer to me.

"Dear me!" said she, nervously, "it must be dangerous business, this Jorlette, I have heard, is a desperate character. Pray, oh, do pray be careful!"

And she dropped her voice so near to a whisper, and threw so much expression into her beautiful eyes, that I could not resist tenderly pressing the little white hand so near my own, and whispered, I am afraid, something that would look absurd on paper.

That was a very delightful trip to me, and I think it must have been not together unpleasant to the young lady, for her cheeks were red and her eyes bright as we approached the terminus. She was going to visit her sister, who lived two or three miles inland from Liverpool, so had to leave me before my journey was ended.

The train only halted for a moment, but I managed to press a warm kiss on her lips, and to beg her to give me her address that I might call on her.

She smiled archly up into my face. "I will drop you a line within a week, Mr. Dayton," she said, sweetly. "Let me see—your first name is—"

"Alphonse. No. 341 T— Street, Liverpool, for the next ten days. Good-bye, darling!" and I kissed her again, and saw the door close behind her with a dull feeling of pain inside the left section of my waistcoat.

But I resolutely put my pretty unknown out of my mind, and devoted myself to looking sharp at Jorlette, who had evidently fallen asleep. Talk about the uneasiness or a guilty conscience, indeed!

At Liverpool Mr. Cathcart stepped into the car before any one had left it. He swept his eye over the occupants, and a look of blank dismay settled on his face.

"Thunderation!" cried he, "is it possible you have let him skip?"

"He is there!" said I, triumphantly, pointing to my red-headed fellow-passenger.

"That!" said Cathcart, in a tone of ineffable contempt. "Alf, you're a fool! That man is the Rev. John Pennicutt, rector of St. Thomas' Church, Cumberwell. How do you do, sir?" shaking hands with the pie-eater.

"As for me, I was looking around for a convenient knot-hole to crawl into, but there seemed to be no such thing around loose.

Cathcart turned upon me fiercely.

"Where in the deuce is Jorlette?" he exclaimed, savagely. "Did I not order you to look sharp?"

"Yonder reverend gentleman was the only one on the train in any wise answering Jorlette's description," said I, doggedly.

The guard came up at that moment and substantiated my statement, and Cathcart was obliged to swallow his mortification with as good a grace as possible. His information relative to Jorlette's being a traveler by the 7.30 mail had come from one of his most reliable men, but there had been some mistake somewhere. We were not to pocket the two thousand pounds reward in a hurry.

A week afterward I received a letter, written on pink paper, perfumed, and elegant generally. I transcribe it:

"My Dear Mr. Dayton: Hereby I fulfill my promise of dropping you a line within a week. I am flourishing, and hope you are, also. My Aunt Jane's presentiment did not prove prophetic. I am on my way to America, where I expect to be elected to Congress with the rest of my stripe. Give my love to old Cathcart. You have no idea how funny it feels to have your lips pressed by a man's lips when you happen to be man yourself. Sorry you are not to get the two thousand pounds, but self-preservation is the first law of nature. Faithfully yours,

"Pierre Jorlette."

Well, the secret was out!

My pretty girl was the infamous murderer himself, and Cathcart and I were done brown.

We kept the secret between us, and have not yet given over our search for Jorlette, but I greatly fear that the two thousand pounds will never fall into our hands.

BROWNING'S LINEAGE.

How blind the toil that burrows like the mole,
In winding graveyard pathways underground,
For Browning's lineage! What if men have found
Poor footmen or rich merchants on the roll
Of his forbears? Did they beget his soul?
Nay, for he came of ancestry renowned
In poesy through all the world, and crowned
With fadeless light that shines from pole to pole.

The blazons on his poet's shield are these:
The flaming sign of Shelley's heart on fire,
The golden globe of Shakespeare's human stage,
The staff and scrip of Chaucer's pilgrimage,
The rose of Dante's deep, divine desire,
The tragic mask of wise Euripides.

—Henry Van Dyke.



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Edna's Folly.

By J. L. Harbour.

NOW, Miss Edna, what are you laughing about all to yourself in that corner? I never knew you to get to laughing and giggling to yourself only when there was mischief brewing, and as I am your senior by five years, and papa has charged me to make you 'walk straight,' I demand that you tell me what mischief you are about to get into, that I may check you in your wild career if I think proper. What is it?"

And here Miss Sue Marshall, with a mild show of authority, walked across the room to where her sister Edna was sitting, laughing over something she had been reading in the morning paper; but Miss Edna hid the paper under her apron, and said: "I won't tell you, Sue, what amused me. I am just going to have a little innocent fun, and I just know how you would oppose me if you knew about it, and so you will please to go off and let me alone."

"Oh, ho! Miss Wilfulness, now I know you are getting into mischief, and if that paper in your lap will throw any light upon the affair I'll soon know all about it;" and here ensued a struggle for the paper, which resulted in a victory for Sue, and in a moment she cried out:

"I've found the clue to the mystery already, Edna. I know I have. Isn't this it?" And Sue read aloud the following advertisement:

"A young man of wealth, cultivation and refinement wishes to occupy his leisure time in corresponding with a limited number of young ladies between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Object, mutual improvement, and perhaps matrimony. Address, Clarence St. Ayer, Box 4582, Buffalo, New York."

"A young man of cultivation and refinement," indeed, laughed Sue. "He must certainly be possessed of great culture and refinement to parade himself before the public in this kind of style. It is my humble opinion he would derive far more improvement from reading good books and papers than in corresponding with a lot of silly, romantic girls like you, Edna."

"Thank you," replied Edna, with a mock courtesy, "but I shall write to Mr. Clarence, nevertheless. It will be such fun."

"Fun?" echoed Sue. "I think, Edna, that there is always more folly than fun connected with such affairs, and I—"

"Now, Sue," interrupted Edna, "I see that you are determined to read me one of your prosy lectures, and I won't hear it. What possible harm can come of my writing to Mr. St. Ayer? Of course, I won't give my real name, and I am just dying of ennui in this stupid town, with nothing to do from morning till night; so don't say a word, and when I am Mrs. Clarence St. Ayer I'll bring my carriage around every evening and take you out for a drive," and, with a gay little laugh, Edna ran from the room.

"The wilful girl," sorrowfully exclaimed Sue, "what shall I do with her? Papa won't be home for six weeks, and Edna cares no more for Tom and I than she does for Granny Hague, our washerwoman. I'll just let her have her own way, and will trust that the result will be a lesson to her that she won't soon forget. However, Tom and I must see to it that no positive evil comes of it."

Tom was their only brother, a jolly boy of sixteen, whose chief delight seemed to be in teasing Edna about her romantic ideas, for Miss Edna, having lost her mother at an early age, and having an over-indulgent father, had been allowed to do about as she pleased; consequently, at the age of eighteen she was, in all senses of the word, a spoiled girl, as wilful and romantic as the reading of an un-

told number of trashy novels could make her; and yet she was a very affectionate, warm-hearted girl whom everybody liked.

At the time our story opens, Mr. Marshall was in a distant city on business, and would not return home for some time, and Sue could not go to him for advice, as she usually did when Edna became unmanageable; therefore Edna sent a name and address to Mr. St. Ayer, purporting to be her own, and was in a fever of excitement until a reply should come.

When Tom heard of the affair he gave it as his private opinion that Mr. Clarence St. Ayer's real name was probably Bob Jones or Tom Smith, and he insisted on addressing Edna as "Mrs. Bob," and anxiously inquired if "Mr. Bob" got much to do with his dray, which raillery Edna took very good-naturedly, vowing that "nobody cared for such a goose as Tom;" and one day she came rushing into her sister's presence, her cheeks all aglow with excitement, and an open letter in her hand.

"Oh, Sue," she exclaimed, "I've got an answer from Clar—Mr. St. Ayer, and such a beautiful letter as he writes, and he sent his picture, and he is so handsome, and you can tell by the letter that he is smart. Look there."

And with an air of triumph, Edna threw the letter and picture into Sue's lap, and began to fan herself vigorously with her broad-brimmed hat, while Sue read the letter and then turned her attention to the picture, which was the picture of a really fine-looking young fellow, and the letter showed plainly that its writer was a person of more than ordinary intelligence.

Of course, Edna was delighted, and vowed that she had found her "affinity," and many more silly things, and Mr. Clarence received a reply to his letter, which, if he really was a young man of good sense, must have caused him to think that Miss Edna was a very silly girl.

Of course, there was no breaking off the affair now, and the pink-tinted and highly-perfumed letters flew back and forth so frequently that, after a dozen or more had been exchanged, Sue thought it her duty to remonstrate seriously with Edna for her folly; but Edna, after listening very quietly to all of Sue's remonstrances and good advice, horrified her sister beyond measure by informing her that she was a little too late, since she was "engaged" to Clarence, and it was her intention to be "true till death" to the "object of her affection," who was coming soon to visit her.

Then did Miss Sue feel it to be her imperative duty to be firm and unyielding with her reckless, impulsive sister; hence she said:

"Edna, it is time for all this nonsense to come to an end, and I tell you firmly that you shall not see this Mr. St. Ayer until I have first seen and conversed with him. I am sorry things have gone so far, but they shall go no farther. It is useless for you to remonstrate with me; and if you do not consent to my wishes I will telegraph father to come home. When do you expect Mr. St. Ayer to arrive?"

"Day after tomorrow," said Edna, with a burst of tears.

But she did not try to induce Sue to relent, for she knew that would be useless, and then it rather pleased the romantic young lady to appear in the role of a persecuted damsel, and she returned to her room to make vows and weep over Clarence's picture.

The young ladies were sitting alone in their room on the afternoon of the day on which Mr. St. Ayer was expected to arrive, when the door-bell rang loudly, causing both to rise to their feet.

"Remain where you are, Edna," said Sue. "I will go down, and will come

for you when I want you;" and downstairs went Sue to obey the summons at the door.

On opening the door she beheld quite a different looking gentleman from the one she had expected to see, for there stood a travel-worn son of Erin, with a carpet-bag on the end of a stick over his shoulder. He had on a "stove-pipe" hat, the crown not unlike an hour-glass in shape; a gay pink necktie was at his throat, forming quite a contrast to a red flannel shirt and blue coat; a short fringe of red beard adorned his chin, and his nose vied with Sue's roses in brilliancy; the stem of a clay pipe protruded from his pocket, and he was altogether a creature not beautiful to look upon.

"Good afternoon," said Sue.

"Good-day, mum; good-day to ye; an' is this the residence of Miss Edna Marshall, an' is the young lady within?"

"Miss Marshall resides here and is at home," said Sue, with great dignity. "If you have any message for her I will take it to her."

"I'd rather see the young lady myself, mum. Please tell her that Mr. Clarence St. Ayre has come."

"Indeed!" said Sue. "Where is Mr. St. Ayre?"

"Why, mum, I'm the gentleman."

"You?" exclaimed Sue, retreating a few paces, and holding up her hands in astonishment. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Mebbe not; but I'll clear up the mystery, if ye'll let me come in an' set myself down, for it's tired enough I am, shure."

"Very well," said Sue, "follow me," and she led the way to the parlor, where she expressed herself as willing and anxious to hear the gentleman's story, which was as follows:

"Ye see, mum, my name really ain't St. Ayre, but Tim Galligan; an' it's all through the doin' of me young master, an' a sorra wild boy he is, that I'm here. I've lived with him some years, and I've managed to lay by a few pennies, an' I've a pig, an' a cow, an' two feather beds, an' three chairs, an' a shuteel, an' a brass kittle, an' some more things; an' so thinks I, I'll hev a home of me own if I can find me a wife; an' shure me master sez, 'Tim, me boy, advertise yourself,' an' I sez, 'I don't know how,' an' he sez, 'I'll do it for ye,' and off he went a laughin'; an' I didn't know he'd advertised me until Miss Edna's letters come; an' as I know no more nor a dumb brute about writin', me master done all the writin', an' ye'd jest ought to see how he'd roar when Miss Edna's letters come; an' one day he said Miss Edna wanted me to come, an' we'd be married, only I was to

call myself St. Ayre; and here I am, ye see."

At this juncture of the proceedings a loud giggle was heard from under the sofa, and out crawled Tom, and went through such a wonderful series of laughing and giggling that Sue asked him if he were crazy.

"I'll bring Miss Edna down," she said to Mr. Galligan, and upstairs she went to Edna's room, where she found her sister just putting the finishing touches to an elaborate toilette, and in a great flutter of excitement.

"Oh, Sue!" she exclaimed, "is it he?"

"It is he," said Sue, with great dignity, although there was considerable twitching of the corners of her mouth, and her black eyes twinkled mischievously.

Downstairs they went, Edna's heart beating violently, and her cheeks flushed with excitement.

"Mr. St. Ayre, my sister Edna," said Sue, her eyes twinkling merrily, while Tom sat laughing to himself in a corner.

"How do ye do, Miss Edna?"

And Mr. Galligan came forward with outstretched hand.

Poor Edna! with a little scream of terror she fled from the room, crying out:

"Don't come near me! Go away! go away!"

"You both have been deceived," said Sue, kindly, to the astonished Mr. Galligan. "I think you have been sinned against more than sinning. I am afraid your young master is a man of very little principle, and I suppose you have found out that he, to use a slang phrase, sold you badly; but you must bear your disappointment like a man, and remember that advertising for a wife is a very poor and uncertain method of obtaining one."

"I guess, mum, yer 'bout right there," said Mr. Galligan, preparing to take his departure. "I axes yer pardon, mum, for me intrusion an' the fright I gave the young lady, an' good-day to ye," and off went Mr. Galligan, just as Tom, unable to control himself longer, fell on the floor in a perfect paroxysm of laughter.

It was many a day before he could be induced to call Edna by any other name than Mrs. Tim Galligan, and the health of the pig and cow was daily inquired after, until Edna, with tears in her eyes, begged that they might never again be mentioned, promising that she would never again involve herself in such a difficulty. We are glad to say that she never did, and the result of that correspondence was that Miss Edna was cured of many of her romantic and foolish ideas.

FROM PRISON.

By R. D. Gordon.

Ah, love, could I but spend one fleeting hour

With you, one hour, snatched from the cruel gods;

If only that brief respite I could claim,

For ever could I scorn their bitter rods.

Then might they beat me onward to my death,

I would remember to my latest breath—

How I had spoken, how, with eyes down-cast,

You had received my tale of love, and how

You whispered back, you loved me, while the blush,

Illum'd with tell-tale red, your face and brow,

How, for a moment, in these arms you lay, I would remember to my dying day.

Aye! in these arms, now loaded down with chains,

While your dear lips met mine; ah, sweetheart, now,

My lips are parched and dry; and bitter pain

Has writ its ghastly sign upon my brow,

And deep, the galling chains have burned and bit

Into my flesh; yet all alone I sit.

Yes, quite alone; and thro' my wretched mind

There pass the memories of those days of gold

When on my lips, my love, all waiting hung,

Alas, my poor love, that was never told,

Heartsick, regretful, to my grave I go—

And you, my love, my love, will never know!

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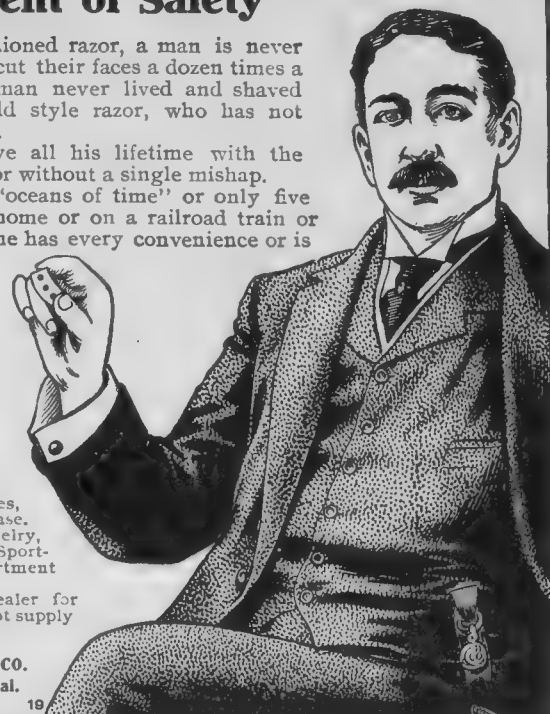
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Correspondence

A constant stream of letters is received into our office daily addressed to the correspondence department, which goes to show that that feature in the Western Home Monthly is being appreciated by our many readers. We have not been able to publish all letters received to date, but hope to publish some in the no distant future. Do not ask us to send name of any contributor to this department. If you desire to get acquainted with any writer in these columns write a letter, enclosing it in a black envelope with postage stamp affixed thereto. Address same to us and we will mail it to the party you intend it for. Always give us your full name and address, not necessarily for publication, but just as an evidence of good faith. No notice will be taken of unsigned letters.

Letters Exchanged.

Space will not permit us to print a complete list of the letters received and exchanged from this office relative to our correspondence page. We present to our readers a brief summary and partial list which demonstrates very clearly that the interest in our correspondence page is on the increase.

Mailed from	Addressed to
Queenstown, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
Fort Sask., Alta.	"Jessamine"
Sluggitt, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Inree Hills, Alta.	"Ellen Jane"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Lonely Widow"
Vancouver, B. C.	"Snow Bird"
Wadena, Sask.	"Fair Lillian"
Canatus, Ont.	"A Pretty Man"
Killam, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Vancouver, B. C.	"Snow Bird"
Golden Spike, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
Calgary, Alta.	"Red Rose"
Edmonton, Alta.	"Lonely Widow"
Dundalk, Ont.	"Jessamine"
Fairlight, Sask.	"Dimples"
Innisfail, Alta.	"Unclaimed Treasure"
Luxemburg, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Bethune, Sask.	"Ellen Jane"
Sedgwick, Alta.	"J. H."
Bawlf, Alta.	"Montrose Chums"
Summerland, B. C.	"Snow Bird"
Wayne, B. C.	"Shy Ann"
Mundare, Alta.	"Ellen Jane"
Lloydminster, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Kelowna, B. C.	"Ordinary Girl"
Hagersville, Ont.	"Unclaimed Treasure"
Toronto, Ont.	"Trailing Arbutus"
Maynooth, Ont.	"Sweet Rose Bud"
Tyvan, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Kamloops, B. C.	"Snow Bird"
Kamloops, B. C.	"Sweet Rose Bud"
Flett's Springs, Sask.	"J. H."
Silver Park, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Grainland, Alta.	"Peaches & Cream"
Grainland, Alta.	"Belle"
Quill Lake, Sask.	"Toronto"
Simcoe, Ont.	"Farmer's Man"
Toronto, Ont.	"Beautiful Blonde"
Audrey, Sask.	"Snow Bird"
Toronto, Ont.	"Brown Eyed Beauty"
Toronto, Ont.	"Biddy Asthore"
Prince Albert,	"One of the Number"
Spilsted, Alta.	"English Girl"
Fillmore, Sask.	"Peaches & Cream"
Winona, Minn. U.S.	"Will's Brother"
Kelvington, Sask.	"Trailing Arbutus"
Craik, Sask.	"Peaches and Cream"
Weyburn, Sask.	"John Bunyan"
Mountain View, Sask.	"Flaxie"
Weyburn, Sask.	"The Withered Rose"
Delisle, Sask.	"Beautiful Blonde"
Olds, Alta.	"Snow Bird"
Sinclair, Man.	"Beautiful Blonde"
Winona, Minn. U.S.	"Sour Grapes"
Kelvington, Sask.	"Belle"
Log Valley, Sask.	"Blueberry"
Log Valley, Sask.	"Scotch Lassie"
Log Valley, Sask.	"English Girl"
Palliser, B. C.	"Impudent Lassie"
Palliser, B. C.	"Sask. Beauty"
Goodlands, Man.	"Cigarette"
Vegreville, Alta.	"Jessamine"
Quill Lake, Sask.	"Wild Plum"
Mortlach, Sask.	"Jessamine"
High River, Alta.	"Impudent Lassie"
High River, Alta.	"Shell River Cowboy"
High River, Alta.	"Girl's Ideal"
Calimount, Sask.	"Gipsy"
Short Beach, N. S.	"A Soldier Boy"
Short Beach, N. S.	"Rev. Dooley"
Short Beach, N. S.	"Happy Jack"
Rokeby, Sask.	"Scotch Lassie"
St. Mark's, Man.	"Nobody's Little Girl"
Medicine Hat, Alta.	"Two Squashes"
Manson, Man.	"Tiny Rose Bud"
Islay, Alta.	"Ontario Girl"
Daysland, Alta.	"Ontario Girl"
Regina, Sask.	"Impudent Lassie"
Beresford, Man.	"A Yankee Girl"
Edmonton, Alta.	"Farmer Writer"
Sardis, B. C.	"Gipsy"
Grenfell, Sask.	"Railroader No. 1"
Quill Lake, Sask.	"Gipsy"
Squaw Valley, Sask.	"Bell No. 1"
Douglas, Man.	"Two Squashes"
Flett's Springs, Sask.	"Rosalyne"
Flett's Springs, Sask.	"Strawberry"
Toronto, Ont.	"Interested"
Toronto, Ont.	"White Pine"
Oxville, Alta.	"Ontario Girl"
Williston, Alta.	"Gipsy"
Aldersyde, Alta.	"Lord Washington"
Saltcoats, Sask.	"Rosalyne"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Jessamine"
Winnipeg, Man.	"Blueberry"
Barwick, Ont.	"A Pine Cat"
Manitoba	"Rosalyne"
Penella, Ont.	"White Pine"

Mailed from Addressed to

Star City, Sask.	"Gipsy"
Arrowton, Man.	"Jolly Young Lassie"
Bleakmore, Sask.	"Lily of the East"
Sluggitt, Sask.	"Lily of the East"
Central Butte, Sask.	"Jolly Nell"
Spring Coulee, Alta.	"Bashful Polly"
Renton, Ont.	"Rosebud No. 3"
N. Battleford, Sask.	"June"
Lockwood, Sask.	"Forget-me-not"
Sunny Plain	"No Chore Boy"
Kennedy, Sask.	"Rosalyne"
Kennedy, Sask.	"Dare Devil Jack"
Log Valley, Sask.	"Gipsy"
Dunnville, Ont.	"Interested"
Lornhill, Sask.	"Rosebud No. 3"
Pembina	"Uninitiated"
Sedgwick, Alta.	"Rosalyne"
Morse, Sask.	"Nora"
Fort William, Ont.	"White Pine"
Turner, Sask.	"Rosalyne"
Davidson, Sask.	"Ontario Girl"
Vermilion, Alta.	"Ontario Girl"
Oakville, Man.	"Miss Gypsy"
Redvers, Sask.	"Gypsy"
Moose Jaw, Sask.	"Jolly Farmer"
Listowel, Ont.	"White Pine Dealer"
Listowel, Ont.	"Jolly Farmer"
Scona, Alta.	"Pride of Prairie No. 2"
Scona, Alta.	"Rosalyne"
Squaw Valley	"Gypsy"
Hardisty, Alta.	"Maids Two, Kit & Sue"
Knee Hills, Alta.	"Rosalyne"
Knee Hills, Alta.	"Bashful Polly"
Radisson, Sask.	"Gypsy"
Talbot, Alta.	"Alberta Chas."
Audrie, Sask.	"May Flower"
Neapolis, Sask.	"Alberta"
Grainland, Alta.	"Bell No. 2"
Edmonton, Sask.	"Brick Dust"
Rouleau, Sask.	"Gypsy"
Lloydminster, Alta.	"Gypsy"
Greenway, Man.	"Lily of the East"
Turner, Sask.	"Gypsy"
Glen Ewen, Sask.	"Bashful Polly"
Laurence, Alta.	"Rosebud No. 3"
Laurence, Alta.	"Ontario Girl"
Eyeblow Hill, Sask.	"Rosebud No. 5"
Centre Butte, Sask.	"Gypsy"
Cottonwood, Sask.	"Interested"
Harland, Alta.	"Gypsy"
Trenton, Ont.	"Big B n"
Napinka, Man.	"Forget-me-not"
Napinka, Man.	"Lily of the East"
Calgary, Alta.	"Rosalyne"
Carnduff, Sask.	"Rosebud No. 3"
Solsgrith, Man.	"Rosalyne"
Spalding, Sask.	"Vangy"
Williston, N. D. U.S.	"Mira"
Rosetown, Sask.	"Vangy"
Rosetown, Sask.	"Peaches & Cream"
Rosetown, Sask.	"Merry Maiden"
Laurence, Alta.	"Lonely Molly"
Tabor, Alta.	"Withered Rose"
Franklin, Man.	"Beautiful Blonde"
Laurence, Alta.	"Brownie"
Laurence, Alta.	"Vangy"
Pine Lake, Alta.	"Brownie"
Spokane, Wash. U.S.	"John Bunyan"
Macleod, Alta.	"English Girl"
Waugh's River	"Tired Tim"
Waugh's River	"Weary Willie"
Grayville, Man.	"Peaches & Cream"
Round Valley	"Nobody's Little Girl"
Chesterwood, Alta.	"Beautiful Blonde"
St. Andrews, Sask.	"Miles Standish"
Lang, Sask.	"The Wild Irish Girl"
Lang, Sask.	"Blue Eyed Beauty"
Lang, Sask.	"Sask. Beauty"
Slager, Sask.	"Pretty Brown Eyes"
Nokomis, Sask.	"Brown Eyed Beauty"
Abernethy, Sask.	"Pretty Brown Eyes"
Minnedosa, Man.	"Trailing Arbutus"
Minnedosa, Man.	"Pretty Brown Eyes"
Minnedosa, Man.	"Brown Eyed Beauty"
Grange, Man.	"Beautiful Blonde"
Grange, Man.	"Lonely Molly"
Carstairs, Alta.	"Vangy"
Walbamun, Alta.	"Flossie"
Silver Park, Sask.	"Wild Plum"
Calgary, Alta.	"Beautiful Blonde"
Moose Jaw, Sask.	"Chattaway"
Battleford, Sk.	"An Old-fashioned Girl"
Battleford, Sask.	"Happy Thought"
Denholm, Sask.	"Pretty Brown Eyes"
Fillmore, Sask.	"Peaches & Cream"
Fillmore, Sask.	"Pretty Brown Eyes"
Quill Lake, Sask.	"Jessamine"
Dalmeny, Sask.	"An English Girl"
Sion, Alta.	"Scotch Lassie"
Stauffer, Alta.	"English Girl"
Rosedale, B. C.	"Cigarette"
Olds, Alta.	"Happy Thought"
Summerberry, Alta.	"Cheerful Lassie"
Windthorst, Sask.	"Cigarette"
Windthorst, Sask.	"Jessamine"
Cupar, Sask.	"Yorkshire Girl"
Golden Plain, Sask.	"Cigarette"
Melita, Man.	"Jessamine"
Francis, Sask.	"Old Fashioned Girl"
Battleford, Sask.	"Rufus"
Lumsden, Sask.	"Rosebud"
Revelstoke, B. C.	"Scotch Lassie"
Ochre River, Man.	"Rosebud"
Stony Plain, Alta.	"Scotch Lassie"
Mannville, Alta.	"Rosebud"
Maynooth, Sask.	"Wild Plum"
Drinkwater, Sask.	"Happy Thought"
Rouleau, Sask.	"Lauretta & Lusetta"
Rose Plain, Sask.	"English Old Rose"
Girvin, Sk.	"Little Girl from Old Que."
Lacombe, Alta.	"Nobody's Little Girl"
Gleichen, Alta.	"Wild Plum"
Prospect Hill, Ont.	"Interested"
Rivers, Man.	"An Independent Lassie"
Pleasanton, Alta.	"Scotch Lassie"
Mortlach, Sask.	"Blueberry"
Yellow Grass, Sask.	"Impudent Lassie"
Paris, Ont.	"Impudent Lassie"
Asquith, Sask.	"Sask. Beauty"
Tessier, Sask.	"Wild Plum"
Red Willow, Alta.	"Little Girl from Old Quebec"
Tessier, Sask.	"Marie"
Hardisty, Alta.	"Marie"
Gull Lake, Sask.	"Marie"
Gull Lake, Sask.	"Wild Plum"
Rouleau, Sask.	"An Eastern Rose"
Huxley, Alta.	"An Old Fashioned Girl"
Winnipeg	"An Impudent Lassie"
Manie Bush	"An Impudent Lassie"
Maple Bush	"Cigarette"

Lonely Englishman Would Correspond.

Toronto, Ont., April 18, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a very interested reader of the W. H. M. for the last 12 months and especially the correspondence pages. I have at last decided to try a letter myself.

I may say I am a lonely Englishman, not a cockney though, age 22, height 6 feet, weight 175 lbs., dark hair blue eyes, very healthy, and do not drink, smoke, chew or dance; am very fond of music and athletics though; am a member of the Baptist church and if any young ladies of like minds would care to correspond as friends I should be glad to answer, but at present I am not looking for a wife.

I, unlike most of your correspondents, am not engaged in farming, but have a good position in connection with the C. P. R. and expect to be moved West shortly.

Thanking you in anticipation of printing this, "Canadian Pacific."

Polly Will Correspond With Tricks.

Cardston, Alta., April 11, 1908.

Editor.—I have been a reader of your most valuable paper for some time and enjoy very much the correspondence columns of the W. H. M.

I am a farmer's daughter, about 19 years of age and have had lots of experience in farming and housekeeping and like it very well. I am 5 feet 6 inches in height and weigh about 125 pounds. I have brown hair, grey eyes, and am rather good looking. If any of the young bachelors would like to correspond with me I will answer their letters with pleasure. I would like especially to correspond with the one who signs himself "Fricks" in March number. My address will be with the editor. "Polly."

Chakosperian Scholar.

Creelman, Sask., April 9, 1908.

Editor.—Having been an enthusiastic reader of your interesting paper for nearly twelve months and now a subscriber, I will take the liberty if you will permit me to use a little space in your correspondence columns.

I hate to spoil sport but I love the truth at the same time, even if at the expense of fun sometimes. I have a knowledge of the Creelman district for nearly six years now and I may say that there is not a settler in this district now, if ever there has been, with two sections of land, not to mention \$10,000.00 in cash, and I am sure it would be some satisfaction to the settlers if there were such a person in their midst. So I think "Sport" in the March number must be laboring under a delusion and I trust he may be able to see this and vindicate his statement, if not already in Brandon or under the doctor's care. Not wishing to be personal at all, I am acquainted with a few in the district who write to the correspondence columns of various papers, presumably to try and meet their affinity. The other day we were surprised after nearly ten or more years of acquaintance to find there was a wife who had been looking for one of these persons and was hot on the trail of Mr. Man. as he went out one day from home I guess, and somehow forgot to return. Well, I am sure the readers will wish him luck. I do, and think of Shakespeare's words, I believe, they were:

Sigh, fair ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never,
But then I say also, Ex. from Cymbeline, Shakespeare: "Woman, I've strained her word against a spider's thread." Well, I wish your paper every success and trust the correspondence columns will accomplish the end the editor has in view. "British Oak."

Can Cook Fit for a King.

P. la Prairie, Man., April 11, 1908.

Editor.—Though not being a subscriber to your most highly esteemed magazine I am a constant reader. I get it from a girl friend of mine and am greatly interested in the correspondence column.

I am 20 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh 134 pounds; am considered good looking, with blue eyes and brown hair. I am very fond of music, dancing and skating. I can play the piano and do all kinds of house work and am not afraid of it. I also do some sewing and fancy work and I could cook for a king if he would let me.

There is one letter in your paper I do not quite agree with and that is the one written by the "Two Squashes," for I think there are just as good bachelors and farmers as bankers and lawyers, etc.

If any young man cares to correspond my full address will be with the editor. I remain "A Pearl of Great Price."

Neither Paint nor Powder and Figure all Her Own.

Saskatchewan, April 12, 1908.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your W. H. M., I have been a most interested reader for some time. I enjoy reading those discussions but my views differ from many.

Many seem dissatisfied with their mode of life and are looking for a change. I believe in living in the present and enjoying myself. We are only going through the world for once anyway, so why not look upon whatever

happens as if it were for the best and try to give others pleasure as well as ourselves.

Some say "I will never marry a farmer." It would not do if we all wanted a person of the same profession. Some girls would make a complete failure as a farmer's wife, while others seem to be cut out for it. I believe in people taking time and considering well before they take the leap.

I notice most of the correspondents give a description of themselves. Well, I am a farmer's daughter, out of my teens, weighing 130 pounds, 5 feet 4 inches tall, auburn hair, and hazel eyes, neither paint nor powder, and seem to get along just as well as those that do. I enjoy all sorts of amusements. If any of the correspondents deem it worth while to write to me I shall be pleased to answer them. Wishing the W. H. M. success, "The Fair Maid of Perth."

Merely a Hired Man.

Petrel, Man., April 10, 1908.

Editor.—I have been reading your paper for some considerable time and have decided to say a few words if you will permit the space in your valuable paper.

Now some of the fellows who seem to want servants should really write to the employment agencies; on the other hand there are others who seem to be scared that if they are not plausible enough they will not secure the attention of the fair sex.

For myself, I am not on the market, being just merely a "hired man" and which I strongly suspect is the case with some others who are writing but discreetly keeping it in the background.

In the first place, it is no good of people marrying, in my humble opinion, unless they have a mutual regard and if such be the case "hubby" will not object to getting his own dinner or supper once in a while when his "better half" is away to a ladies' aid meeting or other occasion and his "dear girlie" will not mind feeding the pigs and milking the cows when hubby is working late loading a car, etc.

In other words, there will be no "won't do this or that" or "don't have to" for the aim of each will be mutual help.

In conclusion I would say that if any girl would care to write for the sake of exchanging ideas I would be pleased to reply.

"Kallikrates."

Maple Leaf Writes White Pine.

Ontario, April 11, 1908.

Editor.—I was delighted to receive your copy of the W. H. M. some few months ago, and I take great pleasure in subscribing for your great magazine.

I enjoy reading the correspondence column and must not forget to praise your cooking receipts.

"Blueberry" takes my idea on the use of tobacco and liquor. If the young men only knew how most of the young girls despised this evil habit.

In describing myself, I am twenty-four years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, dark hair, blue eyes, and weigh 155 pounds.

Please forward the enclosed letter to "White Pine." Hoping I have not taken too much space in your valuable magazine. Wishing the W. H. M. every success.

"Maple Leaf."

Dish Washer from Ontario.

Ontario, May 21, 1908.

Editor.—Having been a reader of your most interesting magazine for the past few months, I thought I would write a letter for your correspondence page. I most always read the letters in that column and while I enjoy many of them and think them quite sensible, I find many more just the opposite.

Well, I too must say I heartily sympathize with all the lonely Western bachelors but I assure you any pity for them would never induce me to strike up a correspondence. I think if that is the only way they had better die a bachelor.

I am very much interested in Manitoba and the Northwest for I may say nearly all my friends are scattered far and wide over that vast country and every winter some of them come "east."

Now, this has grown to be a long letter so I must close. I do not want my name or address published nor given to any one, so will sign myself

"Dishwasher."

Boys and Girls Get Busy and Write.

Evergreen Lane, Marshville, Ont.,

May 15, 1908.

Editor.—May I come in for a little chat? I am very much interested in your correspondence page and will only be too glad if I may be allowed to write to some of your little boys and girls. I think I could fall right in with some of them, and others provoke me greatly.

I am of a bright and jolly disposition but I know where to draw the line, and am not wholly made up of fun.

I am not writing with any view in particular — only to make some new friends. I think this is a very romantic way of getting acquainted and anything with romance in it has a charm for me. I do not like to describe myself, but as I see it is customary, I will merely say I am sweet sixteen, have grey eyes and brown hair, medium height and chubby. I play the piano very nicely, I believe, but am fonder of sewing, reading and cooking. I just finished a course in sewing and expect to take cooking soon. Father is an up-to-date farmer. I have never had to

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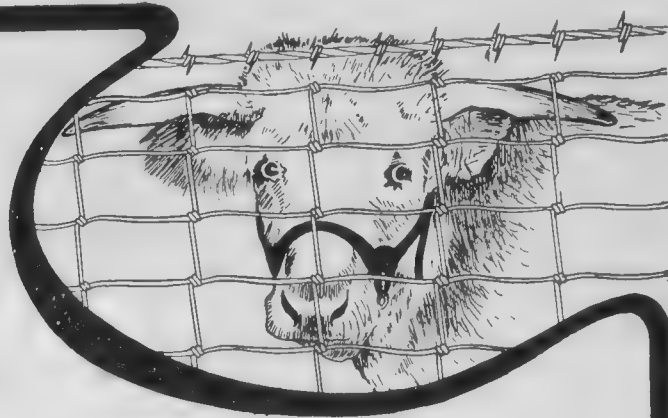
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(From photograph by C. A. Stenner, photographer at Galveston)

These pictures show the results of two months' treatment with D. D. D. Prescription. My daughter had suffered for five years with terrible skin trouble, all kinds of doctors and remedies having failed. My heartfelt thanks for D. D. D. M. A. HARTMAN, Galveston, O.

Some of Your Own Neighbors perhaps have testified to D. D. D. We have hundreds of letters telling how this remedy has brought instant relief and soothed and healed the burning skin. You ought to send for the free bottle. Sign the coupon at the bottom.

**Constant Torture—Sleepless
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ALL GONE!**

Just think what it must mean after such terrible itching, burning, torture, to have the skin cooled and refreshed—the itch banished as if by magic—then the eruption gradually taken away—the skin made soft, clean and white—the cure complete.

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Don't dose the stomach to cure a skin disease. Cure the itch right where the itch is. D. D. D. Prescription is a wonderful mild, soothing compound containing the refreshing, cooling, healing oil of wintergreen, and we know that it **must** stop the itch at once.

TRIAL BOTTLE of this great remedy

FREE! Why suffer and suffer and suffer with the itch and agony that nearly drives you crazy, and is gradually undermining your health? Let us

send you a large size trial bottle of the wonderful D. D. D. Prescription, just to prove to you that this great remedy **will** give instant relief and positively cure Eczema and all forms of skin disease.

This Trial Bottle is FREE, but we know you will be glad to send us only 10c to help pay packing and postage

on this trial bottle which we send you free. The only reason we ask for the 10c is to have you pay PART of the expense, while we give you 25c worth of the medicine **free** and because we feel that we cannot afford to give this valuable remedy free except to people who are sufficiently interested to pay 10c. Just put a few drops of D. D. D. on the afflicted skin and see what a great change immediately takes place—the itch is gone and the skin cooled and refreshed—you can see the cure begin at once. Isn't it worth trying?

WRITE TODAY FOR THE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Just Sign the Coupon and send to us today, enclosing only 10c to help pay postage and packing, and we will send you this trial bottle by return mail, free, prepaid.

Also a valuable pamphlet free which gives directions for treatment, bathing, diet, exercise, etc., for eczema, pimples, blotches, and every known kind of skin disease. Sending for the free trial bottle puts you under no obligations to buy anything—we just want to **prove** to you that D. D. D. will give instant relief and will effect a cure.

Sign the Coupon Today and mail to us with only 10c.

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Without any obligations on me please send by return mail, postpaid, your free bottle of D. D. D. Prescription, also free pamphlet on skin disease. I enclose only 10c for postage and will say I have never tried D. D. D. Prescription.



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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

milk or do any outdoor work and in this line I am afraid your writers will far excel me, but I have no liking for that kind of work. Of course, if I were ever placed in a position that would make it necessary for me to do it, I could and would do it without chewing. Now, girls, I would just love to hear from you, either in letter or postal form and you may feel sure of a prompt reply. Boys, I will be glad to correspond with you, too—just for fun. "Starlight."

Handy Andy Takes a Hand.

Battleford, Sask., May 20, 1908.

Editor.—Having read a few back numbers of your magazine at a brother bachelor's place this winter, I was favorably impressed with it. I sent in my subscription and was pleased to receive the New Year's number, and would very much like to join your correspondence circle, as I find it very interesting.

I have been living in Saskatchewan for two years and like it very much, but, of course, there is one great drawback in batching, but hope I will find a remedy in the near future.

I do not approve of advertising for a partner; in fact, I quite agree with "Bashful Polly" in the January issue in this respect but would like very much to correspond with some of the writers of letters I have read in the W. H. M. I always think a great deal can be learned of a person's disposition by the kind of letter they write. I don't like the tone of the letter that tells of nothing but the faults of the opposite sex for we all have faults. I would like to correspond with some one who could write a good sensible letter. I like a little fun, too, and can give and take a joke.

I suppose a brief description of myself will be in order. I am 5 feet 10 inches in height, weigh 180 lbs., fair hair and blue eyes, and not far from 30 years old. Have an even temperament and a kind and loving disposition and of temperate habits, do not use either tobacco or liquor in any form. Have two good trades as well as being a thorough good farmer, having lived the first half of my life on a farm in Ontario.

I would like to correspond with "Bashful Polly" in the January issue if you will kindly forward enclosed letter to her, you will greatly oblige. Wishing you every success with your magazine, I am, "Handy Andy."

Not on the Firing Line.

Central Y. M. C. A., Toronto, Ont.

May 18, 1908.

Editor.—I would like to write a few lines in your paper. I am not a subscriber but I have been a constant reader for the last twelve months. We take the W. H. M. at the Y. M. C. A. of which I am a member, and I am sure the boys look upon your paper, especially the correspondence page, with great interest and amusement. Not only as mere correspondence but the way in which some of your lady writers instruct us with regard to our personal habits and showing their good tastes by trying to point out the right road which leads to happiness in the future. I am a long way out of the firing line, but I still feel I am in the battlefield trying to make other people happy in this grand country of ours.

If any young ladies wish to write to me my address will be with the editor. I am thinking of coming out West in the summer. I will just give you a brief description of myself. I am 23 years of age. Did I hear someone say, "skiddoo?" Never mind, I shall soon be 24. I am 5 feet 11 inches in height, with brown eyes and fair complexion, and ordinary size feet with which I endeavor to keep in the direction we all wish to go. I am a total abstainer and do not use tobacco. I do not want a widow (widower) with three or four kids, as one young lady of seventeen expressed herself. I don't care if she is a Maple Leaf, Thistle, Shamrock or Rose so long as she is a good girl.

I am an Englishman. I was brought up on a farm and I like to feel the fresh air. I would like to exchange photos and post cards and will answer all letters if any young ladies will be kind enough to write. "Lonely Boy."

Not Looking for a Hubby, But—

Sask., May 16, 1908.

Editor.—Having read your paper with great interest, I thought I would like to join your correspondence column as I find some of the letters very amusing.

I am a farmer's daughter, so I know what farm work is, although I never do any chores but I would be willing to do them if it were necessary. I am very fair, with brown hair, blue eyes, and 5 feet 8 inches tall, and only eighteen.

Now, I am not looking for a hubby, as I enjoy single blessedness still, and when I marry I mean to marry for love alone, as I don't think marriage is to be all and the end of all existence (as I am sure some do), it is just the beginning.

I feel very sorry for the lonely bachelors and don't begrudge them a smoke, but I do think they should not chew or drink. I can sympathize with the boys as I often see a bachelor hall, for my brother keeps one and some of his attempts at cooking are failures, although practice makes perfect.

I am very fond of reading and I don't think anyone can really be lonely with

a few volumes of Scott, Shakespeare and the poets, Wordsworth being my favorite.

My life companion must be fond of music, dancing, reading and all sports. I myself use a rifle and hit what I aim at.

I should like to hear from "Sour Grapes" and "Flaxie" and any others who would care to write, but I think the boys ought to write first. My address is with the editor. "Starlight."

Old Reader but New Subscriber.

British Columbia, May 17, 1908.

Editor.—As an old reader, but a new subscriber, I shall be glad if you can find space for this letter.

I am English born and an English church man, tall, 35 years of age, brown hair and blue eyes. I smoke a pipe but don't chew or drink. Have been in Manitoba and the West eight years. Am but a hard working fellow but have a good job.

I should like to correspond with some young lady of 25 to 30 (widow not objected to) of a jolly and lovable disposition.

If it is my good fortune to get a wife I would want her to be a companion in every sense of the word, to be fond of music, the home and the "old man." I would do my best to take her to most dances (if she liked them), concerts and plays which occasionally wake us up and would do all I could to make her happy. "O. Kanagan."

Marriage Through Personal Acquaintance.

Foot Hills, Alta., May 18, 1908.

Editor.—As subscribers or your most interesting magazine, we take pleasure in writing and inviting correspondence with some of the fairer sex. We are not writing with matrimonial intentions as we are of the opinion that a marriage which is brought about by a personal acquaintance is by far the surer road to real happiness. We are both young ranchers under 24 years of age, with a wide range of ranching experience, having rode over nearly the whole of the ranching districts of Alberta. We are of fair complexion, with red faces, the sight of which has scared many a broncho before now. We usually spend our evenings reading and writing and do therefore solicit a friendly correspondence with any young lady about 20 years of age or under. We neither drink nor smoke and we cannot dance, owing to the size of our feet. Please forward the enclosed letter to the girl from Quebec who signed herself "Nobody's Little Girl."

"Two Alberta Bushrangers."

Don't Leap in the Dark.

Leduc, Alta., May 17, 1908.

Editor.—For some time past I have been a very interested reader of the correspondence column of your valuable magazine and I think, like "Riverside Maiden," that it is a very good way for the young people to become acquainted, but when writing with a view to matrimony it is a very different thing. I think that marriage should be very carefully considered and the parties very well known to each other before they are tied together for life.

I am a bachelor, 22 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches tall, have dark hair and grey eyes and weigh 140 pounds. Am fond of music, play the violin and dance. Smoke cigars now and then but not as a rule. I will answer all letters if any one cares to write. Kindly forward enclosed letter to "The Lily of the East" in your January issue and oblige. "Mustang."

Some Sage Advice.

Riverview, Sask., May 18, 1908.

Editor.—Being a reader of your valuable magazine, I will venture to write a few lines indicative of my appreciation of your paper and the interest you take in the correspondence column. I have read it with interest for several months but it has occurred to me that it is somewhat misused, it is devoted more to flirtatious objects than good, sound, wholesome reading. If the writers would remember that many a letter is written in an earnest way the invitations to correspond would be considered more sacred than the mere "fun" of receiving and answering letters from strangers. Remember, boys, that a woman's love is everlasting and one who crushes and kills it will have murdered the most beautiful thing on earth. If the girls would remember that one word will change their lives to either misery or happiness, they would consider more, they would often refuse, even if found difficult; you have yourself seen girls who have bitterly repented after marriage. My motto would consequently be: If you cannot marry from your neighborhood, never marry through correspondence. I can agree with the lady writers and some of the boys.

I am 18 years old, tall, well built, light complexion, quiet, good violin player. Do not dance. I do not invite correspondence, but a letter would be welcome, especially view post cards. "Sad."

A Jolly Girl From the States.

White Hawk, Sask., May 17, 1908.

Editor.—I am very much interested in your correspondence column. My fath-

er has taken your paper for the past nine months and I think it just fine.

I am a farmer's daughter. We live 20 miles north of Canora and we came from the States last spring. I was very lonely last summer but am enjoying myself now, going to dances; we have sometimes three dances a week, so I get plenty of dancing to suit me. I have lived on a farm most of my life. I can milk cows, feed chickens, drive a team and I can stack hay and also shock grain when I am needed. I can also do all kinds of house work and am a very good cook. I am 16 years old, light brown hair, blue eyes and light complexion, and am 5 feet 3 inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. I am very fond of music and can play the organ and mouth organ, and I have finished school but would like to go to college this fall.

I am not wanting to get married for I think I have plenty of time yet to think about matrimony. Most girls want to get married by the time they are sixteen or seventeen. Some girls say they would not marry a man who smokes but I would not object to my hubby smoking.

I like dark eyes and dark hair, and he must be about six feet tall and good looking, for I am not a very handsome little girl myself, but I will leave you boys to judge for yourselves.

"Blue Eyes."

Letter for "Blacksmith Bill."

Uplands, Ont., May 15, 1908.
Editor.—Being a subscriber and also an interested reader of your W. H. M., especially the correspondence columns, I would like to be granted a very small space in your valuable column. I would like to correspond with any of either sex.

I, too, live on a farm and in the winter I sometimes find it very dull, only for my correspondents I would find it extremely so and will answer all letters that I receive promptly. But I am not like "Saskatchewan Beauty." I don't want to get married in a hurry. If she is in such a hurry, why does she not propose, as it is leap year?

I wonder if "Blacksmith Bill" would answer if a girl wrote first. Please forward enclosed letter to "Blacksmith Bill" and oblige "Eastern Poppy."

"Lumbering Ned" Lonesome.

Durban, Man., May 24, 1908.
Editor.—Have been a reader of your magazine for about eight months and a subscriber for the last six months. I have taken a good deal of interest in the correspondence columns, and think a good number of the letters worth reading. I am of the same opinion as several other of your readers, that correspondence through any paper is not always a successful way of looking for a wife and husband. I may say I am an Englishman by birth, but hope to make my home in Canada. I have been here three years in March and like the country very much indeed, and think that for anyone willing to work it is an ideal place, but many come out expecting to make a good living without working at all. I have spent nearly all my time except the last 3 months on a farm, but came to the bush this winter. I find it very quiet sometimes for want of a good friend, but at others do not feel so lonely; all the same, I should be glad to receive a letter now and then from some of your readers giving me something to think about when lonely. I will not take up any more of your valuable space this time, if this should be published, but anyone wanting to correspond, will find my address with the editor.

"Lumbering Ned."

Two Sisters Want New Beaux.

Burnt Lake, Alta., May 29, 1908.
Editor.—We are interested in your correspondence; we thought we would join in also and express our sympathy for the lonely bachelors of the West. We are two sisters, live on a farm with our parents. We have never had to work very hard. Our age is 16 and 18; the younger is 5 feet 8½ inches tall, light brown hair, dark blue eyes, weighs 120 pounds; the older is 5 feet 5 inches tall, light brown hair, dark blue eyes, weighs 115 pounds. Both have fair complexion and are fond of dancing and flirting and outdoor sports; both have a very nice figure and like to be dressed neat so will our home look if we get one. We are tired of all our old beaux and want a new one. We want them with dark hair and brown eyes and nice looking (age 20). They must not drink or use any kind of tobacco, and be good tempered and fond of dancing and outdoor sports.

We will answer their letters with great pleasure if they think we are worth corresponding with, and in our home we would want pianos and violins because we are both fond of playing. Hoping we will have a happy home, and to hear from them soon.

"Two Sisters."

Lonely Harry Means Business.

Cochrane, Alta., May 20, 1908.
Editor.—I have been a constant reader of your interesting paper since its first issue and think it about the correct thing. I have been much interested in the correspondence columns but up to the present time I have been unable to tell you a secret, and that is I really

want a wife and in the worst way. She must be good looking, tender hearted, a fair cook, less than 23 years old, and able to play some instrument preferred.

With your leave I will try to describe myself for some dear girl's benefit. I am 23 years old, 5 feet 1 inch tall, weigh about 150 lbs. and fair complexioned. I do not use tobacco or liquor but like a friendly game of cards. I am not as well fixed as "John Bunyan," your March correspondent is, nor yet so smart, (by the way, I would swear by "John Bunyan" except that he might be a bit buggy, begging your pardon for saying so) but I certainly have a homestead with considerable improvements, but no credit at the bank.

I might say in conclusion that I think this a good way of getting acquainted though I would advise none to take things too far till personally acquainted. I would wish any good girl who thinks she might suit to write me through the editor.

"Lonely Harry."

Sporting Bill Tired of Batching.

Napinka, Man., May 16, 1908.
Editor.—Have been taking great pleasure in reading your paper, especially the correspondence page, but never until I saw "Ripe Strawberry's" letter did it occur to write one myself.

I am a bachelor, 23 years of age, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weigh about 150 pounds, blue eyes, dark hair and good looking. I work 480 acres of land and batching is not what it is cracked up to be. If any young lady would like to correspond with me I will be only too glad to answer her. I would like to correspond with "Ripe Strawberry" in November issue, or "An Independent Lassie," in February issue. I would like to see this letter in print as it is my first. Anyone wishing to write will find my address with the editor.

"Sporting Bill."

"No Snaps in Matrimony."

Grassy Lake, Alta., May 13, 1908.
Editor.—For some time I have been a reader of your W. H. M. and enjoy very much reading the letters on the correspondence page.

It seems to me as if some of both sex are looking for a big bargain in matrimony, as they would in a horse trade or a land deal. Now, for my part, I think that's a mistake, for if one marries for ease instead of happiness they are most likely to get fooled.

For my life companion all I would require of her would be a sunny disposition and plenty of good red corpuscles in her veins, and the rest would come out all right, for I would make her as happy as I could and I know I would be happy, for by making others happy we get the most pleasure out of this life.

Guess I'll give a short description of myself. I'm an old, old bachelor of five and twenty years, 6 feet tall, weigh 175 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes, and I'll not say anything about my beauty for beauty is only skin deep, anyway. Use neither tobacco nor strong drink, but love music and dancing and look on the sunny side of every thing.

If any of the fair sex want to write to me they will find my name with the editor.

"Big Bill."

Can Offer Good Home.

Unionville, Mich., May 13, 1908.
Editor.—I am interested in your great paper and write a few lines to the correspondence columns. I do not believe in putting my view before the public on this subject, but I will give a description of myself, so if any of the girls wish to correspond with me they may.

I am 5 feet 6 inches tall, weight 145 pounds, dark hair, brown eyes, pretty good looking. Don't be afraid, girls, write anything you please. Now, I want you to correspond for fun only, but if it should wind up in the real thing I will guarantee the girl I pick or writes to me a kind and loving husband and a first-class home, up-to-date in every way. That means quite a little, so write away. Wishing your paper success.

"The Yankee Kid."

"Experience" Wants a Wife.

Alta., May 6, 1908.
Editor.—I have read your correspondence column and am interested with the views of many writers. I wonder how many will find their theories upset after being married.

I was married about four years and although we lived very happily together (few happier), yet to be happy there must be a spirit of give and take on each side. Each must learn to know the other; the better they know each other and try to please the happier they will be. Life is not all sunshine; there are many little things to upset us and this is where trouble begins. Instead of fanning the spark into a blaze, let it die out and one cause to unhappiness is avoided. Often a tender, endearing word or caress will make everything run smoothly again.

If you were lovers before marriage be so afterwards, too. It may seem foolish to some, but husband and wife can be far greater lovers than before marriage. It need not be made public but in the private of your home. Few men can ignore the thoughtful, ministering or tender caress of the wife if done with a loving spirit, or no true

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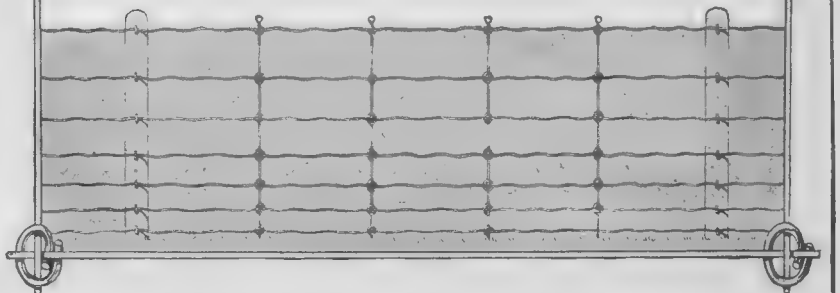
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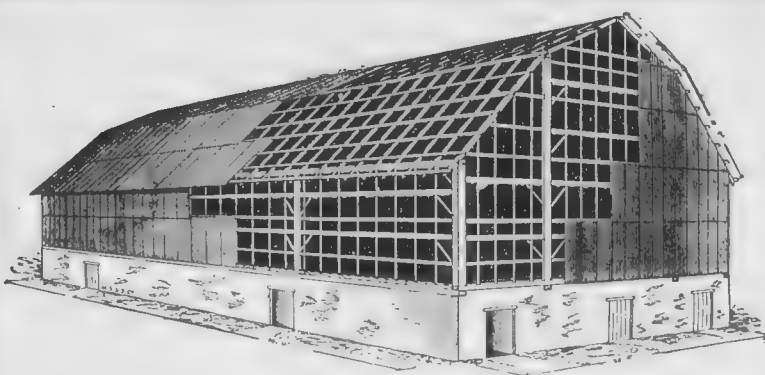
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woman will refuse her husband's endearments and kindness if done in the same spirit. I have tried this and was successful.

I am a lonely widower, aged 37, with three small children. If anybody, not over 30, and Protestant, thinks she could be happy with me, children too, I would strive to not disappoint her and give a comfortable home.

"Experience."

Ready to Do Business.

Yellow Grass, Sask., May 12, 1908.
Editor.—I am a new reader of your interesting and instructive paper, as I only subscribed for it at the beginning of the year; but I am greatly pleased with it and I always read all the letters in the correspondence columns.

I am an Englishman and came out to this country in April, 1906. I am a farmer and, like most of the boys, am tired of batching, and want a wife. If ever I am so fortunate as to win the affections of some young lady she will not have to do chores or feed pigs. I will look after that; but, of course, I want a girl who understands farm life, so that if I should have to be away, going to town for example, I should know the stock would be cared for in my absence. In return for this I would help all I could in the house, when my work was done. Possibly a description of myself will interest some young lady. I am about 5 feet 9 inches tall, and weigh about 160 lbs. am strong and healthy. My hair is light brown and my eyes blue. I am 20 years old and am accounted fairly good looking. I do not chew, and never touch liquor, but I smoke. I have a first-class education and attended college several years in England. I am passionately fond of music and I like books.

In conclusion I will say a few words as to what I would like my wife to be. Height about 5 feet 7 inches, good looking, preferably dark, and above all, good natured. I want an honest, healthy, truthful, loving Christian girl, Protestant, and she must be a good cook and housekeeper. I should like young lady correspondents from 17 to 20 years, and if any would care to write to me, I shall feel greatly honored and will endeavor to answer them to the best of my ability. Will you please forward enclosed letters to (1) "H. B." (2) "Saskatchewan Beauty." (3) "Nobody's Little Girl." (4) "Cigarette." (5) "Vangy." (6) "Brown Eyed Beauty." The envelopes are numbered to correspond with the numbers above.

Mr. Editor, if you can, through your columns, put me in touch with some young lady, wishing to get married, you will do me a great kindness and will earn the lifelong thanks of your well wisher.

"Lonesome but Hopeful."

Has Soft Velvety Eyes.

Alberta, May 14, 1908.
Editor.—For some time I have been reading the interesting letters of your splendid magazine, the W. H. M., and thought I would like to write. By the way, I see that most of the young ladies are enquiring for a husband. Come to Alberta, girls, or else write to me and I will give you the address of a gentleman that I am sure wants a wife—at least, he says so. He has a splendid education, not very good looking, nor could I say he was homely, but he has no bad habits and "He's the gayest little fellow and he's got the money, too."

Before I go any farther I will describe myself as I see it seems to be the custom with a great many writers. Well I will be 20 years old a year from next May. Will have gray hair in a few years (it is dark brown now, if anybody should happen to ask you). I am 5 feet 5 inches tall and growing fast. Have soft velvety eyes.

"Pitiful Pete," your letter was all O. K. Please come again.

"Piker," I think you went a good long ways to get to a party. I hope you were fortunate enough to get one of the "three sweets" when you got there. I'll send you a post card every day for ten years and a letter once a year if you will only write to me.

Well, I suppose the less I write the sooner my letter will be in print. So leaving my address with the editor and thanking him for the fine pages he gives us for correspondence, I will close with best wishes to all writers.

"Mrs. Sippl."

"Quiz" Writes Good Letter.

Glen Logan, Sask., May 20, 1908.
Editor.—Receiving your interesting and instructive paper is one of the pleasures I look forward to from month to month. It is difficult to decide which of the departments is the most interesting, but I must confess that the correspondence columns claim a fair share of my time and attention. I am greatly amused in reading the letters from youths and maidens to see the different characters that are portrayed.

Some of the girls say "No smoke or whiskey," others say "wink at it," but I say, three cheers for the girls who will have nothing to do with the men who use tobacco and liquor. It would be better for our men and our nation if all the women were of that stamp.

I wonder if "Saskatchewan Beauty" really means what she says about wanting to be married before Easter. I hope she is joking, for I do not like to

see anything unmaidenly in a girl and I think the majority of the bachelors are with me in that. There is nothing we adore quite as much as a womanly woman. I do not say that it is not womanly to wish to be happily settled in a home of your own, but I do maintain that the exhibition of undue haste or eagerness is unmaidenly.

It amuses me to read some of the letters from "poor lonesome bachelors," giving their ideas of what the future "Mrs. Bachelor" must be like. One would think it was a driver they were hunting for. What we need, boys, is a helpmate and companion, loving and kind; give me that and I care for nothing else. When I get that, and not till then, will I double up. I do not approve of marriage through correspondence alone, but if a fellow were to get a nice breezy, friendly letter occasionally I am sure it would help to make life a little more cheerful.

Trusting, dear Editor, that I have not taken up too much of your valuable time and space, I will close, hoping that some of the fair ones will drop a few lines to

"Quiz."

Would Correspond with "Shy Ann."

Tochalsh, Ont., May 16, 1908.
Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for quite a while and think it one of the best magazines published. I certainly enjoy reading the correspondence column and would like to join it. I think it is a fine way for the boys and girls or old bachelors and maids to pass the time away. Most all the boys and girls give a description of themselves. Well, I don't care to do that. Say, "Pretty Man," are you so handsome as all that? Don't believe him, girls. I think he is a fraud. I am a bachelor of Ontario, am 18 years old and am 6 feet tall; weigh about 170 pounds. I like dancing fine and go to quite a number.

I would like to correspond with Shy Ann and also to sample her fudge, if she will write first, as I am shy. My address is with the editor.

"Scarlet Runner."

No Triflers Need Write.

Alberta, Canada, May 21, 1908.
Editor.—I am a subscriber of your magazine and much interested in the correspondence columns. I am a bachelor of 34, farmer, neither use tobacco nor strong drink. I would like to correspond with ladies between 25 and 35 years of age, who may desire a good home. I have a good quarter section, well furnished house and good outbuildings. I prefer a widow with one or two small children. Protestant. Will answer all letters. No triflers need write. My address is with the editor.

"Scotchman."

Sets a Standard.

Alberta, April 20th, 1908.
Editor.—For some time I have been an interested reader of your correspondence column and have at last decided to write.

I am a tall, dark young girl, musically inclined and fond of riding, driving, parties and other amusements. I also dance a little but am not fond of it. I can play the piano, cook, do general housework and milk (if there are no men at home).

I would like to correspond with a tall, dark, young gentleman but am not particular. He must not drink to excess. I should prefer him not to use tobacco, but am not particular in that line, either. He must be fond of amusements.

Hoping some of you gents can come up to this line.

"Polly Ann."

Lonely Bachelor Would Like Letter.

Dundurn, Sask., May 23, 1908.
Editor.—Being a subscriber to your valuable magazine, I thought I would like to take advantage of your correspondence columns.

I am a bachelor, 21 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches tall and weigh 135 pounds.

It would be a very long, lonesome life to us bachelors if the young ladies did not take pity on us. But it makes us cheer up to read some of their letters who are willing to endure the hardships of life.

If any young ladies would like to correspond with me I will be glad to hear from them and will answer all letters. Hoping you will have room for this letter in your valuable magazine.

"Lonely Bachelor."

"Lasca" Tenders Some Advice.

Manitoba, May 15, 1908.
Editor.—As I am an interested reader of the correspondence columns I thought a short letter would not come amiss from me. Almost every letter that a bachelor writes has a good deal to say about love.

Boys, whichever of you may marry, be good, oh, be good to the little girl who thought enough of you to link her life with yours "for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer." Don't starve her soul by too few kisses or too little praise. It will kill her in a short time. A woman's heart is wound up in the home. Please remember my advice, dear bachelors, and don't think it comes from an old maid. I am quite young but have seen enough to know what I am talking about.

"Lasca."

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Wife of Hon. R. P. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba.



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Wife of Hon. Mr. Rogers, Minister of Public Works.



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Wife of Hon. Mr. Campbell, Attorney-General.



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Wife of Hon. Mr. Coldwell, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education.



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Broad Cove, C.B., July 6, 1906.
I received a sample of your Gin Pills last fall. They did me a great deal of good. In fact, they are the best kidney medicine I know of. A neighbor of mine has tried them and they did him more good than all the Doctors' Medicine he took in three months. I will not forget during my lifetime the benefit your Gin Pills have been to me. JOHN WHELLAM.

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WINNIPEG.

Abner Greenup's Pancakes.

By Harriet Whitney Durbin.

I WONDER, Abner Greenup, if you could make out to batch for yourself a week or so without getting things so twisted-y-up it'd take the balance of the year to untangle 'em?"

Abner Greenup, who was on the back porch lathering his great sun-baked hands with an oblong cake of yellow soap, stood still for a moment, his mouth open and flakes of white froth dripping from his knotty brown fingers as a sharp little face appeared in the doorway.

"Keep batch!" he repeated, slowly. "Why, whut's goin' to happen, Tishy?"

"Nothin' so awful," retorted Tishy, briskly. "The world ain't goin' to drop off it's axle-tree just yet, I reckon. I've only took a notion to have a holiday and go over to cousin Bithy's at Hopkins's Center a spell, where they get all the town papers and fashions, and where I'll get a rest-up from cookin' three meals a day, year-in-year-out, and doing forty-seven thousand other things betwixt and between. I don't reckon you could leave your work this time of the year but 'twouldn't kill nor cripple you to cook your own vittles a spell."

"Why, my stars, honey; if you want to go a-visitin' jest light out. I kin batch it all right."

Abner rinsed the snowy foam from his hands, and turned to empty the basin over the porch railing, with a cheerful smile upon his broad face. He was a mild, even-tempered man, given to taking things philosophically; a fortunate adjustment, since Tishy was rather prone to do the unexpected. He drew a few deep, serene breaths of the sweet, early morning air, while polishing his hands with the rough towel, before he stepped inside for breakfast.

Tishy's kitchen, always "spandy," fairly glittered with the morning sunshine sweeping in the eastern windows, its brilliance only mellowed by the thin lawn curtains that hung crisply from their trim gathering-strings.

The breakfast table, set in the middle of the floor, was as neat as wax, with its fresh blue and white checkered cover, and Tishy was just setting a sleek granite-ware coffee-pot on the trivet beside her plate.

The breakfast menu was simple:

Home-made yeast-raised bread in the approved three-days-old stage of its existence, smooth round cottage cheeses, rashers of bacon and radishes. In the early days of their house-keeping, the domestic peace of Abner and Tishy had come near to being wrecked upon the rocks and reefs of hot bread and pastry. Abner had held forth earnestly for hot biscuits, muffins, and above all, batter cakes

roses—one of the other purposes in her case being the manufacture of bed quilts of fearful and wonderful pattern.

Abner, being of the more forbearing nature, had withdrawn from the contest, stifled his yearnings for the puffy brown biscuits and the frizzle-edged pancakes of his mother's day, and resigned himself with cheerful patience to the wholesome cold yeast bread, which he held in the highest respect, but, try as he would, could not relish.

"Now, looky here, Abner," Mrs. Tishy reverted to the novel topic of her contemplated trip, as she poured a stream of spicy hot coffee into two shining blue china cups: "I'll tell

o' vinegar. Now, don't you go and mess things up. Don't you track up the floor, ner forget to water th' flowers, ner don't you tramp on 'em; and don't forget to feed the chickens and the cat; the cat's dish is under the safe; don't you give her good dishes to eat out of, and don't forget to set her a pan of water every night. And don't leave the windows open if it rains. Be sure and skim the milk every morning into the brown stone jar and put it in the cellar against the churnin'. And ef you have to churn before I get back, don't forget to scald out the churn and the bowl and paddles, and rinse 'em in cold water; and don't splash the cream."

"All right," Abner acquiesced, rather vaguely, as his wife's string of "don't's" and directions poured forth upon him. "When you goin' to start, Tishy?"

"By the ten o'clock train this mornin'," Tishy answered, briskly, "if you'll gear up and take me to the station. When you're a-goin' to do a thing the's no use tick-tockin' like a clock about it. All I've got to do is slick up my hair and put my duds on, and roll up a wrapper er two, and my quilt-blocks to be a sewin' on. And I ain't shore when I'll be back, but if I stay longer than the balance o' the week I'll send you word."

"All right, honey," responded Abner again, "don't hurry yourself none; me an' Tabby'll do good enough, an' git all the fun you kin out o' your visitation."

It may be that Abner's philosophy was not heavily taxed to accept the fact of Tishy's absence with serenity. He was a good man, and he loved his wife, and he was not even fully conscious whence came the little thrill as of something new and not quite unpleasant that came over him as he set forth to harness the team while Tishy was attending to the "slicing" up process for her trip.

It was a fresh summer morning, with rich flavors flowing from orchard and garden. Abner paused in letting down the long oaken bars for a moment's reflection. His face took on an expression like that of a school-boy who sees a "lark" ahead. He slapped his knee cheerfully.

"I'll hev hot pancakes for breakfast in the mornin'; I'm a digger Injun ef I don't," he announced gleefully to the two stout horses he was leading through.

It was high noon when, after seeing Tishy safely started on her rail journey, Abner reached his bachelor's hall. Farm duties were pressing, and taking a snack of whatever he found handy, he proceeded with his day's



"A pie," shouted Abner, setting his chair down with a bump, and trying to do a lumbering hornpipe."

for breakfast, and pie for dinner now and then, which Tishy vowed would pave the way for all manner of dyspeptic evils, and were, therefore; better omitted from the bill of fare. Moreover, the little woman harangued, with sharp energy, it was not set down in her domestic creed that she should devote to the baking of hot biscuit, the frying of pancakes, or the manipulation of pastry, strength and time which could be used for other pur-

you where everything is, so's you needn't knock things over and break dishes like you generally do a tryin' to find things. There's a whole stack of riz bread in the tin boiler in the pantry, enough to last you a week. There's a biled shoulder on the first pantry shelf, and them, with redishes and lettuce and truck out o' the garden'll do you. The tea and coffee and sugar's on the third pantry shelf, and a jug o' sorghum molasses, and one

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work, and returned home when the sun was lying like a huge rose against the western sky. All the motherly old hens came with their feathery children, clucking and scolding fussily for their supper. Tabby was on the back porch, regarding the closed kitchen door with wondering disapproval. She rubbed herself against Abner's ankles with a reproachful "Me-ow."

He opened the door. Somehow the kitchen did not wear a cheerful air; but then the sun was on the other side now; he thought it must be that. He started to whistle cheerfully; Tishy's checked kitchen apron, hanging on a peg, caught his eye; the whistle ran off the track and jerked itself into silence. He made a few dusty tracks on the floor, and there was no sharp tongue to reproach him for it; but he didn't see that it was a very great delight to make dusty tracks unapproached.

He started a fire in the stove, set on the tea-kettle, and proceeded to feed the chickens and get out the buckets for milking; he did not care to cook much for his supper; some coffee and light bread toasted would answer, he thought, with a few radishes out of the garden.

Tabby was regaled with crumbled bread and fresh milk—in a china saucer, Abner having forgotten about her dish under the safe—the evening tasks were attended to, and then Abner sat and smoked on the porch in the dusk.

"Seems mizzable lonesome, don't it, Tabby?" he observed to his furry companion. "I most hope Tishy won't conclude to stay longer'n the week out, though I'll be glad for her to hev a good time, but 'tain't no fun fer you and me, after all. Anyhow, we'll hev batter cakes fer breakfast, won't we, Tab?"

The warm soft sunshine of mid-afternoon was turning the dingy shingle roof of the Greenup farmhouse to dun-gold, when a disgusted-looking little woman bustled up the steps of the back porch and pulled sharply at the old-fashioned latch string of the kitchen door.

It was Tishy; yes, Tishy, with all the crispness gone out of her white lawn dress, her face streaked and speckled with the dust and soot of her recent journey, and her arms aching with the bundles she carried.

Tabby came in, purring sociably, and was greeted with an inhospitable "Scat!"

Tishy was tired and warm, and rubbed the wrong way, generally.

"My own fool doin's," she admitted, trotting briskly about to lay away her best bonnet and change her dress for a comfortable old Mother Hubbard wrapper. "I'd a sight better stayed where I belonged, and kep' an eye on things. First pop, I've got to peek aroun' and see what Abner's been a-doin'; everything he hadn't ought to, I can insure you. Yes, look a-yonder at the tracks he's made on my clean floor, so's I've got to turn in and scour before I can draw my breath; and a chiny sasser with a gold rim set fer Tab, after me tellin' him positive not to! And the floor all a-spatter o' grease—what in the land has he been a tryin' to do, to get the floor a-lookin' like that all around the stove! Ef I don't jaw him right and left it'll be 'cause my tongue gets out o' gear. And look, will yu, at the mess in the pantry! Dishes all bunched about every which a-way, and lookin' like he'd hauled every last thing down out o' place. The milk a-standin' right here, 'stid of bein' put in the cellar, and full o' red ants at that, and not a spoonful a cream skum! Ef I'd stayed long es I set out to! The 'ain't no sense in a man doin' no sich messy ways es that, and I 'low to get that idy into Abner's noddle ef I have to talk forty dozen blue streaks. Well, land of blue beans! What's this here?"

Tishy bobbed out of the pantry, bearing in her hands a plate containing some curious circular objects, which proved, on closer inspection, to be a species of batter cake, but of what material and how compounded was a question affording room for considerable speculation. The weight

of each, in proportion to its size, was something marvelous. They were depressingly stiff, yet they were flabby, with a tough, leathery flabbiness beyond description; they were dishearteningly pale, in hollow spots that had warped away from the griddle, and scorched black on their knobby upland points; otherwise they were as gray as the lead which appeared to be one of their main ingredients; and they curled dismally up at the edges like some kind of soggy, rank and totally unhealthful fungus.

Tishy set the plate upon the table, lifted one of the clammy objects in her fingers, and gazed upon it, then laid it back and rubbed her fingers briskly upon her calico apron to dispel the chill, greasy sensation communicated by the singular specimen. She sat down in a chair near the table, where she could view Abner's melancholy handiwork, which held her with an horrible fascination. Some sort of spell it certainly exercised over the little woman as she gazed round-eyed at it.

The greasy floor, the dusty tracks, the china saucer given the cat, and the general "mess" had irritated her. For some reason, totally inexplicable to herself, those dismal, direful objects with which Abner had sought to embellish his morning meal aroused an entirely different emotion—they were so unmitigatedly, pitifully wretched. Had they been even moderately light, or brown, or crisp, indicating a reasonable degree of toothsome when fresh from the griddle, they would never have touched that hidden chord in Tishy's heart—might even have proved the "cap sheaf" to the mountain of trifles which had upset her easily disturbed temper.

"As it was, some women would have laughed at them; but Tishy, not naturally of a mirthful temperament and rather predisposed to see the seamy side, they smote with a sudden odd pathos she could not understand nor resist.

Her lips grew unsteady as she gazed; a sob broke from her wiry little bosom, and tears rolled down her cheeks and dripped upon her blue calico apron.

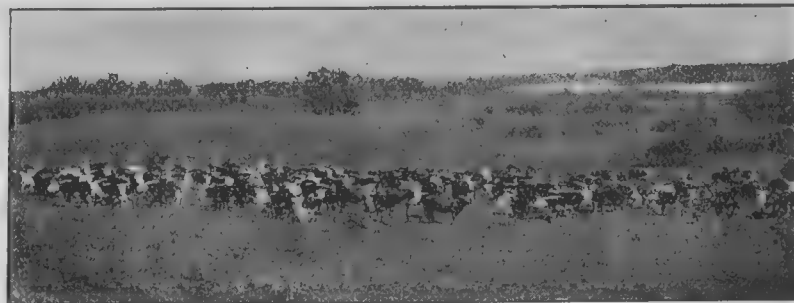
"Pore Abner! He's went and made pancakes for his breakfast the first mornin' I wasn't here, not knowin' any more how to do 'em than a babe in the wood. And look at 'em! I don't believe a Hindoo could eat 'em er a dirt-eater either; and it looks like he has eat a piece off o' one of 'em; there's one cut in two. If he has it's that starved him into it; he must a-been wantin' 'em all these long years. And now, s'pose he gets the appendix er something awful from eating that piece o' one! It'd be my doin' out and out. I never thought I'd come to pizenin' pore innocent Abner that's never said a cranky word to me."

Tishy's remorse had its course, and then her brisk spirit arose to action. She hopped nimbly to her feet. "I know what I kin do if he ain't dead yet. He'd like 'em just as well for supper as breakfast. Wouldn't his eyes pop open to see some nice frizzly ones fit for a civilized mortal to eat! And what's the matter with a pie, too, while I'm about it? I reckon 'tain't runnin' so worse risk of givin' a man dyspepsy with hot bread and pie than 'tis of havin' him commit suicide eatin' leather things like them. If he will pine for hot batter cakes and sich, let him have some that's light and good; mebby he'll relish 'east bread for a change again. And after all, p'raps change about from one sort o' bread to another's es good hy-geene as anything. I reckon I been thinkin' more about the trouble of it than I have about the digestibleness."

Abner had finished his day's work about the farm and given the horses their supper.

"I wisht I could eat a bucket of oats and call it a meal," he said glumly to himself. "Then I wouldn't have to go into that ole empty kitchen and cook up something. I s'pose I'll hev to warm up them darned pancakes and eat some of 'em; 'twon't do to waste 'em, and Tab won't eat 'em. Mebby if I git out a tumbler of Tishy's jell

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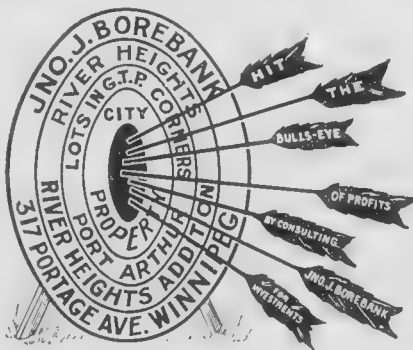
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and put some on 'em I kin manage a few more, but it sets my teeth on edge to even think of 'em. Notion to pitch 'em over to the pigs; but then I'd hev to go back to the riz bread again. I do'n't mind about eatin', anyhow, ef it wasn't so darned lonesome-like in the ole house; 'pears like I hear Tishy every minute or two, 'n then 'tain't her. And I'm a digger Injun ef I don't miss her like fun. I'm a-goin' straight to the post-office at sunup to-morrow mornin' and see ef she ain't sent a letter to say when she'll be home. Now, jest listen to all them chickens a-squallin' their heads off fer their supper! I'd chop up the pancakes and feed to 'em ef I wasn't afraid of kilin' the whole outfit. Gum! the kitchen door's left open; I must o' forgot to shut it this mornin'. Who's that a-comin' out—why, halloo, Tishy!"

Tishy had come trotting out on the porch with a pancake spatula in her hand and a savory wreath of smoke following her, and Abner, getting up the steps as nimbly as his somewhat stiff limbs would permit, surprised his sharp little wife by catching her in his arms and giving her a rousing hug.

"I couldn't help it, Tishy," he apologized. "I'm glad plumb to my heel-taps you've come. Ef you stayed long es you'd 'lowed to I'd of come polin' up to Hopkins's Center after you."

A gratified expression found its way into Tishy's face. "I'm glad somebody wants me," she responded, "for I don't b'leeve Bithy was more'n half pleased to hev me come a-visitin' when she'd got a lot of real city folks there. She tried to be p'ite, but she said 'her social jewties tuck so much of her time she couldn't devote so much of it to me as she'd love to.' She could devote lots of it to them other folks I tuck notice. I felt like tellin' her her social jewties didn't pester her much when she lived over in the hills and picked blackberries to buy coffee with before she married Sim Trumpy. And I most smothered to death in the litte bake-oven she give me to sleep in. Land, I says to myself, one night'd come es near to makin' a roast goose of me es I 'lowed to be made, and so this mornin' I up and told her I was a-goin' home. She said she was turrible sorry; but she got mighty cheerful after that and mighty obligin'; sent Johnny to find out when the train left, for me—so's I'd be sure and not get left, I reckon. And I tuk'n rolled up my wrappers and truck I'd tuck along and put for home. Jake Ellett was down at the station with his team, and he fetched me out fur as his house, and I footed the balance of the way."

"Well, honey, I'm mighty glad you're here," Abner responded, patting Tishy's shoulder blade as they entered the kitchen. "I was terrible lon-

some-like—why pumpkins! Whut's this you're a-doin', Tishy?"

"Fryin' batter cakes," announced Tishy, flying to the stove and thrusting her spatula under a round of bubbly lightness, which flipped over as she gave it a whirl with a merry "Siz-z," disclosing the other side, porous, crisp and brown, with a brownness that ranged from golden to chocolate.

"Don't look precisely like your'n," said Tishy, with only a spice of feminine triumph, mingled with real delight with Abner's pleasure. Abner's laugh was hearty with a slight tinge of embarrassment.

Mine wasn't overly good," he admitted, sheepishly. "I couldn't remember what in creation had to be put in 'em, only sody; I remembered mammy putting sody in hers, but I reckon I didn't get enough in mine; they wasn't es light, somehow, es they ought-ta-bees. I don't know whut else you'd put in 'em besides the flour, but I got 'em together somehow, and I s'posed most any kind o' batter would fry out all right if you put grease in tht pan."

"You pore benighted heathen-man," said Tishy, compassionately. "It's lucky for you I got home 'fore you had a chance to do any more experimentin'! Now, 'f you'll set up the chairs, this is the last cake, the coffee and ham's done; I got a dish o' mash-potatoes a-browning in the oven with a lump 'o butter a-top of 'em and this here."

"A pie," shouted Abner, setting his chair down with a bump, and trying to do a lumbering hornpipe, as Tishy held the wonderful article up to view.

"A custard one, too; a big fat yaller custard pie! Tishy you went to Hopkins's Center a woman and came back a angel."

"No, I never, Abner; no, I never," Tishy returned, sobering a little. Then she ran into the pantry and stood a few minutes gazing reflectively at the molasses jug.

"It's mighty nice for Abner and me to be feelin' so pleased and peaceful at one another. And how does it come? Can't be just the pancakes and the pie that done it; must be the sperrit of bein' good to one another—that's it! And I believe my soul, it's me that's kep it different all along, for Abner's the good-temper-estest man that ever winked eye, whethet he gets pie or not."

"Abner," Tishy said, as she came out of the pantry and brought the plate of steaming cakes from the stove-hearth, "you kin count on hot biscuits or pancakes, one, for breakfast to-morrow, whichever you want. And if you'll gather me a basket of them windfall apples out o' the grass I'll make a cobbler for dinner to-morrow. But I've got a mighty strong suspicion that I'm just startin' out to learn a receipt for something a heap better'n pie or cobbler, or anything to eat."

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A Network of Circumstances.

By Mary R. P. Hatch.



WHEN the down train came steaming into St. Johns station, there were but three passengers to alight in the pouring rain. Hill's line of hacks was drawn as usual and Hill stood on the platform, having driven one hack himself. Baggage master Jackson kept an eye on the trunks to see that the heavy one should not escape being trundled off by Hoffman (who was a little slack sometimes) to be weighed; and all three men, Hill, Jackson, and Hoffman, noticed the three passengers, and were afterwards able to describe their appearance with considerable exactness and with what is much more rare, considerable unanimity of details. All agreed that there was a woman, a man and a boy, all evidently unknown to each other, who got out of the car nearest the smoker, and all agreed that while the man and boy walked up the avenue, the woman entered one of Hill's coaches and was driven away alone. The station at St. Johns is situated in one of the hollows of the town, where much of the traffic congregates. Up the hill is the residential portion of the town, where are many elegant homes owned and occupied by various branches of the St. Johns family, through whose extensive enterprises the town had grown from a tiny hamlet to one of the not inconsiderable villages in the State. That it is not a city and has no electric car system is simply because the St. Johns have objected to the cutting up of the beautiful streets and the civic charges which municipal government would entail.

The woman who entered Hill's coach was Miss Agatha St. Johns, as Hill, Jackson and Hoffman instantly noted. They also noted that she seemed to be preoccupied in manner, and noticed none, while she was usually pleasant and talkative. The coach she entered swung around from the station and went slowly up the steep avenue. Hill said he watched it from the platform till it got almost to the corner in front of Green's store; then he drove his own coach down Hinkley street to do an errand for his wife, and his son drove the third coach back to the stable. In fact, Charlie started about the time the first coach did. The other son, John, usually drove coach number one, but John was still troubled with rheumatism and could not get out in the rain, so James Joyce had been sent for, and it was James Joyce who drove the hack that Miss Agatha entered that day at St. Johns station and was taken out of dead at her home called the Elms on Elm Avenue.

When James Joyce opened the door for Miss St. Johns to alight, he said he looked in and saw her sitting upright, as he at first thought, in the corner. But a second glance showed that she was leaning back, was deadly pale and that her watch lay open in her lap. A pistol lay on the floor at the left of the door, but at the right of the stark, rigid figure. The second look told James he said, that she was dead, and the horror of it was such that it sent him into the kitchen at The Elms with staring eyes and panting breath.

"Come," he said to the cook. "Come, something awful has happened," and like one crazed he ran to the carriage, and the cook saw her mistress dead, as has been described.

The two carried her into the house and laid her on the bed in her own room, and then James ran for the family physician, Dr. Rose, who was fortunately at home and came at once. He said that she had died almost instantly from a pistol shot, presumably fired by herself, as she was alone in the cab at the time. The direction of the shot was divergent, entering the bottom of the left lung near the heart and passing through to the back, where the ball lodged.

Dr. Rose extracted the ball and found that it exactly fitted a chamber of the pistol, and that only one chamber had

been discharged. After doing all that lay in his line of duty, Dr. Rose, who was a singularly calm and efficient man, listened to what Miss St. Johns' niece, Miss Edith Hemingway, had to say about the matter.

"It isn't true, doctor. I know Aunt Agatha never shot herself. She was not that kind of a woman. She left here yesterday as calm and rational as usual, and said she should be away probably until to-morrow. Otherwise I should have sent the carriage to meet her. She was too good to commit suicide. She had too many interests on her hands, too many sick and unfortunate people. This time she had gone to Burlington to visit the prison. The prisoners look for her each month, the warden told me himself. He said there was no one like auntie, so good, so interested, so merry and sympathetic; and now she will never go again." And Miss Hemingway broke down completely and sobbed while her slight form shook with emotion. Dr. Rose noticed her nervous condition, and did not attempt to combat her assertion that Miss St. Johns had not committed suicide. He took up the pistol which lay on the commode and examined it, half mechanically and half with the idea of seeing what the make was. It was a Smith and Wesson and apparently new, he saw, and then it occurred to him to wonder why such a woman as Miss St. Johns should have purchased a pistol to end her life on her return from a Burlington trip, rather than quietly in her own home. It was not like the woman he had known so long and had so highly respected; he agreed in this particular with what her niece had said, but there were certain other considerations which occurred to him as a physician and which he had no wish to discuss. So he went out of the room softly and took his way up the street to the St. Johns, the hotel where his friend, Mr. Chester Turgeon, was spending a few weeks' vacation. Presumably Mr. Turgeon had not heard of the suicide, and he would like to be the one to tell him, Dr. Rose thought. For Turgeon was celebrated for his skill in unravelling mysterious crimes which baffled the wits of less astute officials.

Turgeon was in his room and glad to see Dr. Rose. He was all attention; every feature, eyes, mouth, chin, as well as ears, listened to the tale. Dr. Rose told him, for his face was singularly mobile, and, as he often said, troubled him more than any one knew to bring into the proper state of calmness necessary at times in his business. Now he did not try to disguise his interest, and Dr. Rose saw what so few had ever seen, Chester Turgeon in a state of eagerness bordering on excitement.

"Shot coming up the avenue in a close carriage! Miss St. John and by her own hand! Have you seen the pistol?" "Here it is," and the doctor pulled it from the pocket of his rain coat and laid it on the table.

"Ah! almost new and a man's pistol, not a woman's toy." As he looked at it the doctor saw an expression come into Turgeon's face that fascinated him.

"Is the driver of the coach left-handed?"

"No."

"You know him?"

"Tell me what you know of him."

"His name is John Joyce. He is English and came to St. John's about a year ago. He appears honest, and is, I know, capable and willing to work. Last fall he was taken down with pneumonia and carried to Bright Hospital. I attended him. I learned he had been driving for Hill while John Hill was sick with rheumatic fever. Miss St. Johns came to the hospital, as was her custom, and when Joyce was able to work, took him to help about the Elms and to drive for her. Hill recommended him. Miss St. Johns liked him much, she told me."

"But it was not her carriage he was driving, if I understand you, but Hill's."

"Yes. Hill sends for him when an extra driver is needed, and Miss St. Johns lets him go, as he gets extra pay. He drove the Hill coach number one, to-day, and took her home in it. The

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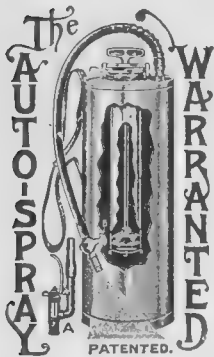
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niece had not sent the carriage, for she did not expect her aunt home until to-morrow.

"Well, doctor," Turgeon got up and stretched his legs, as he said it, "you had better have a coroner's inquest, and I will look into the case. Very likely it is a suicide, but there is room for doubt."

"Room for doubt! Who could have shot her in broad daylight, coming from the station to The Elms? Who could have done it and what was the motive?"

"Three questions, my dear doctor, hard to answer, but the question of motive I always leave till the last."

But I thought you detective fellows always put the motive first. Given a motive the rest followed."

"Not at all. Crime of all sorts is abnormal. Nobody commits a crime from any motive which would affect him if his mentality had not taken a twist in the direction of his desires through love, avarice, revenge or jealousy. Without this twist, this sudden wrench, he would not commit the crime any more than you or I would. Self preservation would prevent him."

"Just my idea," said the doctor,

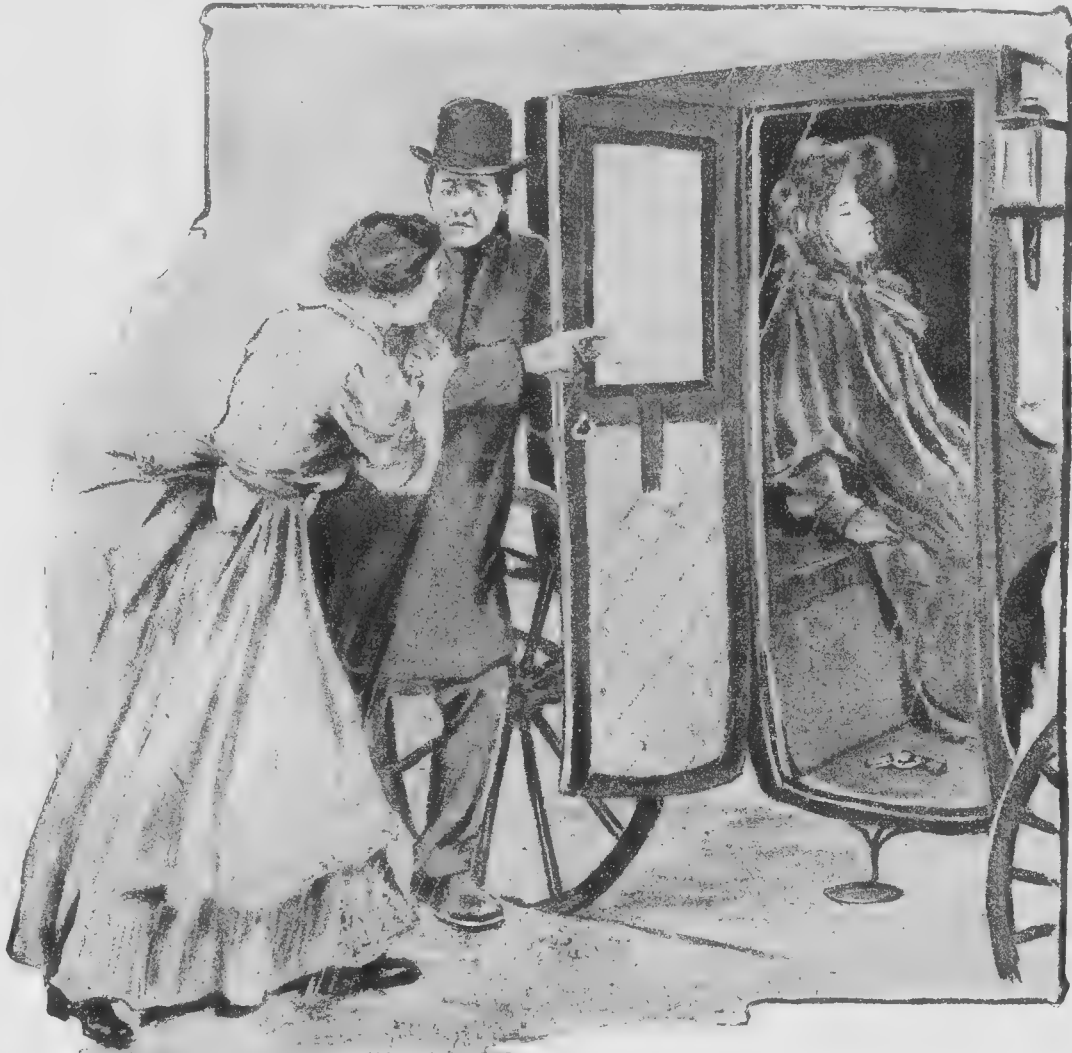
"Well, doctor, I believe the affair should be investigated. It looks like suicide at present. But I saw Miss St. Johns last week at a lawn party and talked with her. A saner, better balanced woman I never saw. I mean to find out if there were ever any secrets in her life to lead her to committing suicide in the midst of her good deeds, and when she will be so greatly missed. She came from the State's prison. I will go there to-night. I need a run of some sort. This inactivity is too much for me. I was just thinking as you came in, that I would cut it short."

Mr. Turgeon took his run to Burlington, visited the State's prison, and talked with the warden whom Miss St. Johns visited on the morning of her return to St. Johns. He made no explanation of what he saw or heard, but was an attentive listener to the evidence given at the coronor's inquest, which took place the day following. He was apparently greatly interested in the testimony of Miss Hemingway and of James Joyce, also Eben Carter, who claimed the pistol with which Miss St. Johns shot herself or was shot.

"I bought it of N'les Green," he said,

Miss Hemingway said that her aunt was afraid of firearms and would never have touched a pistol. She had not seen any pistol in Miss St. Johns' room, nor had her aunt shown any signs of mental excitement of any sort when she left for Burlington. She kissed her niece as usual at parting, and said she should probably return Saturday afternoon. She was not ill and she was not troubled.

James Joyce testified that Miss St. Johns seemed strange in her manner at the station; that she did not at first seem to know him when he went forward to ask her to ride. But she got into the coach quietly and rode up the avenue. As the rain was beating in through a crack made by a slightly opened window, he got off the seat to close it. It was at the corner of the street, nearly in front of the Soldier's square. He did not look in at the window; he simply closed it tight, and drove home to the Elms. She was dead when he opened the door for her to get out. He liked Miss St. Johns. She had been good to him and given him employment when no one else had. She had paid him well, and he should never probably find an-



"Come," he said to the cook. "Come, something awful has happened," and like one crazed he ran to the carriage."

promptly, "A man is insane when he commits a crime. A woman like Miss St. Johns is insane when she commits suicide."

"Not always, but motives have become so enlarged as to shut out other considerations. What I meant to say was that to seek after motives in a case like this, whether suicide or murder, is to hunt for the needle in the haystack. When Miss St. Johns left for Burlington, she had evidently no intention of committing suicide. The reason for her doing it, if she did it, is presumably hidden somewhere in her visit there. If she did not commit suicide, but was murdered, the motive was not robbery, for her diamond studded watch lay in her lap and her purse was untouched, you say. There was not the motive of sudden rage or anger or jealousy, or any other motive to be seen on the surface. This man Joyce is likely to lose his job now that Miss St. Johns is dead, and he needed the job and liked it."

"The carriage window was closed, no one approached it, Joyce said, and yet Miss St. Johns was dead when he opened the door for her at The Elms."

"So Joyce says."

and Niles Green assented to this statement, "about a week ago. I kept it by me on the shelves in my book store near the window about six feet from the door. I don't remember Miss St. Johns being in the store, or on the street often after I got the pistol, but she might have come in when I was not there, when Dan Carter tended."

Dan Carter was called and he said that he believed Miss St. Johns was in the store on Thursday. "I missed the pistol yesterday and made some inquiries, but couldn't get in track of it. When I heard that Miss St. Johns had shot herself, I thought of the pistol in a moment and came to the house to inquire about it."

If Miss St. Johns had been in the store on Thursday early enough to take the morning train to Burlington, which left at ten-thirty, why, then, a possible connection was established leading to suicide; but Dan Carter could not swear that it was Thursday—it might have been Wednesday, but the connection was null, because Eben Carter remembered distinctly showing the pistol to George Lane on that day, and George Lane remembered the fact, too and so testified.

other employer so kind and considerate as was Miss St. Johns.

There was no doubt in Turgeon's mind, when he heard the man's testimony, that he felt Miss St. Johns' loss deeply, and his quiet, repressed manner interested him the more because it seemed to cover even deeper respect and affection for her than his words manifested.

"When I was sick, she was always good to me, and she never had any airs or was hard to please. She was a real lady and as kind as a mother to all her help. She paid me more than I asked, and always paid it regularly."

"Did any one come to the coach on the way up the avenue?" asked the coroner.

"No, I am sure not."

"Did you drive fast?"

"Not fast, but faster than usual because it rained so hard."

"You have no idea who shot Miss St. Johns unless she shot herself?"

James Joyce sat down with a look on his face that showed plainly how deep had been his attachment to the noble woman who employed him. He had grown noticeably thin, and he was pale and haggard.

Hill, who owned the line of cabs, his son, Charles, Caleb Hoffman, and Joe Jackson also testified to the perturbation of Miss St. Johns' manner.

"She seemed sorter dazed-like, almost as if she were walkin' in her sleep," said Hill. "I thought at the time she had some trouble on her mind so she hadn't no room to think about anything else."

The verdict rendered at the inquest was "probable suicide," but it was not long afterward when rumors arose and gained ground that some one had been seen to open the coach door and speak to Miss St. Johns on the day she rode home from the station. Some said it was a woman, others that it was a man. The one to declare it was a man was the milliner, Miss Farr, who, after the inquest, told a friend who told another friend with the secrecy which entails widest dissemination, that she saw a man talking with somebody in one of the Hill coaches on the afternoon of the day when Miss St. Johns was shot. It was raining so hard that she hurried on with the bonnet she was taking to Mrs. Howard and did not stop to see who the man was, and she didn't know whether the coach stopped or not. She thought not, but that the man walked beside the coach and talked with the passenger as it went on.

Turgeon, who was much interested in the affair by this time, talked with Miss Farr about the man, but could learn nothing further than these facts. Meager as they were, they put a phase upon the affair which, if true, stamped it as more mysterious than it had before appeared. When Joyce was questioned he expressed great surprise and unbelief.

"I should have heard the door open," he declared, "for it opened hard and squeaked a little," but when informed that it was on the left side as it made the turn almost at the corner, he said it might have happened and he not seen the person, as at that point, when turning the corner, his thoughts would naturally be on his horses, and that possibly, though not probably, a person might be talking with Miss St. Johns. It was plain to see that Joyce discredited the story told by Miss Farr, and after a time Turgeon discredited it too, and it was after he had had a second talk with her. On this occasion she said she thought it was farther down the avenue that she saw the man walking beside the coach. She thought he was talking with Miss St. Johns, but she wasn't sure.

The visit of Turgeon to the prison before the inquest had resulted in some interesting facts regarding the cause of Miss St. Johns' perturbation on the day of her death. She had visited several prisoners in their cells, read to them and taken them flowers and useful gifts, and on this occasion had, for the first time, talked with the noted criminal and horse thief, Charles Bickford. Horse thieving was apparently an obsession with this man, for he was kind hearted and possessed of no other criminal instincts except the desire to appropriate any unusually fine piece of horse flesh he might chance to see. Then the working of an unusually active intellect succumbed to the stealing of the horse. Bickford did not drive it hard, but he escaped with it in nearly every case, and kept the horse unless he saw another which he liked better. In that case he would, by a series of bold manoeuvres, acquire the better horse, sometimes disguising it by adding touches of white paint or other spots to the feet or body, and trimming mane and tail by way of disguise.

Turgeon looked into the history of this man a little, and learned that his home had been in St. Johns twenty years earlier, and that he had then known Miss St. Johns well. They had been schoolmates, and a talk with Bickford showed that there had been a strong mutual liking between the two.

Bickford said to Turgeon that after Miss St. Johns' father told him that he could not have his daughter he had been taken ill, and when he recovered had developed the strange craving to possess fine horses. It was a monomania, and the man so recognized it and talked it over with Turgeon.

"Did you tell Miss St. Johns anything of this sort?" asked Turgeon.

"Yes, I did," said the man, "and I am sorry I did, for she took it hard. I

told her all my troubles dated from that sickness, and that that dated from her father's cruelty and her willingness to do as he said. "I am sorry, Charles, but I had to obey my father," was all she said then, but before she went away she asked me what she could do and I said I would like some books to read."

"Did she say she would bring them?"

"Yes."

"Then if she meant to bring the books, she had no intention of committing suicide."

"No, but she might have thought it over that day on the train, for she felt badly; I could see that."

It was evident to Turgeon that the man in his misfortunes found pleasure in thinking that his olden sweetheart had loved him to the last, and even taken her own life because of him. In talking this matter over with Dr. Rose Mr. Turgeon said to him:

"But I don't believe it for an instant. No doubt she felt it very deeply; that accounts for her changed manner, but I don't believe she would have committed suicide for any such reason. Besides, it has been proven that the pistol belonged to Eben Carter, and was taken from his store presumably the day before she went to Burlington, and before she had seen and talked with Bickford."

"The Carters are not to be suspected."

"Hardly, but you perceive if a man was really seen talking with Miss St. Johns as the coach went up the steep avenue, a mine of conjecture is opened that is practically unlimited. It rained so hard that only two or three persons were on the streets at all, and those were hurrying along under their umbrellas. It was a good day for such a deed; but, on the other hand, Joyce thinks that no one opened the cab door."

"He thinks she committed suicide."

"He doesn't say exactly that, but he says no one could possibly have any motive for killing a woman like Miss St. Johns, who was loved by everyone, and even then not loved as much as she deserved."

"Joyce is much changed."

"Yes; he told me that he thinks of it night and day, that she should have died

while in his cab; he can't get over it, he says."

It was about three weeks later than this that Turgeon came into Dr. Rose's office. He had been away from St. Johns, and the doctor had supposed him in Boston attending to business there, and accordingly he was much surprised to see him in St. Johns again so soon. The detective sat down quietly, crossing first one leg and then the other before saying:

"James Joyce was arrested about an hour ago for the murder of Agatha St. Johns."

"Impossible! Why, he loved her more than any other woman. It was almost adoration he felt for her."

"Yes, he killed her, thinking her another woman."

"Why, he knew her perfectly. He had seen her every day probably for months."

"Nevertheless he thought she was Miss Alice Carnes of Burlington. I have seen this woman and she looks enough like Miss St. Johns to be a twin. Her expression is different; instead of Miss St. Johns' animated, pleasant manner, she looks unhappy, not to say sour. Now, recollect that Miss St. Johns wore this sad, changed look that day, and that she did not appear to recognize Joyce, though she knew him so well, and you will see that Joyce had reasons for thinking she was Miss Carnes."

"But did Joyce know Miss Carnes, and have reasons for desiring her death?"

"Yes, to both questions. Joyce is English, and heir to a large estate after Miss Carnes. The present owner is an old man past eighty, and Miss Carnes is the next heir. Joyce, who has been well educated and well brought up, has been wild and reckless, but he came to this country expecting to mend his ways and get into the good graces of Miss Carnes. She, however, did not take to him. She would have nothing to say to him, and when he called on her for the third time she ordered him from the house, and talked so hard to him about his bad life that he hated her from that moment and made up his mind to have the Carnes money, by fair means or

foul. He is high-tempered; fire seemed to leap from his eyes when he told me how she talked to him, and I could see he was capable of doing the deed."

"He thought Miss St. Johns was Miss Carnes and so shot her himself as she came up the avenue?"

"When did he learn his mistake?"

"At once. When he opened the door it was a steep grade, and the horses were going all the time. There was no one in sight. He took his pistol, levelled it with his left hand and fired. As he did so Miss St. Johns, who had hold of her watch chain, jerked the watch out into her lap and seemed to come to herself. 'James, James!' was all she said, but he told me that the surprise and grief in her voice would live into the next world for him. To think that he had shot the good; kind, gentle woman for that Jezebel!"

"How did you discover that it was Joyce?"

"Chiefly because I believed him to be the only one who had the opportunity. If he had been left-handed I should have been sure of my facts long before I was, for the shot, which looked like a suicide's, could have been made by a murderer only when using his left hand. Now, everyone agreed that Joyce was right-handed. By inquiries made in the village of Shelby, in Northern England, where he lived as a boy, I discovered that he was born left-handed, and, in moments of excitement or illness always used his left hand."

"That is often the case," said the doctor.

"Then another reason would be that on the other side he could not have shot without attracting attention from the stores on the avenue. To shoot the occupant of the coach on the side farthest from the stores he had no way to shoot except with his right."

"Strange!" said the doctor again.

"The murder dates back to the love of her girlhood for a horsethief. But for that she would not have worn the changed expression which was the real cause of her death."

"True," said the detective. "Much comes from little, and often little from much."

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By JAMES L. GORDON

WHY MEN DIFFER! No two men are alike—not even twins. We differ in our feelings, sentiments and temperaments. For this reason we have a popular proverb to the effect that "There is no accounting for taste." You remember the story by Professor Drummond. He says "I once heard of some blind men who were taken to see a menagerie. They had gone around the animals and four of them were allowed to touch an elephant as they went past. They were discussing afterwards what kind of a creature the elephant was. One man, who had touched its tail, said the elephant was like a rope. Another of the blind men, who had touched his hind limb, said, 'No such thing! the elephant is like the trunk of a tree.' Another, who had felt its sides, said, 'That is all rubbish. An elephant is a thing like a wall.' And the fourth, who had felt its ear, said that an elephant was like none of those things; it was like a leather bag." So every man must ever look at a subject from his own standpoint. Ask this privilege for yourself and at the same time do not deny the same privilege to others.

WEARING QUALITIES. Do not try to be brilliant. Do not seek to be popular. Do not attempt to be magnetic. Do not seek to impress yourself upon your fellow creatures. Be natural. Be frank. Be true to your individuality. We are not all alike and God never intended that we should be. "To thine own self be true," Justin McCarthy, the Irish Historian says concerning Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria: "Prince Albert had not the ways of an Englishman, and the tendency of Englishmen, then as now, was to assume that to have manners other than those of an Englishman was to be so far unworthy of confidence. He was not made to shine in commonplace society. *He could talk admirably about something, but he had not the gift of talking about nothing, and probably would not have cared much to cultivate such a faculty.*"

BE HONEST. Silence is the privilege of all. No man can compel you to speak. You may refuse to write your thoughts or to utter your convictions. You are the master of your own lips. Your words are of your own choosing. Therefore when you speak—be honest—be truthful—be sincere. Above all things should men engaged in religious work be careful concerning the quality of the sentiments which they utter. The biographer of Frederick Douglass, the black man who fought for the freedom of his race, remarks: "His own attempts to get a chance to plead for his race in the pulpit were often unsuccessful; and he tells me that 'When I asked for a church and the minister said, 'Brother Douglass, I don't know about this. I must ask the Lord. Let us pray,' I always knew I should not get it.' He used to say in his early lectures, that he had offered many prayers for freedom; but he did not get it, until he prayed with his legs."

AGE AND ACHIEVEMENT. Health is the foundation of all things temporal. Health to fight. Health to endure. Health to win. Health to enjoy. Yonder in Brooklyn, N.Y., is dear old Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler at 85 years of age—still writing and preaching. Recently our King Edward VII sent a personal letter to an aged congregational preacher who is over one hundred years old and still preaching. The following article under the caption "When Brains Are At Their Best" recently appeared in the Chicago Advance: "Dean Swift was fifty-nine when he wrote 'Gulliver's Travels.' John Stuart Mills, fifty-six, when his essay 'Utilitarianism' was published, though the bulk of his work had been done a few years before that time. At forty-four Sir Walter Scott, the man of 'double dignification'—worthy in his ancestry and worthy in himself—published his 'Waverley,' and the rest of his immortal volumes were written when the man was past forty-six. Between the ages of fifty-four and fifty-nine Milton composed 'Paradise Lost,' the period of his greatest mental activity. Cowper was past fifty when 'The Task' and 'John Gilfilin' saw the light, and Defoe almost sixty when his 'Robinson Crusoe' excited the admiration of the world. 'The Song of the Shirt' and 'The Bridge of Sighs' indicate the culminating period in Thomas Hood's career. He was forty-six years old when he wrote them. Darwin's 'Origin of Species' synchronizes with his half-century birthday, while the 'Descent of Man' followed twelve years later.

TEMPER AND CONTROL. A strong temper is a great thing if you have it in perfect control. Temper is the quality of a man's personality; it is the measure of a man's power. It

is the gage of a man's feelings. It is the manifestation of a man's soul force. It is temper that fires the soul of the orator. It is temper that drives the mallet of the sculptor. It is temper that enables the successful general to urge his army forward in an hour of crisis. Have temper, but see to it that it is in perfect control. A friend of Robert Louis Stevenson thus describes him in the hour of his wrath. Certainly the picture is not an inviting one. No man can be dignified when he loses control of himself. The writer says "When impatience came to the surface, it blazed up like the anger of a man who had never known a check. It was generally caused by some breach of faith or act of dishonesty or unjustifiable delay. The only time I know of its being displayed in public was in a Paris restaurant, where Stevenson had ordered a change of wine, and the very bottle he had rejected was brought back to him with a different label. There was a sudden explosion of wrath; the bottle was hurled against the wall; in an instant the restaurant was emptied, and—so much for long-suffering—the proprietor and his staff were devoting the whole of their attention and art to appease and reconcile the angry man."

YOUR POSITION. Your present position and place is a good one. If your life has been clean, straight and pure, you are just where providence has placed you. You are not responsible for being where you are, but you are responsible to The Being who placed you where you are. Therefore take courage. You are in a good place. "Any road will lead you to the end of the world" exclaimed Thomas Carlyle, as he stood in the doorway of his cottage in his native village. The Bookman in commenting on this characteristic remark by Carlyle says:—"In the Entepfuhl of Sartor Resartus Carlyle has pictured his native village. It consisted of a single street, down the side of which ran an open brook. 'With amazement,' he writes, 'I began to discover that Entepfuhl stood in the middle of a country, of a world. . . . It was then that, independently of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, I made this not quite insignificant reflection (so true also in spiritual things): 'Any road, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the world!'"

GOING! GOING!—GONE! In reading a book of notes made up and compiled by a friend of the late Dr. Mabie I came across an old story. I have never read it without a queer sensation passing over my nervous system. It illustrates a familiar truth that there are opportunities which once gone, never return to us. Here is the story:—"I heard a story this week which set my heart to thumping—a story of the men on the English coast who climb the cliffs to secure the birds' eggs. They are let down by ropes, and they fill their baskets as they stand on the projecting ledges. One man, as he began to collect, happened, somehow, to let the rope slip, and there he stood, helpless, resourceless, as the rope swung out—a hundred feet from the top of the cliff and many more from the sea foaming below him. With the quick instinct born of danger and self-preservation he knew he must catch that rope as it swung back the first time, because it then swung nearer to him than it would again, and to lose it meant starvation and thirst and dizziness and a plunge into the sea below. So, watching it intensely, he calculated its speed, where it would swing in, and as it came he jumped for it! He did it, but if he had not done it then he would never have done it."

"I CAN'T." What a sad confession "I Can't"—A young man stands in front of a wine glass, a piece of tobacco, a pack of cards, a frivolous book, a careless companion, on the announcement of a low theatrical and when urged to resist that which is having an unfair influence over his life, he replies "I Can't"—"I Can't"—"I Can't." To such a man we commend the following:—"A lake captain had a brother addicted to drink. The brother served as the captain's mate, but on more than one occasion when the captain was ready to sail the mate would turn up missing. Hunting him up one time the irate captain exclaimed: 'What's the matter, Bill, that you didn't show up sailing time?' 'I'd been drinking,' was the frank reply. 'Why don't you quit it?' said the captain. 'I can't.' 'Can't?' yelled the other, 'well if I had got so far that I had to say 'I can't' I'd go down to the end of the dock and jump off and say, 'Here goes nothin'!' That reply is worth pondering."

MARRIAGE AND MANHOOD. "Marry in haste and repent at leisure"—is a proverb pointing to the most vital transaction of a man's life. You may change your religion, you may change your church, you may change your politics, you may change your profession, but

your home once established determines the future limitations and possibilities of your life. It is the one supreme transaction of a man's life. The man who in a careless mood stands before the marriage altar is a fool bordering on the realm of social insanity. Here is a word of warning by Dr. T. De Wit Talmage, the famous Brooklyn divine: "By the fate of Ahab, whose wife induced him to steal; by the fate of Macbeth, whose wife pushed him into massacre; by the fate of James Ferguson, the philosopher, whose wife entered the room while he was lecturing and wilfully upset his astronomical apparatus, so that he turned to the audience and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have the misfortune to be married to this woman;' by the fate of Bulwer, the novelist, whose wife's temper was so incompatible that he furnished her a beautiful house near London and withdrew from her company, leaving her with the dozen dogs whom she entertained as pets; by the fate of John Milton, who married a termagant after he was blind, and when some one called her a rose the poet said: 'I am no judge of flowers, but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily.'"

SPURGEON'S CIGAR. Spurgeon, the great preacher, was at one time a great smoker. To use his own phrase he thought he "could smoke to the glory of God," so he smoked and worked, smoked and wrote—smoked and preached—smoked and toiled—smoked and talked—until his hand shook and his heart began to palpitate, and then the doctor being called in informed him, most emphatically, that he must quit smoking or it would kill him. And he quit. Some men are so constituted that they can not indulge in the luxury of a nerve tonic and use it in moderation. Most men usually fail at this point. If this is your failing—Quit Quick.

AGE AND RESPONSIBILITY. "He is of age—ask him" said the parents of the blind man to the city authorities. There is sure to come a time in the life of every young person when he must assume the whole responsibility for his personal welfare. Fate, destiny and the future depends upon the action of the will—choice and decision. The father of Francis E. Willard insisted that his daughter should not indulge in the luxury of reading a novel. He was opposed to fiction in every shape and form. What was his surprise when he found his daughter, one afternoon, reading one of the popular novels of Sir Walter Scott. Deep in the pleasures of the story she was interrupted by her father's voice, who stood upon the steps gazing at her in astonishment. "What have you?" he inquired sternly. "One of Scott's novels," she answered. "Have I not forbidden you to read novels?" "You have; and in the main I've kept faith with in this; but you forget what day it is." "What day, indeed! I should like to know if the day has anything to do with the deed!" "Indeed it has—I am eighteen—I am of age—I am now to do what I think right; I am to obey God's law alone; and to read this fine historical story is, in my opinion, a right thing for me to do."

SIT TIGHT. "Only three things are necessary in life" said Charles Sumner, the American statesman: "First, backbone; Second, backbone; Third, backbone." Most men have an ample supply of backbone when there is an enemy in sight—something or somebody to be opposed—but to fight in the dark—to stand when you are alone—to push on when you are not certain of plan, programme or destination, this requires a superior quality of backbone. Gen. U. S. Grant had cultivated this strong characteristic of noble stubbornness and refers to the same in his memoirs:—"One of my superstitions had always been, when I started to go anywhere or to do anything, not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished. I have frequently started to go to places where I had never been, . . . and if I got past the place without knowing it, instead of turning back I would go on until a road was found turning in the right direction, take that, and come in by the other side."

SUCCESS MEN WHO HAVE FAILED. When a man succeeds the world hears of it. His failures are covered up. Edison once said "The world has heard of my successes in the realm of invention but few know of my repeated failures before success became a possibility. How inspiring it is to discover that so-called successful men have failed again and again. A recent exchange says: "Jay Gould failed as a storekeeper, tanner, surveyor and civil engineer before he discovered his bent in a railroad office; Barnum tried fourteen different occupations before he ascertained that he was a born showman; Josh Billings failed as a farmer and auctioneer but found himself much at home in comic literature; Grant failed as a tanner but proved himself as a soldier; John Adams failed signally as a shoemaker but made a brilliant statesman; A. T. Stewart was educated for the ministry; he made a failure, then tried school teaching, but was also a failure. He entered mercantile life by accident and became one of the greatest merchant princes the world has ever known."

The EATON KITCHEN CABINET

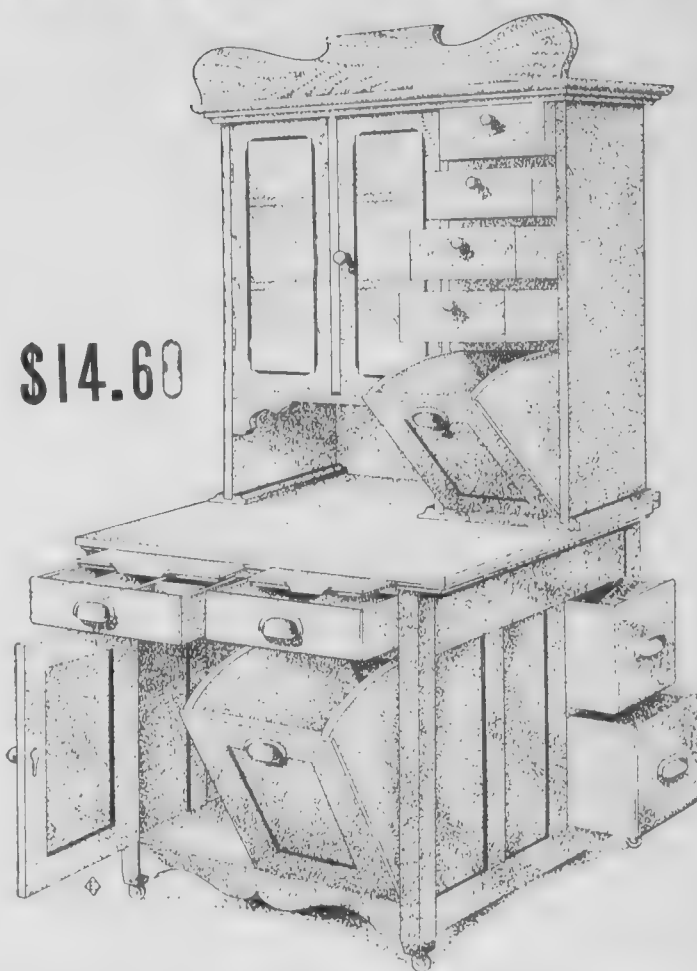
MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY FOR US

In the construction of the Eaton Cabinet the manufacturer kept uppermost in his mind the necessity of procuring as much storing room as possible in the most compact form.

The illustration will convey an idea of the convenience of its arrangement—everything right at hand for baking and cooking. It is made of well-seasoned hardwood, with varnished finish, is 70 inches high, 40 inches wide, and 27 inches from front to back. The upper case has four drawers, sugar-bin and closed glass cupboard. The top of the lower case forms a good sized table, and below are two cutlery drawers, a large flour bin, deep cupboard, large baking board, and a cutting board which slide in and out of the way; and at the right side are two more drawers—thus making the most of every inch of space.

The cabinet is mounted on castors so that it can be easily moved, and altogether it is the most convenient piece of kitchen furniture imaginable.

Our price for this handsome and most complete cabinet is only **\$14.60**



\$14.60

Six Extra Special Values in Dress Goods and Linens

Handsome Dress Goods and Silks at Special Prices

1W1—**Fancy Tweed Suiting**, 52 inches wide. The design is on a cream and grey ground with pretty contrasting effects in stripes and plaids. They are all pure wool fabrics and thoroughly shrunk. Regularly we would ask 85c. per yard for this material, but until our present supply is exhausted we will sell it at per yard **50c.**

1W2 **Black Silk and Wool Eolienne**, 42 inches wide. This is an extraordinary offer as it was considered splendid value at 75c. per yard. It has a bright shimmering finish. This will make an ideal sheer summer dress, while the stock lasts, per yard **47c.**

2W1 **Striped Liberty Silk** at a lower price than it can be imported from the manufacturers. It is a closely woven silk of firm weight, with a bright lustrous finish. The colors are beautiful combination shades of brown and white, Copenhagen blue and white, black and white, Champagne and white, tuscan and myrtle, tuscan and cardinal, myrtle and white, tuscan and brown, white and red. This silk has heretofore been sold at 65c. per yard.

Special Sale Price **47c.**

If you receive any goods from us that are not satisfactory return them at our expense, and we will refund your money and all charges.

Very Special Inducements in Household Linens and Cottons

Our stocks are slightly heavy in these particular lines and as a consequence we are prepared to sacrifice them.

11W1—**White Crochet Bedspread**. Large sized, full bleached crochet quilt, made from strong well twisted yarns, soft and easily washed, assorted patterns, hemmed all ready for use. Size 82 inches, at a very decided saving.

Each **\$1.00**

11W2—**Damask Table Napkins**. Warranted every thread pure Irish linen, bleached on the grass and woven in many neat and attractive designs. Hemmed all ready for use, sizes 19 x 19. Reduced for clearing to per dozen **\$1.39**

11W3—**Glass Towelling**. 1700 yards, assorted red or blue checked, glass towelling, strong dependable quality, a splendid drying cloth, 19 inches wide.

Extraordinary value, per yard **6½c.**

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Grocery Catalog

1,000 Sunday School Workers in Convention

The 29th annual convention of the Manitoba Sunday School association, which will be held at Portage la Prairie on June 30, July 1 and 2, promises to be of more than ordinary interest and power.

This annual convention has of late years become a very important gathering because of the high character of the work done at them, and the large body of delegates who assemble from year to year. From 750 to 1,000 people are expected to attend it this year.

The programme to be presented at Portage will be the strongest ever given at a provincial Sunday school convention in this country.

Forty people have consented to take part in the programme, including Marion Lawrence, general secretary of the International association, the prince of Sunday school workers. The list includes many of the most brilliant platform men and the best expert workers in our great field, such as Mayor Brown, Revs. William McLean, Thurlow Fraser, and Messrs. W. H. Thomson, W. W. Miller, T. M. Maguire and C. S. B. Burley,

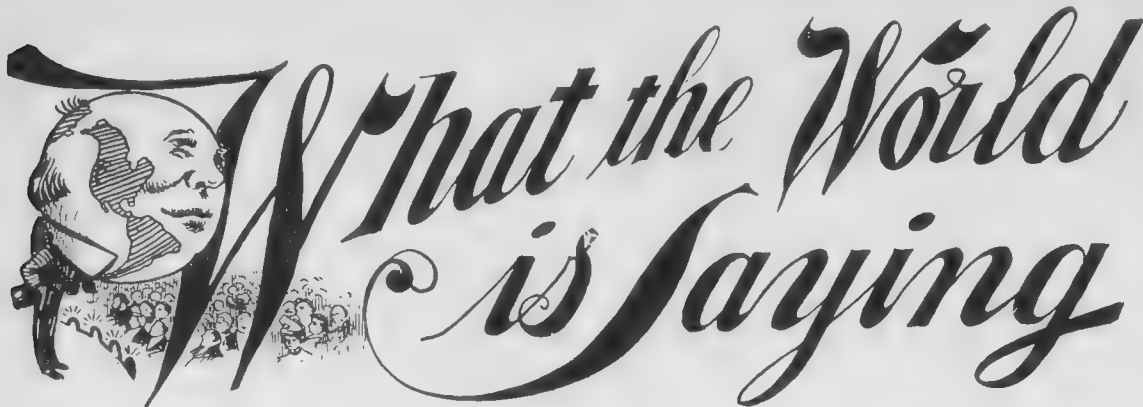
Portage; Rev. Drs. C. W. Gordon, William Sparling, Prof. S. G. Bland, Rev. Thorlakson, Selkirk, and Gen. and A. A. Shaw, Revs. W. A. McLean, H. Hull, Miss Helen Palk, D. Cameron, J. M. Johnston, J. W. W. Stewart, G. J. S. Morrison, Winnipeg; Rev. R. H. Lowry, Bagot; Rev. J. W. Little, Elgin; T. H. Patrick, B. G. Crealock, Burnside; Revs. B. Glover and G. H. Cairns, Estevan; Rev. J. J. Crookshanks, Kerfoot; M. E. Boughton, S. Brown, Viola Dale; eral Superintendent Irwin, and others.

According to the usual custom, delegates will bear the expense of

their own entertainment while in Portage. The local committee, however, will see to it that everyone will have a comfortable place to stay, and if possible at reduced rates.

Delegates will purchase a full fare ticket to Portage, taking from the agent a standard certificate, which, when signed by H. Irwin, general superintendent and secretary, will entitle the holder to a free ticket to his home station.

Nearly half the stockholders of the Pennsylvania railroad company are women—47 per cent, to be accurate.



What the World is Saying

Slow-Rising Politicians.

It would take more than a yeast cake to make some politicians rise to the occasion.—Camrose Mail.

Some Southern Alberta Maxims.

Get busy. The lucky dog is always on the hunt. The bee that hangs around the hive gets no honey. Now, honey, this is no joke. Get busy.—Raymond Rustler.

Making the Wheels of Industry Hum.

It is not the money settlers bring in to the country, but the money they are able to take out of the soil that makes the wheels of industry hum all over Canada.—Regina Leader.

Girls of the Past and of the Future.

One of the contemporary poets asks: "Where are the bright girls of the past?" Our own observation is that some of them are administering cautious doses of paregoric to the bright girls of the future.—Portland Oregonian.

Welcome Settlers.

The American settlers are coming fast, and none are more welcome than they. We always welcome practical people who bring us money and an ability to make our fertile lands productive of wealth.—Lethbridge Herald.

An Interesting Morning in Calgary.

That homestead rush this morning was interesting. Each homestead filed on was, according to land values surrounding it, worth from \$1,000 up in real money. Is there any other country that offers thousand-dollar bills to settlers?—Calgary Herald.

A New Definition of a Cigar.

A man in western Ontario who was prosecuted for selling cigars on Sunday put up the defence that cigars were food. Hitherto the record has been held by the breakfast menu of a cup of coffee and a few kind words, but a cigar as a lunch must rank next.—Ottawa Citizen.

Six Divorces in Two Years.

A Los Angeles woman, the daughter of a Chicago millionaire, has just filed her sixth suit for divorce after less than two years of married life with her latest husband. She should have the court grant to her a commutation divorce decree so that in the future she could have it punched whenever she wishes to change husbands.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Winnipeg's Consul-General.

Once more is Winnipeg puffed up with pride. The Chicago of Canada has received from the United States Government the brevet and insignia of a "great commercial centre." Its American consul has been made a consul-general. Situated as he is at the gateway of the Eldorado of the twentieth century, there is little doubt that Dr. Jones will find plenty of work for his new dignity.—Montreal Herald.

The True British Spirit.

We may not pay any contribution directly toward the support of the British Navy, but when we hear of the spirit which animated those "boys" of the Gladiator, we must all take off our hats (figuratively at least) and thank God that, even in these "decadent days," there are British sailors who can emulate those who went down with the Birkenhead. Duty first; safety afterwards, has always been the motto of the British sailor. God forbid it may always be the motto of the sailor of Canada.—Ottawa Free Press.

Lawlessness Across the Line.

For lawlessness, the United States, said Hamilton Mabie, speaking in New York the other day, is the worst country in the world. It had fifty times as many manslaughters every year, he declared, as any other nation which pretended to civilization, and it was more dangerous to travel by rail from New York to San Francisco than to be on the firing line in a battle. This statement, he said, was confirmed

by statistics. These are strong words to use, but they are not so very far from the truth. The pity of it!—Ottawa Journal.

A Pie-Belt Mystery Solved.

I had always wondered where the pie-belt went after it reached Boston. Now I know that it extends across to Yarmouth and so continues up through Nova Scotia to Halifax. Certain New Englanders, more than a hundred years ago, "went down to Nova Scotia," for the reason that they fostered a deeper affection for George, the King, than for George of the Cherry Tree and Hatchet. The cherry limb became too vigorous in their old homes and the hatchet too sharp, so they crossed over and took the end of the pie-belt along. They maintained their general habits and speech, too, which in Nova Scotia today are almost identical with those of New England.—Outing Magazine.

A Right Good Plea for Tree-Planting.

In the struggle for wealth or for a living the citizens of prairie towns often neglect, at least for some years, tree planting. A town that has stood for years on the prairie without its streets and parks being beautified by artificial means is a glaring spectacle of sordid neglect. Beautiful surroundings are conducive to contentment, and contentment is essential to health and happiness. We talk a lot about Nokomis, her ideal situation and the bright prospects before her. Let us make her a beauty spot then in this vast treeless garden. Individual effort can't do it, it must be done by the concerted action of every citizen.—Nokomis Times.

How Martha Should Choose Her Hat.

Martha wants to know how a woman may be governed in choosing a hat. The matter is very simple. First of all, try and be about twenty-five years of age, with the charming pink and white that sometimes goes with those years. Have two rows of pearly teeth (home-grown), glimpses of which are seen through a pair of bewitching red lips. A pair of dark dancing eyes, or sweet blue ones, are a great aid. A wealth of shining hair is almost indispensable (indigenous). After these have been procured any old hat will do. Even a cow's breakfast has been known to cause fearful havoc, as in the case of the Judge who saw Maud Muller raking the meadow sweet with hay.—Toronto Globe.

Wheat Growing Better Than Mining.

Gold and silver are all very well in their way, but, for us, give us wheat. This is not a case of high grapes being sour, for we have mines in the west, but history shows that great Empires have been nurtured on wheat, while no nation can live on a worked-out mining camp. Nevada, out of which trainloads of precious metals have been taken, has today a population of less than forty-five thousand, while Kansas, which used to be thought of as a locust-plagued, tornado-swept, dried out desert, has a population of a million and a half. Every dollar you take out of a mine makes the next dollar harder to get, but for every dollar you take out of the prairie soil another grows in its place.—Edmonton Bulletin.

So Sudden.

It is to be supposed that the exclamation, "This is so sudden," was really made by a girl, on a proposal of marriage being made to her, before it came to be regarded as a stock quotation, appropriate to comedy or burlesque. It expresses a phase of human nature on finding itself confronted with a proposition at once interesting and comprehensive—so comprehensive in fact, as to involve a wholesale change of outlook and circumstances. At the same time there is an associated suggestion that the sudden proposition is not wholly unpleasant. The ejaculation is one of the nature of a buffer and temporizer. When a maid says "This is so sudden," she means in nine cases out of ten to accept the man who is in question. Let us remark that some of the best and happiest things in our lives sometimes occur with an unexpected quickness that may well be called sudden. It sometimes takes but a few moments or hours for things to happen that change the entire current of our lives.—Vancouver Province.

Looking at It in the Right Way.

The leading newspapers of the United States are showing a very proper spirit in the discussion of the unprecedented exodus of settlers from their territory to Canada. In an editorial, the Chicago Tribune says: "The loss of good American stock is to be regretted, but it means progress. It means harmonious relations between the Nor-Western States and the Canadian North-West." Canadians will be quick to appreciate this admirable spirit shown under circumstances which, to our friends in the United States, requires the summoning of some philosophical reason in order to accept the same with complacency.—Victoria Colonist.

A Golden Calamity.

A Chicago inventor asserts that eighteen months hence he will be manufacturing twenty-four carat gold at the rate of a hundred million dollars annually. He need not set up too big a factory, as a very few hundred million dollars added to the world's supply would render gold not worth manufacturing. No greater calamity could occur to the economics of the world. It would render all money worth just as little as it cost the mill to grind out what they represented in gold. Everything would become nominally preposterously dear. Nothing would have a value on which anybody could count. No commercial agreement would have any standard. Nobody would be able to sell any goods, knowing that the money to pay for them would be worth less before it could be spent. It would be commercially a cataclysm equal to Noah's deluge. It would plunge all dealings between man and man into absolute chaos. Let us hope the Chicago man will make his fortune by some other than this malign method.—Montreal Witness.

Down With the Fly!

The old saying "as harmless as a fly," and that other old saying, to express gentleness, that "he would not even harm a fly," are being put out of use by the discovery that the fly is by no means harmless, and that it is a very meritorious and public-spirited action to kill as many flies as possible. A committee of the Merchants' Association of New York has taken up an anti-fly crusade, and a systematic campaign will be waged against this household pest, with the object of extermination. It has been discovered that the fly is a prolific distributor of disease germs. Born in filth and finding his most congenial refuge in filth, the fly sails complacently from it to our homes, and deposits his burden of disease upon the furnishings of our dinner table. Now that we know these things, it must be war to the death between us and him.—Duluth Tribune.

The Results of War.

Russia is now without a fleet, deprived of her place among the powers of the world because she has neither navy nor credit with which to build one. It is practically impossible for her to resume her place as a first class power because she cannot hope to be such without a navy, and even if she could raise the billion dollars which she wants, it would take many years to get a navy built and generations to make it more than a paper fleet. Russia's prestige is gone, her debt unbearable; and all the forces of disorder and turbulence are loosed in her society. So much for the loser. Turn to Japan, victor, in the most wonderful succession of Titanic struggles of all history. How much better is her condition? She is utterly exhausted; her people stagger under the fearful burden of a debt that would be small for a wealthy country, but is beyond her resources. She has acquired a position in the world which she cannot afford to support. No nation has a more magnificent army; no navy is superior to hers, unit for unit, none is comparable to it in training and experience; but how shall they be maintained?—N.Y.T.

An Edinburgh View of an Englishman on His Travels.

An Englishman loves to believe that he can do nothing for himself—when he is in England. No man in the world can do more when he is abroad. He pretends that he is the most helpless person in the world, that he cannot carry his bag, open the door of his cab, find an address in the directory, or use a telephone. He loves to believe that he is living in the eighteenth century. When he travels he thinks he is making the journey in a stage-coach. He carries a bundle of rugs lest the coach may be mired and himself compelled to spend the night in the open. He imagines that he may be attacked by foot-pads, so he carries a bludgeon for protection; in every city which he visits he buys a new one, and comes home laden down with a bundle of faggots. He thinks that rain is universal, so he carries an umbrella even to Sahara or to Los Angeles; and, knowing that it may be stolen he carries two. The late Dr. Routh of Magdalen, who died not so very long ago, believed to the end of his days that students still came up to Oxford in a stage-coach; and if a student were a few days late in entering he excused him on the ground that the roads were bad, and that he had made the stupendous journey from Bath at an unseasonable time of year. If England got rid of her half-employed, Englishmen would be obliged to alter somewhat their domestic and social arrangements, to do for themselves what is now done for them by big footmen and other indolent servants.—Edinburgh Review.



THE PHILOSOPHER

The next number of the Western Home Monthly will coincide with the Dominion's forty-first birthday. Forty-one memorable and stirring years they have been, since men looked upon the launching of the Canadian nation as an experiment and wondered whether the new ship would bear the buffets of the winds and the seas, or go to pieces as the Union flying the Stars and Stripes had so nearly done. Few nations have had a history as full of romance, daring and devotion as ours, and no nation possesses a greater heritage—"a good land and a large," a land rich in all natural products and fertile beyond calculation. We have the freest of political institutions, and the whole Canadian people is buoyant with a confident hopefulness that sees the years stretching before us filled with still greater progress and prosperity than the years that have gone. And the development of Western Canada is the central fact, the key-stone to the arch of Canadian development. When the statesmen who first guided the Dominion's course bought Rupert's Land from the Hudson's Bay Company for £300,000, did they foresee that at the end of a generation it would have a population of a million people and would be producing wheat to the value of more than forty times the original purchase money? they saw, at any rate, that a great future lay before this Western country. No business yields such dividends in the long run as true statesmanship.

DIVIDENDS OF STATESMANSHIP. There has been much discussion as to what man and what cause contributed most to the formation of the Dominion. The idea of a union of the British American colonies was an old one. It had often been written of and spoken of before, before it came at last into the field of action. Said D'Arcy McGee, himself one of the most notable of the Fathers of Confederation, speaking on the first Dominion Day: "Whatever the private writer may have conceived, whatever the individual statesman may have designed, so long as the public mind was uninterested in the adoption of a change so momentous as this union of these Provinces, the individual labored in vain—not wholly in vain, for though his work may not have borne fruit then, it was kindling a fire that would ultimately light up the whole political horizon, and herald the dawn of a better day for our country and our people. Events stronger than advocacy, stronger than men, have come in at last, like the fire behind the invisible writing, to bring out the truth of these writings, and to impress them upon the mind of every thoughtful man who has considered the position and probable future of these scattered Provinces." The Civil War in the United States was one of the events referred to in this eloquent utterance.

"EVENTS STRONGER THAN MEN." The great pageant at Quebec next month, at which the Prince of Wales will represent the King, and representatives of France and Germany will be present, and in which a United States battleship will take part, will draw the whole world's attention to the Ancient Capital and the Heights of Abraham, Canada's most historic ground. A century and a half has not lessened but greatly increased the glory of that ever-memorable scaling of that towering cliff by Wolfe and his men in the darkness of night, and of that great day of battle in which both generals died gloriously. Every incident in connection with that struggle is heroic and affecting. If ever two great souls were opposed to each other, it was when Wolfe and Montcalm fought their nations' battles.

NEXT MONTH'S GREAT PAGEANT. The Dominion general elections are looming up on the political horizon. One prediction as to their result may be ventured with entire safety. It is that in the next Dominion Parliament the lawyers will, as usual, outnumber the men of other occupations. It is so with legislative bodies in every land. So it has always been, ever since there have been lawyers and parliaments—with one exception. Once upon a time, five centuries ago, the whole realm of England made a determined effort to keep lawyers out of the Houses of Commons. And, wonderful to relate, the effort was successful. Lawyers were absolutely forbidden to stand as candidates; and history relates that Parliament, without a lawyer among its members, did its work satisfactorily. But it is the only such Parliament on record. A curious thing in the history of the relations between lawyers and Parliament is the fact that though

the English House of Commons, "The Mother of Parliaments," ordered in 1362 that the Anglo-Norman jargon of the courts should be abolished, the lawyers clung to it tenaciously, and not until 1731 was it finally done away with. In like manner we learn from Professor Sayce's great book that "the men of law at Babylon continued to use the Sumirian language a couple of centuries after the current form of speech among the people had become Semitic." We may be sure that it did tend to the reduction of the Babylonian lawyers' bills. So far as all records show, the identity of the legal mind in all ages and climes is signally disclosed in the matter of lawyers' bills.

THE RESULT OF ONE FARMER'S NOT VOTING. With the Dominion elections in prospect, it behoves every citizen to bethink him of bringing his conscience and his best intelligence to the discharge of his duty of casting his ballot. The cause of good government rests with the individual voter. No citizen who values his citizenship rightly will take the view that his vote does not matter. A great national issue may conceivably hang upon a single vote. It was long a legend in the United States that the War of 1812 was caused by the failure of a Rhode Island farmer, who was strongly opposed to the war sentiment, to cast his vote. He lost so much time on the afternoon of election day in extracting a pig which had got caught in a fence, that he was too late to vote; and the result was that the district sent a war representative to the State Legislature by a majority of one. The legislature, in turn, elected a war Senator by a majority of one vote. The United States Senate contained a majority of one for war, and hostilities began. As the old rhyme says:

For the want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For the want of a horse the rider was lost,
For the want of a rider the battle was lost,
For the loss of the battle the kingdom was lost.

In one of his political apoloques Voltaire makes a petty quarrel between a slave of one of the wives of the Emperor of Persia and a doorkeeper in one of the palaces of the Sultan of Mahound result in terrible war. Surely no less ridiculous and monstrous would it be if

THE DOMINION HAS A NEW STATUS. Great Britain and the United States were to go to war over the ownership of a school of mackerel off Nova Scotia, or the killing of half-a-dozen seals by a British Columbia Indian. The arbitration treaty which has just been concluded and which the United States Senate, contrary to all precedent, has not blocked, is a triumph of common sense. It is also an epoch-making treaty for Canada. It provides that every arbitration agreement in which Canada is interested—and practically all questions arising between Great Britain and the United States concern Canada—must be ratified by the Dominion Government as well as by the Governments in London and Washington before it becomes final. This marks a momentous departure from the old established order of things, when every negotiation between British and United States diplomats meant a sacrifice of Canadian interests. During the negotiations at Washington, in 1871, which resulted in the Treaty of Washington, Sir John A. Macdonald, then Premier of Canada, who was a member of the Joint High Commission, wrote: "I am much disappointed at the course taken by the British Commissioners; they seem to have only one thing on their minds—to go home to England with a treaty in their pockets settling everything, no matter at what cost to Canada." And Alexander Mackenzie, who was Premier from 1873 to 1878, said in the House at Ottawa: "I cannot recall a single treaty managed by British statesmen, in which Canada did not get the worst of it." The Alaska award a couple of years ago is the latest case in point. Referring to it, a member of the present Dominion Government spoke of the atrocious blunders which have marked every transaction or negotiation where in the interests of Canada were concerned from the days of Benjamin Franklin to this hour." Hereafter Canada is assured of a square deal, by being made a principal party.

The intrepid "suffragettes" of England, who brave the perils of disordered hair and millinery and endure fine and imprisonment in asserting against the constituted authorities their claim to be allowed to

vote are told by one of their sisters in New Zealand that the game is not worth the candle. She has **WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND.** the ballot, and is frankly disappointed in it. This New Zealand woman-voter, writing anonymously in the London paper, Public Opinion, says that after thirteen years' test of woman suffrage, "the great majority of the women of New Zealand have settled to the fact that beyond being a just, liberal, wise enactment, it has not brought about the changes expected of it." Beyond such general statements she does not go; her letter is not very enlightening, and rather brings to mind the saying of the wise observer who remarked that the only conclusion he could come to in regard to the woman suffrage question was that the weakness, absurdity and illogicality of the arguments commonly advanced against allowing women to vote prejudiced him in favor of the proposal.

THE DREAMERS AND THE ROVING DOUKHOBORS. The crazy performances of the "pilgrim" Doukhobors and the wicked doings of the Dreamers have led to a question being propounded by some person unknown to the head of the Hospital for the Insane at Washington, Dr. A. B. Richardson, in regard to the relation of religion to insanity. Dr. Richardson's answer has been made public. He says: "There are only two persons in this Hospital whose insanity has relation to religion, and I think, from their predisposition to insanity, that they would probably have become insane on some other subject, if not on religion. Now, if you had asked me how many people are kept by religion from insanity and out of these Hospitals, you would have given me a question hard to answer, for they are a great multitude. The good cheer, bright hopes, rich consolations, good tempers, regular habits, and glad songs of religion are such an antidote for the causes of insanity that thousands of people are preserved from insanity by them." The fact that a crazy man talks about religion is not a proof that religion has driven him mad, any more than his babbling about great financial schemes is a proof that money has driven him mad, or than his imagining himself a king is due to his having made a profound study of government. The delusions of the insane are results, not causes, of disease of the brain.

An interesting contribution to the great liquor controversy which is at present agitating England has been made by Sir George White in the form of an appeal to the workingmen of the nation. He deals in figures in a most striking way, showing what an enormous amount of money is wasted annually on liquor, the enormous profits of the drink trade and the relatively small total amount it pays in wages. An average of ten years shows \$900,000,000 per annum paid in Great Britain for liquor, or about \$100 per family. Sir George White shows that apart altogether from the other aspects of the drink evil, the spending of money on liquor is the least effective way of making it contribute to employment. His figures almost exactly parallel the figures of the United States, which show that out of every \$100 spent for distilled liquors, labor gets \$1.68; if for malt liquors, labor gets \$5.18; if for bread, labor gets \$17.94; if for clothing labor gets \$22.10; if for boots and shoes, labor gets \$22.50; and so on. These are the sort of facts that are proving themselves of such force in forwarding the advance of temperance on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE MONEY WASTED ON LIQUOR. National glory by force of arms has been acquired by Japan; but true national greatness in other respects Japan is still far from having acquired. The Japanese are the most heavily taxed people in the world, and the poverty of the great mass of the people is extreme. There have been wonderful developments in Japan; but time much time, will be necessary before the national level is broadly raised. The world heard much of the wonderful medical and hospital service of the Japanese armies in Manchuria, and it was said truly that the medical corps of all the other nations in the world, even the most advanced, might learn profitable lessons from the Japanese medical corps. Strangely in contrast with this is the fact that there were recently 2,000 cases of smallpox in the Japanese city of Kobe, of which more than half proved fatal. Friends were permitted freely to visit relations in the hospitals, and the most elementary sanitary precautions appear to have been neglected by the authorities. Lack of proper sanitary arrangements is characteristic of Japanese cities. Surface drainage is the only drainage, and water from the open drain is used to keep down the dust in summer in the streets of the leading cities. There is need in Japan of the intellect and energy that have been concentrated upon militarism with such wonderful result being turned to other problems which have to be solved before Japan can take full rank as an advanced nation.

THE BACKWARDNESS OF JAPAN.

SNAP SHOTS TAKEN AT RAN



Wheat field on farm of W. McKenzie, Pres. C. N. R., Dauphin, Man.



A Manitoba farmer and his four horse team.



Loading clover on the farm of S. J. Thomson, V. S., St. James, Man.

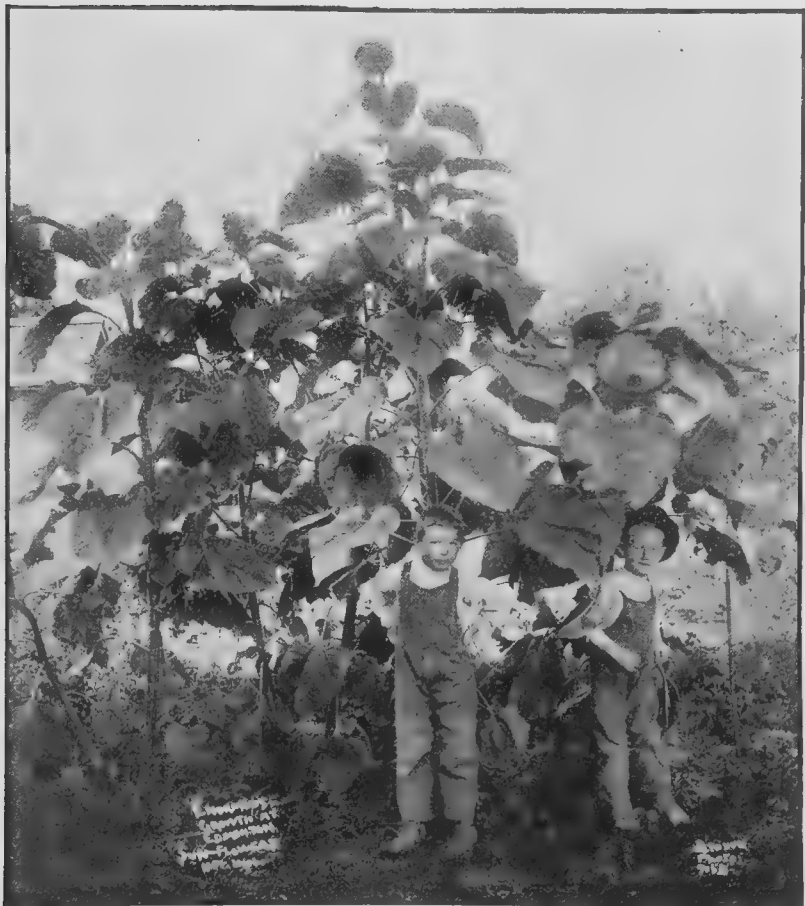


R. Welvin's outfit threshing on the farm of G. C.



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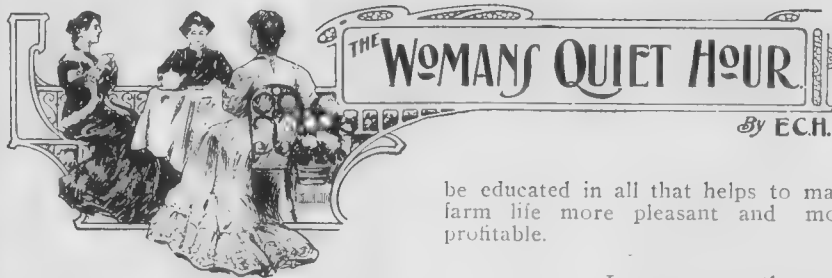


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By ECH.

Schools at Winnipeg Exhibition

It is one of the signs of the times that the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition is offering such handsome prizes for competition by the various schools in the west. The prizes for girls' work are especially attractive and I hope that many of the girls will feel encouraged to make entry for these. First of all there is class 91 "work by children under sixteen years of age, hand made"—the work, not the children. This is open to all children whether attending school or not. The range of work is a wide one and for the child winning the largest number of prizes in this class there is a silver medal, and for the next best a bronze medal.

In the work for schools the prizes for house and table linen should be attractive to girls, as \$2 and \$3 are offered for the best piece of either made by the exhibitor. In the classes for both boys and girls I am pleased to note a substantial prize for the best household convenience or labor saving device. There are prizes for the best modelling in clay. This work is all delightful to do and when there is the possibility of a prize there should be no lack of competitors.

Many readers of this column are familiar with that name, either in print or because the owner was a caller at their homes. Full of years, and of honors of the best and most lasting kind, Richard Waugh was laid down to rest. The women of the west should lay, in fancy at least, many a wreath upon his tomb, for he sympathized most fully with the hard and uncongenial



The late Richard Waugh and his grandchild.

work that falls to the lot of so many of the women in country homes. He had no patience with the born sloven, but he had great patience with the overworked mother of the household and was always ready with an excuse for her if things were not just as spick and span as they should be. His heart was bound up in the west and his vigorous and terse English was always employed in advocating mixed farming, higher agricultural education, beautifying the farm home and kindred matters. It is a very happy idea that his portrait is to hang in the halls of the Agricultural College, where I hope that at some not very distant day young women as well as young men will

be educated in all that helps to make farm life more pleasant and more profitable.

Y.W.C.A.

I am sure that the readers of this column will be glad to learn that the campaign for raising funds for the erection of a Y.W.C.A. home has met with a generous response from the people of Winnipeg and one at least of the outside towns is helping. I am delighted at the appeal which my friend Lillian Laurie of the Free Press has made to the women of the west on behalf of this home, ninety per cent of those who will enjoy its privileges, when complete, will be girls from the farms, who for one reason or another have come to the city to earn their daily bread. It is a chance to do good in a very practical way, if you help, even to the extent of 50c to have this home established. I did a little bit of canvassing myself and the reply of one man seemed to me to touch exactly the right note. When asked his reply was "Certainly, I cannot do much, but I must have at least a dollar in that building, I have girls of my own and they may need such a home some day."

Many of the happily married women made their gift as a thank offering for the comfortable homes they enjoy and this too was appropriate.

The fund still lacks some thousands of the necessary amount, so that if any reader of this column feels that she would like to invest 50c or \$500 in this enterprise she may be sure it will be welcome if sent to the General Secretary of Y.W.C.A. Miss May Bambridge, Stobart Block, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. Remember many mickles make muckle.

Agnes Deans Cameron

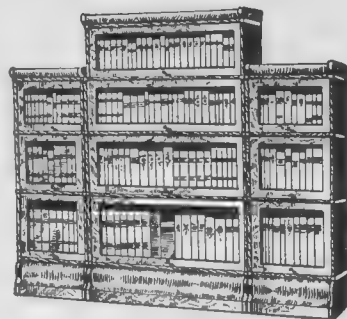
This month Winnipeg enjoyed a brief visit from this brave and resourceful woman, who is numbered among Canada's most successful magazine writers. Miss Cameron is on her way west and is to travel under escort of the Hudson Bay transport up the MacKenzie River to Fort McPherson right within the Arctic circle. She is commissioned to write a series of articles on that wonderland for the New York Saturday Post and some other magazines. Her trip is expected to occupy six months and when she returns her articles will be looked for with much interest by Canadian women everywhere. She will be accompanied on the long and arduous journey by her niece, Miss Jessie Brown, who has not yet made a dip into the world of letters but doubtless will be heard from after this trip is over.

While in Winnipeg she was lunched by the local branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

Miss Cameron is a vice-president of the Dominion Association but during her stay in Chicago she became a member of the Illinois Women's Press Club and spoke enthusiastically of the kindness, she, as a Canadian, had received at the hands of that body and she characterized them as big and broad, broad and big enough to rejoice at the success of a sister writer, even though that success might come along a line where they, themselves, had failed.

Every teacher in the Canadian West has read the story of Miss Cameron's fight with school board of Victoria when she dared to hint that it was possible for that august body to make mistakes. For her temerity her certificate was suspended for three years, though the Court of Inquiry into the case practically admitted that she was right and the school board wrong. Last year the Socialist Party in British Columbia took the matter up and demanded

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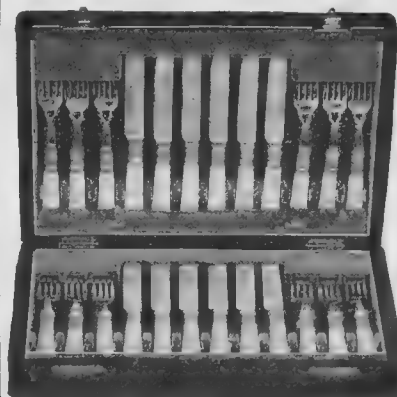
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her re-nstatement. The board of education told the Socialists that Miss Cameron could have her certificate back if she would apply for it, but this, she declares she will never do. It was taken away from her without cause and without her consent and it must come back to her without seeking on her part. The period of suspension will be up at the end of the present year, so that in any case she has not long to wait. In her fight Miss Cameron was apparently defeated but in reality she made a great gain for the rights of teachers generally by the resistance she showed to constituted authorities when they happened to be in the wrong. To her one of the most disappointing things was the fact that so many teachers were better suited to know how to the powers that be than to fight not only for their own liberty but the liberty of others.

It is highly improbable that Miss Cameron will ever go back to the ranks of the teachers as she has found a wider and pleasanter field of work, but every girl holding even a third class certificate in a country school on the prairie owes her a debt of gratitude because she was willing to make sacrifices and endure hardship for the sake of increased liberty.

One advantage of Miss Cameron going into the unexplored region of the great MacKenzie basin is that she will bring back to us something of the human interest that must necessarily be there in "great chunks," only the Government Reports, which comprise the chief source of our information about that country, do not deal with human interests. There is a world in there of small communities clustered round the forts that must have all the passions and the sorrows of communities everywhere and so far their life story has not been drawn upon. One wonders about the women who went in there as brides in their teens, following the one man and his fortunes, and who have lived and reared families and died and their daughters and granddaughters reign in their stead. Surely something of all they did and thought and suffered must be there to be dug for. Something that will touch the heart of the world as only the human story can do. It is eminently fitting that the first woman writer to go into this country should be a Canadian, born in Victoria and whose mother was one of the women to come round the Horn to Vancouver Island. She has the blood of pioneers in her veins and the keenness of sympathy and the quickness of understanding for pioneer conditions that can be obtained in no other way.

A Woman Treasurer.

Another woman of a note, though in a different way, who visited Winnipeg in May, was Miss Farrow, Treasurer of the City of Kansas, Kan. Miss Farrow looks under 30 but she is a full fledged lawyer of the United States with authority to practise both in the State and Federal courts. Down in Kansas, as in other states of the Union they elect their municipal officials. Women have municipal votes down there and women may hold office. Miss Farrow was elected by a very large majority and seemed to have enjoyed the campaign thoroughly and declared there was nothing personal or unpleasant about it. One of her opponents was a woman and they seem to have managed to get through without any of the mud slinging that marks the political careers of men. During her first year of office Miss Farrow handled one and a half million dollars and kept three sets of books for 100,000 people and came out with a record of absolutely no mistakes at the end of the year.

It is no more honorable to manage \$1,500,000 of money and do it without making a mistake than it is to manage the affairs of a farm home and make ends meet honestly at the end of the year, indeed the latter occupation often calls for the greatest genius, but all the same every woman

who takes a keen interest in what women are doing, is glad to know that a woman has carried the out-post one degree further on and has made her own, one of the positions always considered the prerogative of men. No true woman wants to drive out men and have the world governed by women, it would be a most uncomfortable place, but all that is wanted is that every woman should be free to do what she can do best, without limitations as to sex. I verily believe one of the reasons why women have shown such a tendency to run away from the work that by common consent has been considered their special sphere, has been the fact that they were debarred from other occupations for no good reason. I think the time will come when many women now in business will go back to housework, finding in it something more congenial, but they will go back satisfied that other things are open to them should they choose to follow them.

Keep Ducks.

From time to time I have said a good deal in these columns about keeping hens and poultry raising as an occupation for women. Lately I have been talking to men who handle game and poultry and they tell me there is money, for the feeder in young and tender ducks, put on the market in small quantities right through the season. I cannot speak with authority on the matter of feeding, but I have tried to glean something from one who has succeeded in the business and perhaps these hints may be useful. It is that the ducks can make all the gain that it is profitable to feed them for in about 18 days. They should be fed in pens with slatted fronts so that they can be fed through the slats and after they have eaten all they can at one time the feed trough should be taken away from them. Chopped green feed such as clover if any is growing on the farm, lettuce and the like mixed with meal is recommended for the morning and middle of the day with a full meal of small wheat or something like that at night. Plenty of sharp sand and gravel and an abundance of pure water is necessary. This may help some woman who is near Winnipeg or near any of the good sized towns to make a little money through the summer. Ducks fed in this way, I can speak from authority on that point, are very delicate in flavor and the meat white in appearance compared with the ordinary winter duck, and will meet with a ready market wherever they are offered for sale.

A UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION—To make a cheap and reliable embrocation, take 1 gill of vinegar, 1 gill of turpentine and the white of 1 egg. Place all together in a bottle, shake well, and you have a splendid embrocation. For rheumatism it is invaluable, and, in fact, for any kind of ache or pain.

HOME-MADE CAMPHORATED OIL—To make camphorated oil, procure half-a-pint of pure neat's-foot oil and four squares of camphor. Cut up camphor, add the oil, and shake well. When dissolved it is ready for use. This is a tried recipe, and found very good and much cheaper than buying it ready made.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH—The following is a simple, yet efficacious recipe for preserving teeth that are sound and for preventing the further decay of decaying teeth, and also for toothache:—Procure ten cents' worth each of spirits of camphor and spirits of wine, and mix together. Brush the teeth over with this solution morning and night for a week or ten days. You will never require a dentist by following this simple advice.

It is owing to the high musical ideals of the men back of the Gourlay piano that it has attained such a high state of proficiency. The conscientious care entering into every part of its construction has produced what is acknowledged to be a piano of the highest merit.

\$44.95

for a Wingold Cream Separator, capacity 450 lbs. milk per hour. A regular \$125 separator fully guaranteed with 30 Days'

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and time saver ever placed on your farm.
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Free use given before you decide to keep it or not. Order the Wingold Cream Separator and if you do not find that it is more easily washed, more easily turned, more durable than any other, we will not ask you to keep it. You can thoroughly wash it in 3 or 4 minutes—long before the bowls of other separators are "run down." It drains itself. It does not whip the cream nor break the butter fat globules. It requires no special tools for its care. It is the real labor-saving separator. You really ought to investigate it.

You Cannot Afford to make a Mistake.

Don't buy a cream separator that makes more work. Many of them do, but you need not get one of that kind. Write for our New Big Catalogue. It explains everything, tells you just what you want to know about cream separators.

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Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
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AN EXCELLENT PIANO.

The rapid strides made in the last few years towards piano perfection by the Morris Piano Co. have been the marvel of Canadian manufacturers, and the large number of these excellent instruments sold by the Winnipeg branch and the great hold that they have taken of the Canadian public is the comment of the entire music trade. Mr. S. L. Barrowclough says that it is the pure tone and lasting durability of the Morris Piano that are the cause of its success, that they are so thoroughly well built with the finest material procurable and by the best skilled workmen and artists that the company gives an unlimited guarantee with each instrument. He says that his firm do a large country business and that many people buy the pianos without even seeing them, so well is the firm's reputation spread throughout the west. The company's warehouse is situated corner of Portage Avenue and Fort Street, Winnipeg, where visitors are always made welcome.

Durable and artistic construction gives permanence to the clear singing tone and the perfect action of the Gourlay piano. It is an instrument that retains its musical qualities throughout long years of constant use.



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Illustrated Catalogue Free on Request.

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Section view Combination Portable Bathroom Outfit.



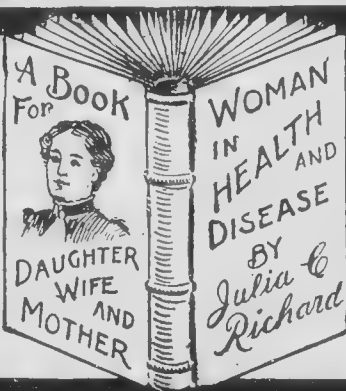
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Big money made and very liberal terms. Positively the best seller in Canada. Write to-day for exclusive territory, agents' terms, etc. Thousands eager to buy. One agent sold \$120 worth in two weeks. Others made \$50 to \$100 per week. You can do the same. This invention is new. Don't delay. W.H.M.

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FREE! We give, absolutely free, to any person sending ONE DOLLAR and postage, 10 cents, for our Genuine Extra Hollow Ground English Razor (best quality Sheffield steel), one of the best made razors in Canada. Regular price \$3, including our free guaranteed Razor Strop, which retails at \$1. Mail now to Dept. W., The "Eros" Co., 43 Victoria Street, Toronto.



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WHAT TO WEAR WHEN TO WEAR IT

By

F.C.H.

Sleeves You can tell the date of a garment by the sleeve, says a high authority on women's clothing in the Drygoods Review and the statement is correct. There are, at present, no less than eight different types of sleeve all of them equally fashionable, but a little study goes to show that they have two things in common, no matter how widely they differ otherwise,—the long shoulder and the big armhole effects. These two matters attended to and it is permissible to have almost any vagary that feminine fancy can devise.

Tailored Wash Suits Something was said about this line of suit before, but a further word may not be out of place for the woman who has still her summer gown to get. The smart coat and skirt of wash materials are a good investment for the woman who can have but one new wash gown this year, but in order to get any real comfort out of its possession it is necessary to observe certain things in the buying of the material, if it is to be made at home or the suit if you are to buy it ready made. The best material for these suits, because it shrinks the least is linen, and it can be had in white, Holland, pink, Copenhagen, pale and navy blue, brown, lavender and in stripes of all these colors. Next to the linens in satisfactoriness come the Bedford cords, they laundry well but shrink more than the linen.

As to colors, after white the pink and the Copenhagen and pale blues are the most satisfactory. Avoid lavender as it invariably fades, and when faded looks a perfect rag.

We will assume the dress is to be made at home. Before cutting out the dress measure a few inches of the goods, then wash and press it and measure again, the amount of shrinkage will give you a fair idea of what you should allow for on the dress itself.

The Best Model In making a tailored wash suit, the fact that it must be washed should never be lost sight of, more especially if the laundrying is to be done at home. As

few seams in the coat as possible should be your rule and it should be short, never make a wash coat long enough to sit on, it always crushes and must be ironed out every time it is worn in order to look passably presentable. Short Prince Chap or Pony coats are good models as they are semi-loose in the back and entirely loose in the front, double breasted and fasten with four large pearl buttons. The having of a section without seam in the very centre of the back is a great advantage as this is where wash coats are so inclined to shrink and pull up.

Skirts of these gowns are best made with two bias folds about 4 inches wide set 6 inches apart and stitched to the skirt on the upper side only. Skirts with pleats stitched half way to the knee are easy to iron and hold in place well.

For skirts of this kind it is well to have an ironing board pretty narrow at one end and wide at the other in order that it will be possible to pull the skirt perfectly straight and iron clear up to the waist band.

In ironing these suits too much care cannot be taken in the matter of ironing.

One of the little novelties that it is nice to remember is the fad for wearing a delicately colored blouse with white linen pique suits. Corn color is one of the prettiest but blue and pink are also good.

Lace

If you have an allover lace blouse that you wore through the winter and which is beginning to look seedy wash it carefully, put through some thin starch well colored with coffee and when ironed and mended, wear it over a slip of either raspberry pink or Copenhagen blue, according to your complexion. This has quite a pretty effect and the deep shades are better for hiding defects than a slip of any pale shade would be.

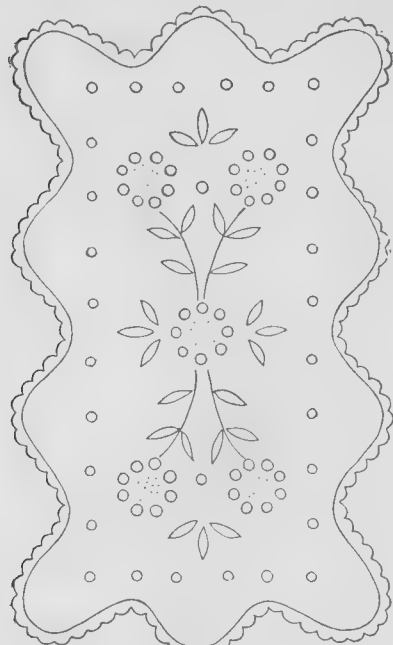
All the component parts of the Gourlay piano are so nicely balanced as to make up the perfect whole, the case or outer covering of the Gourlay being in keeping with the sweet beautiful harmonies of sound it encompasses.



Barn erected in fourth year on Homestead.

Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.



Pattern J.
Pin Cushion.

This pin Cushion is most attractive when completed. The leaves are to be worked solid, the stem outlined, and the circles done in eyelet embroidery. The outside edge is button-holed. For the back of the cushion, transfer again simply the button-hole edge and the eyelets just inside. The cushion itself must be just small enough to allow the front and back to be laced together through the eyelet holes. Lace with any colored ribbon and finish with bows at the corners.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

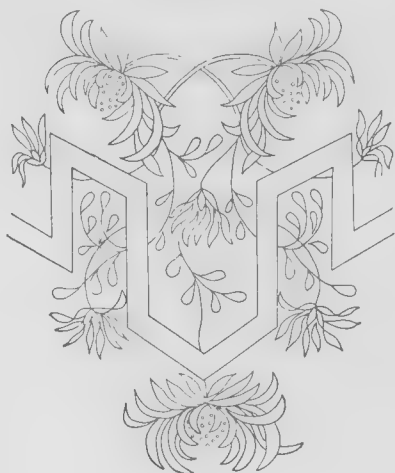
When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to

be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.



Pattern K.
Shirtwaist Front.

This design is intended for a waist buttoning in the back and is most effective if done in the shadow stitch, although the edge may be outlined and the petals filled in with French knots. The space between the lines is for lace insertion which should be continued to the seams. The collar and cuffs may be made of rows of lace insertion to match.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip.



Fetching things
to wear.

FETCHING WAYS
TO WEAR THEM.

by
Belle Armstrong Whitney
FASHION EXPERT

(CABLE FROM PARIS.)

PARIS.—Men say a good deal besides their prayers. But if we paid more attention to what they say about women's clothes, we should be better dressed.

One masculine authority says: "Men are problems. Women are pictures. If you want to know what a woman is, look at her; don't listen to her." Talk about the palm or hand writing as an index to character. Clothes tell the whole story at a glance.

Frenchwomen are seldom pretty. But they look charming when American women, often strikingly handsome, appear merely expensively upholstered.

For one thing, the elegant Frenchwoman pays as much attention to her hair, hat and footwear as to her gown.

Fashionable hats simply cannot be worn successfully over the natural hair alone. They look like extinguishers unless the hair is loosely waved, and built out with gargoyles of puffs, flying buttresses of braids, porticoes of transformation.

This week Paris has had out-of-door skating, a real luxury that draws to the aristocratic rendezvous in the Bois all fashiondom. The smartest women wore velvet. A few all fur suits had the skirts fastened down the front with big fancy buttons like those on the short loose jacket.

Everybody skates and walks in the new high topped boots with the curving fronts, or in high laced bluchers, in many different leathers, and in both black and brown shades. The tan

shoes are very effective with brown or green suits. Younger women wear brown hair ribbons matching their brown shoes.

These new shoes are exclusively imported models. Ask your dealer in Slater Shoes for Women to show them to you. "The Duchess of York" is Slater model 142. "The Gotham" is Slater model 176. The Duchess of York was famed for her small, elegant feet. It is really remarkable how much a perfect fitting shoe of correct cut and perfect workmanship reduces the apparent size of the foot and adds to its shapeliness. Those are the qualities smart Parisiennes admire in Slater Shoes for Women.

The leading fur is silver-tipped fox.

Bridge gowns are made with a white lace waist and colored cloth skirt. The waist is completely covered with tulle the color of the skirt, which has also a deep foot trimming of the braid.

Earrings are much seen, usually one big single gem for each ear. Hatful fashion, earrings.

BELLE ARMSTRONG WHITNEY

P. S.—The booklet published this month in which I shall tell you all about spring and summer styles will have to be limited in edition. If you want a copy, please send your name and address at once to the Slater Shoe agency in your city, H. W. Stark, 468 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man. it will have to be first come, first served. I am sure you will find the fashion matter very helpful.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

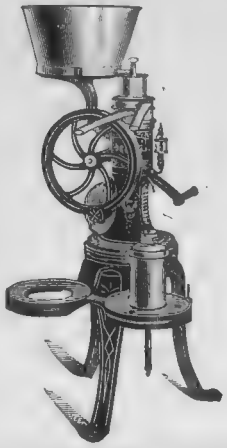
Agents Wanted for kitchen utensils 100 per cent profit. Catalogue free. Kirk Supply Co., Dept. C, Youngstown, Ohio.



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The National Cream Separator

STANDS EVERY KIND OF TEST.



Dairymen who have used the National for years are strongest in their loyalty to it. It has done all they wanted it to do, and at less cost for repairs, and greater profit per cow.

The National, used in Canadian Dairy Schools, has won highest praise from both teachers and students.

The National is National in name, in service, in popularity. Send for our Free Catalogue.

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Also manufacturers of the celebrated Raymond Sewing Machines.

HOW TO GET THIS HOUSEWIFE'S SET FREE

Send us the name of one new subscriber together with 50 cents and we will mail you free of charge pattern for a "Practical Housewife's Set."

Every present subscriber or reader of The Western Home Monthly has at least one friend, neighbor or acquaintance who would subscribe for this Magazine if shown a copy and asked to do so.

It is a very easy and simple matter to secure one new yearly Subscriber for the Western Home Monthly—Secure one and we will mail you this pattern **FREE**.

If you so desire we will mail the subscriber the pattern as well as the Magazine, or we will mail the magazine to the Subscriber and the pattern to you.

DESCRIPTION OF

A Practical Housewife's Set.

The busy housekeeper who does not disdain to work around her own home will find the set here sketched very practical for protective use. It consists of a circular apron (which may be made with or without the ruffle), a dust-cap and sleeve protectors, all of which are quite indispensable in any sort of housecleaning. The shaping of the apron is convenient and comfortable, being especially designed to fit easily over the bust while affording plenty of space for free movement at the hem. Checked gingham is used for making the apron and sleeve protectors, and this material may also be used for the cap if desired. 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch goods being needed for the entire set.

6003—One Size. The price of this pattern is 25c. It will not be sold separately, you can secure it only on the conditions outlined above.



A Practical Housewife's Set.

USE THIS BLANK IN REMITTING.

Address—THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Enclosed please find Fifty Cents, to pay for Subscription to the Western Home Monthly for one year, to include premium pattern, a practical Housewife's Set

Date

Name

WRITE CHRISTIAN NAME IN FULL.

Address

Gold Watch AND RING FREE

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, beautifully engraved solid Gold, Laid case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Congo Gem, sparkling like a \$50 diamond, for selling 20 pieces of handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces and when sold send us \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain. **ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 514, Chicago.**



Send 10 Cents for a beautiful 18 inch tray cloth on Fine Art Linen, your choice of Wallachian, Eyelet, Mt. Mellick, or Violet design. Big Bargain to introduce our new fancy work magazine teaching all the popular embroideries and showing the newest 1908 designs in shirt waists, corset covers, hats, scarfs, centers, etc. Address Campbell Bros. 292, Geneva Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

Found a New Face Wash that will remove that greasy, shiny look from the skin and leave it soft and white in 5 minutes, and in a week remove all pimples, blackheads, tan; contains no poisons; costs 5c to prepare enough to last 6 months. Recipe and full directions for 20c. The Chemist, 506 Wash. Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.



WILSON'S FLY PADS

Every packet will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper

SOLD BY

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES
10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c.
will last a whole season.

FASHIONS AND PATTERNS



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number stating size wanted.

Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



4206 4207—A Charming Little Coat and Bonnet for Lingerie Stuffs.

Mistress Fashion has been evolving some wonderful apparel for little folks of late and a most fetching coat and bonnet of linen which deserve mention because of their simple attractiveness are shown. The bonnet is in one piece and finished with buttonholing in a scallop. The side and crown button together, while the tie strings are slipped through eyelets in front. The front and side edges roll back from the face in a most becoming manner. The coat is in sack style and fastens only at



the neck. A pretty design is embroidered along its edges, the round deep collar being an effective addition. The sleeves are full and finished with turn-back cuffs of the embroidery. Linen, rique or pongee might serve as material of which 1/2 yard 27 inches wide is needed for the bonnet in the medium size and 1 yard 54 inches wide for the coat. Two patterns: 4206—sizes, 1, 3, 5 years. 4207—sizes, 1/2 to 6 years.

The price of these patterns is 30c but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

4331—A Natty Shirtwaist Frock.

The shirtwaist frock here shown, designed especially for girls of the awkward age—from fourteen to seventeen years of age—presents some novel and



closed either in front, as a continuation of the waist closing, or in the centre-back. The sleeves may be finished in full or shorter length. The stores are full of new and pretty fabrics that would develop nicely by this mode, 7 1/4 yards 24 inches wide being required for the 15-year size.

4331—4 sizes, 14 to 17 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

6063—One of the New Silk Shirtwaists.

A new shirtwaist model, which is equally suitable for development in silk or linen, but is here modelled in taffeta, is shown in the sketch. The novel shaping, with the side-front closing and the seamless effect in front and back, will appeal to the woman who likes smart effects. The waist, which is fitted by means of underarm and shoulder seams, may be made either with or without a lining, and a choice of full-length or shorter sleeves and two



style of cuff is given. To make the waist in the medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide.

6063—7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

6083-6081—An Un-to-Date Calling Costume.

A smart gown for afternoon or any nice wear is here illustrated. Like many other of the really stylish gowns of the season it is rather plainly made, but its effect is excellent. The tucked waist, in overblouse effect, is made over



a fitted lining and displays all the most approved features of the present mode, including the indispensable yoke and the Japanese sleeve. The undersleeves may be made in full or shorter length, as desired. The skirt is cut on the new 6-piece lines, consisting of back and front gores and upper and lower side sections, the latter being joined in overskirt effect. This mode would develop very attractively in pongee, silk or any of the new fabrics, lace or some contrasting material being suggested for the yoke and undersleeves. To make the dress in the medium size requires 4½ yards of 22-inch goods for the waist and 9½ yards of the same width for the skirt.

Two patterns: 6083—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6081—8 sizes, 20 to 34 inches waist measure.

The price of these patterns is 30c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

4330—A Very Becoming Little Apron.

Here is sketched a small apron with a princess panel in front and shaped ruffles ornamenting the shoulders, these latter making a charming and most becoming finish. The skirt portion is



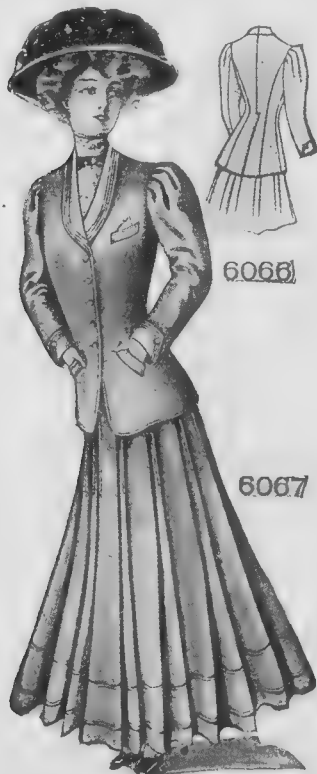
gathered at the top and joined to the side edges of the panel. Such an apron is quite nice enough for wearing with the little girl's best dress, though it may be as simple or as ornate in its development as desired. A very pretty apron might be made after this style in dimity or cross-barred muslin. For the 7-year size 2½ yards of 36-inch material will be required.

4330—Sizes, 5, 7 and 9 years.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

6066-6067—A Becoming Coat Suit.

The coat and skirt suit is very popular among up-to-date women, chiefly because it is so practical and so becoming. The coat shown in the illustration is one of the new 32 inch semi-



fitted models, with single-breasted closing, shawl collar and patch pockets. Two Patterns: 6066—7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust. 6067—6 sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents, but either will be sent upon the receipt of 15 cents.

6068—A New Waist Design.

A pretty design for the indispensable separate waist is here illustrated, figured foulard being selected for making, with filet Princess lace for the yoke.



6068—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

6065—A Practical House Gown.

A house gown that can be made as plainly as need be for morning wear or with elaboration for the afternoon is a boon which virtually every woman will appreciate. The frock illustrated meets precisely these requirements, and though the model here is made of a simple figured challis, with no other trimming than the gathered founce at the hem, it might be made up very attractively in any soft-draping silk or wash fabric and trimmed as desired.



The gown may be made with or without the body lining, with hem or box-pleat closing, and with either the turn-down or standing collar; and there is a choice of full-length or shorter sleeves and two styles of cuff. When finished in shirtwaist style the waist is prettily adorned with a jaunty breast pocket, as shown in the smaller sketch. The skirt is a 7-gored model and is attached to the waist under the belt. In the medium size the gown requires 9 yards of material 36 inches wide to make.

6065—8 sizes, 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

The price of this pattern is 15 cents.

High-Class Organs AT LESS THAN HALF ORIGINAL PRICES

We have a large number of high-class organs received in exchange on Heintzman & Co. pianos. We have thoroughly repaired these instruments and every one is in perfect condition. This is the chance of a lifetime to get a really good organ at less than a similar one could be bought at the factory by large wholesalers.

It is worth while to make a journey into the city to inspect these, or, if you are too distant, write for description.

J. J. H. McLEAN & CO., Limited

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and one of the best bargains that was ever brought to your attention. Just think of this beautiful outfit, in the quality described below, at \$6.00. Carriage prepaid

No. 9075. An ideal hot weather waist. Made of fine quality white lawn, elaborately trimmed in front with Val. lace on each side and cross straps forming a double "V." The waist is neatly pleated on each side of front. Collar is edged with Val. lace. Buttons in back with invisible buttons. Size from 32 to 44 bust measure. Price - - - - - **\$1**

No. 9080. This magnificent skirt is made of all-wool imported material. Full width, with full box pleat in front and tailored pleats all around. Neatly stitched from waist line to the hips, falling in graceful folds below. Finished as cut with silk. A GREAT BARGAIN. Colors, Black or Brown. All sizes. Price - - - - - **\$5**

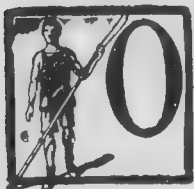
The material for the above special bargain has been imported direct in large quantities, and we are therefore enabled to make these garments up at a much smaller figure than is usually charged for garments of the same quality.



Cancer Cure

Internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.

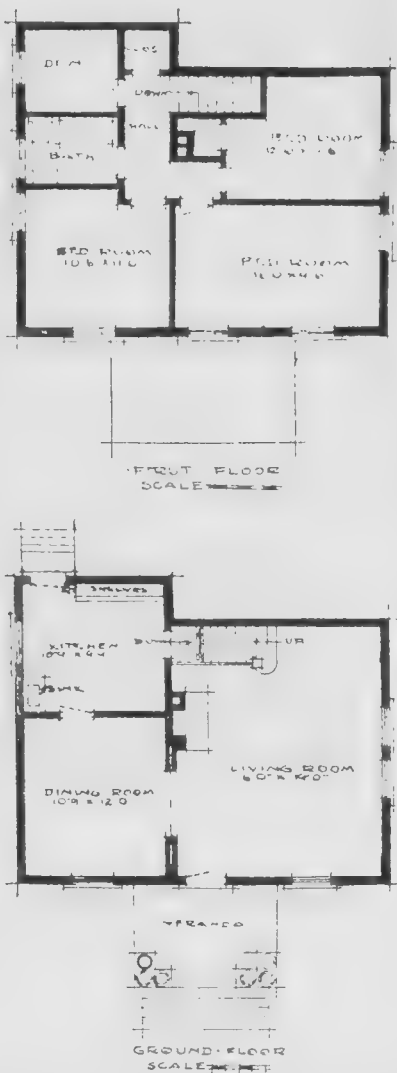
R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or



ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

This cottage is small, but the careful and convenient lay-out make it very desirable as a country home. Special care has been given to make it substantial, while it is not costly. The intention is to build of shingles, the stucco above and stone foundation. The large white verandah opens into an old-fashioned and cheerful living room, with open joist ceiling and brick fireplace, with narrow shelf above. The stairs go up from living room and are colonial design. A seat and book shelves can be put between the fireplace and stairs, making the room look as if to be lived in. Draperies of denim hung full and straight look best in this style of room. A more furnished and comfortable look will be had with plenty of useful cushions. The dining room opens from the living room with sliding doors, and has a window facing the front. The kitchen is at back of dining room and has a window on the side. Pan closets and drawers beneath the dresser, and cupboards above do away with the necessity of a pantry and is much more convenient in every respect. The basement stairs are under the main staircase. Upstairs are three bedrooms, well lighted. One contains a closet, and there is a linen closet in the hall. The bathroom is fitted with all conveniences. At the head of the stairs is a den, which could be made very cozy finished with panelling and burlap painted dull blue or red. The bedrooms are most effective in white or cream finish. If one has not to consider expense, hard wood floors of maple should be used entirely, with a few small rugs. They are healthy and easier kept clean than carpeted floors.



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MARKET GARDEN PROPERTY

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We have for disposal on Easy Terms some of the best and most conveniently situated suburban acreage around Winnipeg—specially suited for Vegetable Lots; and in conjunction with a well conducted Poultry run, there is a fortune to be made, because the Market is at the door and is practically unlimited.

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WINNIPEG PROPERTY TO EXCHANGE FOR FARMS LANDS



AGENTS

YOU can't beat the Nursery Stock proposition when you've a good firm behind you.

Pelham Nursery Co's reputation does half the selling. Every piece of stock offered is guaranteed hardy and the varieties for Western Canada are all recommended by the Brandon and Indian Head Experimental Farms. All kinds of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs—Fruit Trees—Small Fruits—Forest Seedlings and Seed Potatoes.

Government Certificate accompanies every shipment.

Reliable Agents wanted NOW in all parts of the West—whole or part time—pay weekly—Outfit (including handsome lithographed plate book) Free.

Write Manager **PELHAM NURSERY CO.**, Toronto, for particulars.

One Dozen Velvet Pieces Different colors for fancy work postpaid 15¢ or 2 dozen 25¢. N. Southcott & Co., 6 Coote Block, London, Can.

USE

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD

FOR THAT THIN HORSE



On Saturday, May 4th the curtain rang down for the last time this season at the Winnipeg Theatre.

This popular playhouse is now in the builder's hands and work is being rushed so that it may reopen early in September.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra visited Winnipeg during May and gave a series of concerts at the Walker, which were well attended. A choir of 100 voices under Mr. Fred Warrington also participated and rendered the "Creation."

The Winnipeg Opera Company gave very meritorious performances of "The Gondoliers" at the Walker theatre on May 18, 19, 20 before well-pleased audiences. The "newness" wore off after the initial production, and everything went with a swing and snap. It means that the two people at the head—Henri Bourgeault, musical director, and Mrs. C. P. Walker—know their business thoroughly, and that the young ladies and gentlemen under them have natural ability beyond the ordinary, which needs just the proper development. The caste was composed of the following:—Ladies:—Misses E. Wells, King Andrews, Eva Barrick, I. N. Boyce, M. Creighton, E. Cooper, Maude Delmadge, H. Doyle, Dolly Harrington, L. Jackson, A. D. Mallory, M. Sprado, D. Stanford, M. Thompson, M. White, Mrs. Gordon-Forbes, Mrs. E. M. Hayes, Mrs. J. P. W. Pierpont, Mrs. S. Bean, Misses Edna and Aimee Herald, E. Creighton, M. Corwin, M. Pyefinch, Hazel Jackson, Ida Boyce, Lottie Marcy, Jean Lyon, Nellie Lake, Minnie Harrington. Gentlemen:—Messrs J. W. Battershill, G. W. Baird, C. C. Campbell, R. L. Fulton, D. G. Humphrey, G. Lyons, W. Morley, J. W. Nichols, Oakes, A. Phillips, J. W. F. Pierpont, Wm. Smith, R. S. Stark, H. Warren, E. G. Harburg, W. F. Bywater, J. Grant, A. E. Hearn, F. Hayes, G. Skinner, H. Heanny, G. S. Langelle, W. H. Long, L. F. Lamb, C. Pilley, T. H. Peters, J. B. Nelson. The company repeated their successes at Brandon on May 25th and 26th.

Sir Frederick Bridge's tour was one complete triumph from coast to coast. It was the first time a really great organist had visited Western Canada and it is almost unnecessary to add

that crowded churches greeted his appearance everywhere despite the fact that a goodly admission fee was charged.

The Killarney Musical Society gave a highly successful concert on May 1st under the direction of Mr. T. A. Briggs. The programme was as follows:—Piano, "Sonata Pathetique," Op. 13, Miss Ella Tweed. Excerpt from "The Creation," Recit. (Bass) "In the Beginning God Created," Mr. Warrington; Chorus "And the Spirit of God Moved." Recit. Tenor "Now Vanish before the Holy beams." Mr. Douglas; Chorus "Despairing, Cursing rage attends their rapid fall." Solo, "Babylon," Mr. Warrington; Piano, (a) "Sonata," Op. 26 (b) "La Fileuse," Miss M. Johnson; Solo "Hosanna," Mr. Norman Douglas; Chorus, "Achieved is the Glorious Work."

On Friday, May 15th, the Portage la Prairie Orchestra gave a highly successful concert when the following programme was presented. March, New Annapolis, Taylor; Overture, Crown of Victory, Ripley; Waltz, Wave of Joy, Snyder; Medley Overture, Yankee Hash, Mellan; Schottisch, Dream of Beauty, Ripley; March, Illinois Battleship, Yule; Reverie, Wayside Chapel, Wilson; Overture, Sweet Brier, Laurendeau; God Save the King.

The Cypress River Band turned out for the first time this season on May 16th, the programme was as follows:—March, "Entry of the Gladiators," Fucick; Ballet Music, "William Tell," Rossini; Serenade, "Dreaming," A. Daily; Intermezzo, "Maritana," Wallace; March, "Flag of Victory," Blon; Overture, "Lushpiel," Keler Bala; Valse, "Love's Garden," F. Morse; Characteristic, "Schnicishekatschen," Eitenberg; Whistling Caprice, "Little Toy Soldier." God Save the King.

A packed house greeted the Portage Lady Minstrels in the opera house on May 18th when they presented a varied programme of ragtime, which included choruses, solos, jokes, sketches and cake walk. The presentation scored a very fair success and on the whole the audience was entertained and kept in a state of good humor for the two hours duration. Those taking part in the performance were

Ladies—Misses L. Blackford, M. Edwards, G. Newman, M. Macmorine, B. Cockburn, R. Taylor, J. Earl, H. W. Hall, O. Charlton, Mrs. C. C. Newman, Mrs. Wm. Garland, M. Garland, J. E. Wade, B. Hawley, M. Hawley, E. Wade, L. Cassels, E. Paterson, S. Barbour, V. Paterson, L. Dodimead, F. Garland. Gentlemen—F. B. Bagshaw, B. Brooker, E. A. McPherson, K. B. McKenzie, A. Williams, C. S. B. Burley, W. G. Marshall, M. D. Cassels, G. H. Sawers, H. B. George, N. B. Allan, F. Smith, Hugh Ross, W. Parker, G. Housser.

The Beggar Prince Opera Company gave delightful presentations during the week of May 3rd at Medicine Hat of "Olivette" and "The Bohemian Girl." The cast is well-balanced and is even stronger than when the company was last seen in Medicine Hat. The work of the chorus has never been surpassed in this city and the inging of each of the soloists is deserving of special mention. Miss Ethel Balch's rendition of "I dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls" was exquisite. Mr. Taylor was also at his best and his solos were more than enjoyed.

The rural comedy "Uncle Josh Hopkins" was presented at Portage la Prairie on May 15th and was fairly well patronized and judging by the constant merriment which it evoked the audience were well satisfied. In the title role Bert Hodgkins showed himself to be a comedian of no mean order and his eccentricities kept the house in a roar of laughter. Although no particular effort towards a connected plot is made the play abounds in humorous situations and each one of these was taken full advantage of.

In "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," Miss May Robson made her bow to a Winnipeg audience as a star on Monday evening, May 25th. Miss Robson is recognized as America's greatest character actress and her comedy has been the big New York-Chicago comedy hit of the season. She came here direct from a remarkable run at the Studebaker theatre, Chicago, where the critics were enthusiastic in their praises of star, play and company.

Winnipeg is now recognized as one of the best show towns in the Dominion of Canada. During the past season the attendance at Winnipeg's different playhouses showed a remarkable increase over the attendance in 1906-7. It is only a matter of a short time until additional playhouses in Winnipeg will be needed to meet the requirements of a growing community.

Paderewski's Fingers.

Some Comments on Mechanical Piano Playing.

Mechanical piano playing is like mechanical reading, dull and uninteresting. Yet there are musicians who play mechanically because they have not succeeded in conquering the amazing difficulties which lurk in piano technique. They have a clear appreciation of the composer's thought, but their fingers fail to express their intention and their emotion. It may seem paradoxical, but because of their inability to conquer the mere mechanics of piano playing, their playing is mechanical. If they were technical virtuosi, then they would be great musicians, for they have temperament and poetic insight. For such persons the ordinary pneumatic piano player is of no advantage, because it does not permit of much expression. But the Angelus is not an ordinary piano-player. Its marvellous patented inventions make it possible for the person playing to clearly bring out the melody of any composition and subdue the accompaniment to accent the bass or the treble sections separately or to accelerate or retard the music at will. The Angelus has everything that Paderewski has in his fingers, all it lacks is a musical brain and a poetic temperament and those can be supplied by the operator of this amazing device, for every music roll gives a clear indication of correct interpretation. Canadians can secure their Angelus as an interior part of the finest piano made in this country, the Gourlay. Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto, have done a great deal for the progress of musical art in this country by providing such a magnificent combination instrument as the Gourlay-Angelus. Catalogue and price list may be obtained by sending a post card to-day to Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge St., Toronto.

If an Advertisement Convinces You Stay Convinced.

When you read in the *Western Home Monthly* the advertisement of a manufacturer who has paid for the space used to convince you that it is to your interest to buy his goods, and you go to a dealer where such articles are usually handled for sale, do not let the dealer or one of his clerks sell you something else which he claims is "just as good." If an advertisement convinced you, it was because of the element of truth which it contained.

We carry in our pages the advertisement of leading manufacturers who we believe truthfully describe the goods for sale. Scan our advertising pages closely and carefully and familiarize yourself with the brands of reliable goods sold in Western Canada.

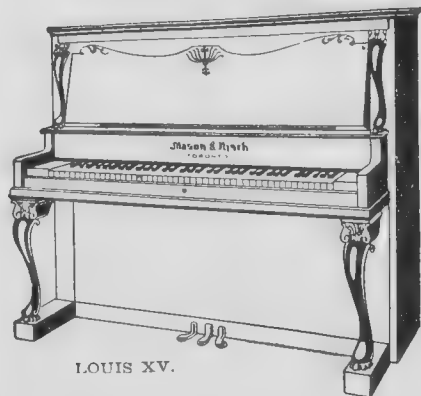
Insist on getting what you ask for

THE WESTERN HOME
MONTHLY

WINNIPEG,

CANADA.

Special Piano Sale



LOUIS XV.

A Real Money Saving Event in Mason & Risch's Exchange Dept.

The Special Piano Sales at Mason & Risch's are in a totally different class from the many sales with which the public are familiar. The pianos that come to us in exchange are of so high a character as to have been a constant subject of amazement among old-time Pianomen.

The Pianos offered in this sale were taken in exchange on Pianola Pianos, and it is the Pianola Piano alone that could tempt people to part with such valuable uprights. If it were not for the Pianola Piano these exchanged pianos would still be occupying their places in some of Winnipeg's best homes.

Persons who cannot play have been glad to replace their silent or little-used pianos with this wonderful new piano that can be played by anyone. Thus the Pianola Piano is constantly operating as a magnet to draw perfectly good Pianos out of homes where they would otherwise have remained for years to come.

We give you a partial list of the many great bargains to be secured during this sale: Two \$500 Mason & Risch Pianos \$368 and \$385, used nine and eleven months respectively; one \$450 Williams Piano, looks like new, \$275; one \$450 Newcombe Piano, used fifteen months for \$330; one \$400 Newcombe Piano, used eighteen months \$290; one \$500 Gerhard Heintzman Piano, used seven months \$317; one \$400 Henry Herbert Piano used eleven months \$310; one \$400 Dominion Piano, used one year \$295. Many good second hand Pianos \$140, \$165, \$180, \$195, etc.

We also have about forty good second hand Organs from \$20 up. Write to-day for prices and terms, we sell instruments anywhere on our monthly payment system. We are sole representatives for the Weber, Steck, Wheelock and Stuyvesant Pianola Pianos.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Limited.

FACTORY WAREHOUSES:
356 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

A New Kitchen Cabinet.

The T. Eaton Co., Winnipeg, are introducing a new kitchen cabinet at a moderate price that is sure to be a big seller in Western Canada. Write for full particulars as to price and other information. When writing the T. Eaton Co. mention this magazine.

Catalogue Sent Free.

Farmers and others interested in fence making would do well to write to London Fence Limited, Portage la Prairie, Man and request that a copy of that firm's new illustrated catalogue be mailed you at once. When addressing them for catalogue address as above but ad. Department, W. H. M.

Harness the Wind.

A Star windmill erected on your premises will furnish you a ready power to pump water and do all the sundry odd jobs on a farm where a cheap power is needed. A beautiful illustrated catalogue will be mailed free upon request. Address Brandon Pump & Windmill Works, Dept. E., Brandon Man. When writing mention this magazine.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton's Idea of Men and Women.

She said they were too unlike; that Nature made them sufficiently unlike, but that they go on exaggerating the differences.

Asked how she would correct the matter, she replied: "I would teach every boy how to cook and all the knowledge of housekeeping; and I would teach every girl to ride and drive and skate and swim and all the uses of firearms. Then our men would appreciate a woman's toil and our homes would be happier; while our women would get the steady nerves and the trained muscles and the broader companionship which fit them for modern life."

Every girl should know the use of firearms—for the health of it—for the outdoor vitality of it—for the self-control and confidence of it—for the broader sympathy and companionship with her brothers, and which she will have with her sons.

The J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., make rifles and shotguns especially for women and girls—light, fine, beautiful, accurate. They publish a book on firearms of 160 pages beautifully illustrated; which any one can have, free, by simply writing for it and sending 5 cents in stamps to pay postage.

A Testimonial.

Neuralgia.—Mrs. Jas. Keays, Harper, Ont., writes, December 7, 1900: "It gives me much pleasure to testify to the merits of Oxydonor. I have suffered agonies from Neuralgia for twenty years; my head would be so sore that I could not bear it on the pillow. Also had indigestion and constipation, and my heart troubled me very much, could not sleep half an hour at night. Now I can sleep all night long, thanks to your Oxydonor." The above testimonial speaks for itself and if further information is required as to the merits of this truly wonderful treatment a free book will be mailed upon request. Address Dr. H. Sanche & Co., 356 St. Catherine St., Montreal. Mention this magazine.

Knows a Good Thing.

A lady of Atlanta, Ga., writes a personal letter of thanks to Dr. Foote, saying: "I wish to thank you for your Home Cyclopaedia. To me it has been a revelation, and hundreds more have written about the same. Probably this book would open your eyes and broaden your mind, and perhaps save your body some pains, aches or spasms. It is, indeed, a sort of life insurance to the readers that live up to it."

Quebec Tercentenary.

We have received the Quebec number of "Onward," an illustrated weekly published by William Briggs, Toronto, containing five articles on the Founding, Five Sieges and Conquest of Quebec, with twenty-four engravings. Gives popular account of a subject of interest to all Canadians. Send for free sample.

Free For the Asking.

De Laval Cream Separator Co., Winnipeg, are now mailing a copy of their new catalogue "B" to farmers.

Drop the aforementioned firm a post card and request them to send you a copy by return mail. This book treats fully on the question of dairying. Mention the Western Home Monthly when writing.

Get Your Horse Ready for the Sale.

Now is the time to get your stock in A-1 condition so that when the busy, prosperous horse buyers are at your farm or ranch you can show clean, sound stock and get a price accordingly.

These buyers know a good horse when they see one, be sure of that. If you have some blemished horses in your stable get busy at once and get them ready for the buyers' keen examination. By doing so you are likely to make a lot of money. It is no unusual thing for a breeder to increase the market value of a horse forty or fifty dollars by removing blemishes before selling. Many of the most successful horse breeders use nothing but Absorbine, relying on it to remove all blemishes. Canadian agents, Lyman, Sons Co., 380 St. Paul St., Montreal, and W. F. Young, 68 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass.

The Dominion Exhibition.

The people in general seem to have a very meagre idea of what is meant by the term "Dominion Exhibition," and a word or two in explanation may not be out of place. The Dominion Government has for the past five years made an annual grant of \$50,000 to be used for the purpose of holding a Dominion exhibition in some one of the provinces. These exhibitions have been held in Toronto, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; New Westminster, B. C.; Halifax, N. S.; and Sherbrooke, Que., and one of the beneficial results was that each of these provinces received a considerable amount of valuable advertising.

In the fall of 1905, those having charge of the Calgary exhibition, decided to make arrangements with the view of holding the Dominion Exhibition in that city, and made application to the Dominion Government for the grant for 1907. Meantime the energies of the board were directed toward getting the grounds and buildings in readiness. When it was learned that the Dominion Exhibition was to be held in Sherbrooke, Que., in 1907, the Government was urged to make the grant for the province of Alberta for 1908, and early in October last the president and manager of the Calgary exhibition went to Ottawa and succeeded in securing the grant, and since that time letters of approval of the move have been received from all parts of the Dominion, and especially from the West, and from every quarter have come assurances of hearty support and co-operation that are very gratifying and encouraging to the officers.

The Dominion grant must be used for certain specific purposes, which are: Special and extraordinary prizes, securing and maintaining educational exhibits, equalizing freight rates for exhibits from various parts of the Dominion, and advertising outside of the province.

The greater cost of management and the necessary outlay for increased accommodation rendered the raising of additional funds a necessity and the Provincial Government of Alberta and the Calgary city council were approached, and it is pleasant to record that they responded promptly, the province making a grant of \$25,000 and the city \$35,000.

The dates selected for the exhibition are from June 29th to July 9th. Low passenger rates have been arranged from all parts of the country, especially from Eastern Canada, where home-seekers' excursions have been arranged at a rate of \$40.50 for the return trip, good for two months, thus enabling visitors to see other points in the province before or after the exhibition. The alacrity with which the people of Alberta have grasped the advantages of the exhibition is illustrated by the fact that all the space devoted to district exhibits has been taken up, there being nearly 50 to be made, the largest collection ever got together. The provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia have also been allotted space for exhibits.

Arrangements on a large scale have been made for the accommodation of visitors; all the commodious city schools and the normal college have been secured, and will be turned into temporary apartment houses.

The exhibition will be officially opened by Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, in the Dominion Cabinet, and it is expected that several other Dominion cabinet ministers will be present, as well as the lieutenant-governors and ministers of the Western provinces.

The American Association of Calgary have arranged for a giant display on Independence Day, one of the features of which will be the visit of a large excursion party from Spokane, Wash., under the auspices of the chamber of Commerce of that city.

The 91st Highlanders Band of Hamilton has been engaged.

The attractions will be equal to anything ever seen in Canada.

A Free Trial that Means Something.

Most of the "Free Offers" that appear in advertisements do not pan out very well. There is usually some string attached or some conditions to be complied with that amount to a good price for all you get. A notable exception, however, is the offer made by Mrs. F. Q. Currah, of Windsor, Ont., as stated on another page. In her advertisement, she sends, absolutely free, a box of Orange Lily, an expensive, concentrated

treatment, put up in pure gelatine capsules which is sufficient for 10 days' treatment, and which is worth 85 cents. Mrs. Currah finds it pays to do this, for the reason that being a strictly scientific preparation, its good effects are noticeable from the start, and almost all who give it a trial continue its use until completely cured. Write for a free box of Orange Lily and when writing mention this magazine.

Cured Sweeny—Worth Double the Price.

I am using Gombault's Caustic Balsam on a bad case of sweeny. The second application is showing very good results. It is worth double its price, and is one of the greatest medicines I have ever used.—J. B. Tippet, Minnedosa, Manitoba, Canada.

Fencing for Farmers.

No. 9 Galvanized Coiled Spring Wire throughout has proved to be the most suitable for all purposes for fencing. The Manitoba Anchor Wire Fence Co. Ltd., Winnipeg, make a fence of No. 9 galvanized coiled spring wire that has stood the test of time and is giving universal satisfaction. The advantages of using this kind of fence is manifold chiefly because the posts may be placed further apart as there is absolutely no danger from sagging. The Anchor clamp used hold the wires unmovable, with a rigidity not to be found in any other fence, no danger whatever from corroding at the point of crossing; the Anchor fence is the strongest and will last longer than any other fence made.

To enumerate the many advantages of the Anchor fence over other kinds would take more space to describe its superiority than we can give it here. Our advice to farmers and stockmen is to write to the Manitoba Anchor Fence Co. Ltd., Winnipeg, and request them to mail you a copy of their new illustrated catalogue "H" which gives full and complete information on the Anchor fence and on durable fence construction. Write now for catalogue "H" and mention this magazine when writing.

Testimonial U. S. Cream Separator.

Fort Wapella, Sask., Jan. 23, 1907. "Allow me to say how pleased I am with your separator which I have used for two years and never had any trouble. In any way. I can recommend it for the many qualities it has above any other separator I have seen in my 15 years' experience. It is a splendid skimmer, easy to turn, simple in construction, no danger, the gears being all enclosed; in fact, it is what I call a perfect machine."

I have tested my separator with milk which has stood three hours after being milked and without adding warm water to it, it took the cream all out of it.

My wife says she would not be without a U. S. separator in the house, it has increased the amount of butter so much. Thos. Irving."

Cook Book Free.

The Gold Standard Mfg. Co., Winnipeg, offer to mail readers of the Western Home Monthly a copy of their new cook book free of charge. Just address the aforementioned firm in the following manner, viz:

The Gold Standard Mfg. Co., Dept. "H", Winnipeg, Man., giving your full name and postoffice address, and stating in your communication that you saw the offer advertised in the Western Home Monthly.

The cook book will be mailed you at once free.

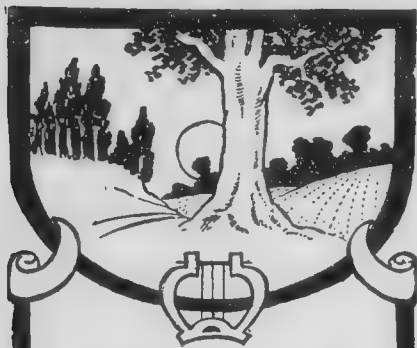
Great Piano Sale.

The Mason Risch Piano Co., Winnipeg, are now conducting a mammoth money-saving sale of pianos, all of them taken in exchange for pianola pianos.

The introduction of their Pianola Piano prompted many who had comparatively new pianos to exchange them for a Pianola Piano that can be played by anyone. This accounts in a large measure for the number of second hand pianos (all of them as good as new) by all the leading makers, which they are now offering the buying public at prices about one-third less than real value.

The present is indeed a rare opportunity to secure a piano at a big bargain. Readers of the Western Home Monthly can read with profit the advertisement of the Mason & Risch Piano Co. on another page of this magazine. Write them at once for a list of instruments at bargain prices now in stock. Address the Mason & Risch Piano Co., Winnipeg, and when writing please mention this magazine.

Not A Nauseating Pill.—The exipient of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.



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WE want you to know more about the New Scale Williams Pianos—what magnificent instruments they are—and WHY. Our free booklets give these facts—tell what famous pianists, teachers, singers, colleges and schools think of these faultless pianos. And they are FACTS that you should know about the

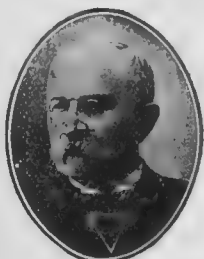
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Let us send the booklets and show you how you may have any style of the New Scale Williams Piano—grand or upright—and pay for it on our new purchase plan. Cut out the coupon and mail to us today.

The Williams Piano Co. Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

Please send me, free of all cost, booklets descriptive of the New Scale Williams Piano and special easy purchase plan. Name..... Address..... W. H. M.

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Precious Life and Health can be Saved by this New Method. All Sickness is alike to

OXYDONOR

It applies to all cases, no matter what the form of disease may be. It revitalizes the human body with oxygen from the air. Oxygen is a vital necessity—the greatest necessity life knows. Oxydonor creates in the body an affinity for oxygen. When additional oxygen is instilled into the body through the skin, membranes, and all the tissues of the human fabric, an additional amount of vitality is begotten, which meets out to every part of the organism the required vitality to overcome all forms of disease.

Miss M. Hill, 127 Seaton St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "I have been very much benefited by the use of Oxydonor. I was afflicted with weakness, nervousness, kidney trouble, palpitation of the heart, etc., and was scarcely able to do any work. Since using Oxydonor I am quite able to do all my work, without having those irregularities."

You apply Oxydonor at home while you sleep. No loss of time from your work or business. It is easily applied, safe, and always ready for use. Its force never exhausts. It will serve the family, children as well as adults.

DR. H. SANCHE & CO.

356 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal. 61 Fifth Ave., Detroit, Mich.

RHEUMATISM.

DR. CLARK'S Rheumatism Cure. A marvellous safe, sure cure for muscular, inflammatory and chronic Rheumatism and Gouty conditions. Cures when all other remedies fail. Sent direct charges prepaid, on receipt of one Dollar.

J. AUSTIN & Co., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon: Character must be formed in the boy before individuality can be manifested in the man.

Mrs. Edith Wharton: Women bloom in New York like men decay. Foreigners say that the men look tired.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward: An adult distrusts a person who cannot look one in the face; a baby distrusts a person who does.

Moria O'Neill: If we Irish get a little more laughter out of life than the unemotional Saxon, we also get many more tears.

Rev. Dr. Rose: I am one who believes that the possibility in every human being of the receptiveness of the brain is beyond that we have ever put it to.

Agnes Deans Cameron: There is a widespread feeling that more should be done to give to girls a systematic preparation for the duties of the home.

Prof. J. W. Robertson: All the great men of the world have loved gardens, and so have most of the good women.

Rev. Dr. Chapman: The greatest question of our time is not whether a man has any religion, but whether the religion that he has is of any real value.

Rev. Dr. Bland: A man may live without science; but he is wiser and stronger when he knows something about nature and her laws.

President Roosevelt: You can never be sure of your position unless you have settled any point that those who hold opposing opinions can raise against you.

Lady Grey: Many people think a thing must be expensive to be artistic; but I have seen artistic houses on which very little money has been spent.

Dr. Osler: People nowadays live as many years as their grandparents did, generally speaking, but they don't get old so soon.

Governor Johnson: The honest newspaper advocates what it believes to be right, rather than what is popular. The popular side is not always the right side.

James J. Hill: There is no such thing as absolute inactivity, and the man or business which isn't going forward is not standing still.

R. L. Borden, M. P.: As the farmer's crop depends largely on the quality of the seed sown so there is nothing more important for Canada than the quality of the immigration which finds its way to our soil.

Hugh John Macdonald: The great problem of Western Canada is cheap transportation, so that the farmers in Western Canada in competition with Argentine shall be able to get their products into the markets of Europe at a cost that will net them larger returns than at present.

Hon. W. S. Fielding: The opening up of this northern territory by the construction of the Hudson Bay railway will bring a hundred million acres into communication with the rest of the world and give a value that will far exceed any possible expense of construction of the railway itself.

Rev. Dr. Chown: Any system of theology or of biblical criticism which does not leave a substantial basis for the miracle of the development of Christianity from a carpenter of Nazareth to its preponderating influence in all the leading nations of the world, is discredited from the start.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier (to the Canadian Forestry Association): We can calculate the number of years—and the number is not very great—when there will not be a tree of the original forest to be cut upon the limits of the Canadian lumbermen. But trees have grown, and trees ought to grow again. Every rocky hill and the bank of every running stream should be covered with trees.

J. W. Daffoe: Canada of to-day is governed by the children of yesterday, and if an illiterate electorate is allowed to grow up it will be disastrous. The educated man is open to reason, is capable of looking into affairs, and of forming a just idea of the needs of the country. The uneducated man cannot keep in touch with events, and so becomes a menace to advancement when he goes to the polls.

Winston Churchill: Florence Nightingale has been made a freeman of the city of London. The golden casket in which the certificate of freedom is usually enclosed was dispensed with in her case, at her request. The gift, therefore, is an honor and nothing else. Hers is a case, also, where because it was purely an honor it means most.

Rudyard Kipling: A private car, though many books have been written in it, is hardly the best place from which to study a country, unless it happens that you have kept and seen the seasons round under normal conditions on the same continent. Then you know how the cars look from the houses; which is not in the least as the houses look from the cars.

Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal: Temperance is a safe preventive and an efficacious remedy for a deplorable evil, as well as a salutary discipline of will and appetite. Each of us must realize the duty of taking an unequivocal position in relation to it. Every wise and sincere man will oppose the spread of intemperance, by having the hours of saloons shortened and above all, by lessening the number of bars.

Governor Hughes, of New York: It is not generally realized in the United States that the years of the Dominion of Canada are scarcely more than those of a single generation of men and that its years must be nearly as many again, or another generation, before it reaches three score years and ten. How brief a span in the history of nations! How fleeting a moment in the history of mankind!

Lord Strathcona: Great Britain imports wheat and flour equivalent of 200,000,000 bushels of grain annually. The old territory of Saskatchewan, while feeding Canada, could feed Great Britain and France and the German Empire and have wheat to spare. And this is less than a third of the capacity of the new Northwest with its 171,000,000 acres of wheat lands.

Cy Warman: Nearly every nation of the world has some large project on hand. Japan is trying to be a world power. Russia is picking up the pieces. Uncle Sam is digging his ditch, the Kaiser is cutting kindling, and John Bull is trying to get acquainted with his colonies. In the meantime Canada, the premier colony, is building a new Transcontinental Railway so far north that it strikes the continent above the collar.

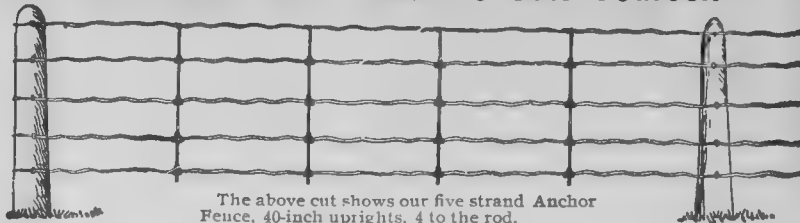
W. J. Bryan: The agricultural population of a country is the most useful and the most valuable. When we consider that from St. Paul alone, with their many household goods, horses and cattle, at times one thousand American farmers a week have been trekking across the Canadian frontier, and when we remember what is coming in at Castle Garden,—we pause. This American invasion has been going on now with increasing volume, for some years pre-emption entries alone reaching 60,000 a year.

Frank Vrooman: The mere element of bigness is of itself striking, almost startling, but it is not so interesting as some other facts, concerning this latest opened and last great virgin arable area on the North American Continent. The most striking features of this wonderland are the facts that there is surprisingly little unavalleable soil and that all of it is so wonderfully fertile. While the wheat crops in the United States in one year averaged 14.5 bushels to the acre, those of Manitoba averaged 26 and the Territories 25. This is a fair average comparison of amounts. But the Canadian wheat is better than ours.

Hamlin Garland: It may be said here that the history of the Indians north of the forty-ninth parallel has been radically different from that of the Indians south of it. One need not ask why, when one knows that not only Canada but the Hudson's Bay Company has kept faith with the Indian. No one who has ever traveled through the farther north and had close associations with the northern Indians and the Hudson's Bay Company need to be told of the secret of their success of two and a half centuries. If the Honorable Adventurers of the Hudson's Bay have made great dividends in fur, they have yielded security and comfort to the Indian tribes, and to Canada, peace.

How to Cleanse the System.—Purlee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

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The above cut shows our five strand Anchor Fence, 40-inch uprights, 4 to the rod.

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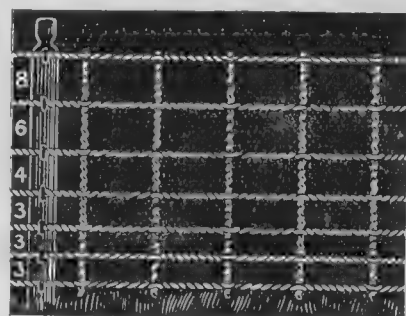
Anchor Fence is made of No. 9 Coiled Spring Steel Wire, with No. 9 or No. 7 uprights. The Anchor Clamp, at the crossing of the wires, holds them absolutely rigid. No other fence made has a device of this kind.

If You Want a Woven Fence

you find it in our Majestic Woven Wire Fence, the most elastic and durable of woven wire fences. Made exclusively of best imported galvanized steel wire.

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Write for our new Catalogue H, which gives much valuable information regarding fencing.



Low Hog Fence.—Notice the heavy, rigid, and yet elastic construction.

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I can take a man like that and pump new energy into his body while he sleeps, and in a few weeks' time transform him into a giant in strength and courage. It is proven that energy and electricity are one and the same thing. If you lack this energy you can get it only by filling your nerves with electricity. Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt does this. Wear it while you sleep. Feel its invigorating stream of electric life in your nerves, its vitalizing spark in your blood. You wake up in the morning full of new life, new energy, and courage enough to tackle anything.

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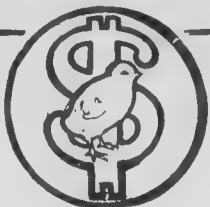
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Tell me to ship you a **PEERLESS** Incubator and a Brooder, and you take your own time to pay for them



You never saw an Incubator so certain to hatch strong chicks—nor a Brooder so sure to raise them

You can start raising poultry for profit without spending a cent for the important part of your outfit.

Simply tell me to ship you a **PEERLESS** Incubator and a Peerless Brooder—you need them both to start right.

Promise to pay for them in two years' time—that's all I ask you to do.

I will tell you exactly what to do to make a success of poultry raising. I will work with you as your expert advisor, if you want advice. I will see you through—show you just how to make most money quickest.

I will even find you a high-paying cash-down buyer for all the poultry you want to raise, all the eggs you care to ship.

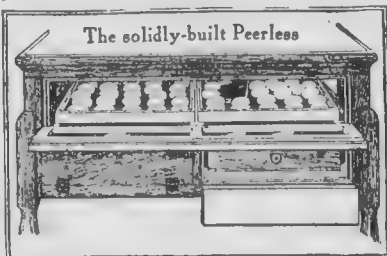
And I will put a Ten-Year **GUARANTEE** behind the incubator and the brooder—an absolute, plain-English guarantee that puts ALL the risk on me, where it belongs.

I can afford to, because I know for sure you can make money if you go at it right,—and then I will sell you more incubators and more brooders—

So I can afford to give you a ten-year guarantee—and two years' time to pay for the outfit in.

It will earn its whole cost and plenty besides in the very first year, if you will do your part—and it's no hard part, either.

I know every incubator that's sold on this continent. I don't hesitate to say that the Peerless has them all beaten a mile as the foundation for a poultry-for-profit enterprise for anybody.



Unless I can prove that to you before-hand I won't be able to sell you a Peerless. What I ask you to do is just to let me submit the

proof for you to examine.

You do your own thinking. I know. Read my free book—it's called "When Poultry Pays"—and think over what it says. Then make up your mind about my offer to start you raising poultry right—

Remember that the risk is on me. The incubator and the brooder will easily earn you much more than their cost long before you pay me for them.

Suppose you send for the free book anyway—and send now. That commits you to nothing and costs you nothing

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is not taken internally but is applied direct to the suffering parts and it therefore acts with all the certainty of the known laws of chemical action. As it comes in direct contact with the diseased tissue, its antiseptic and nerve food properties cannot help but have a beneficial influence.

I receive from 10 to 50 letters daily, speaking of the benefits and cures it is performing and so sure am I that it will do what is claimed for it that I will send, absolutely free, a 35 cent box to every suffering woman who will write for it. Price \$1.00 per box, which is sufficient for one month's treatment.

Enclose 3 cent stamps and Address **MRS. F. Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.**

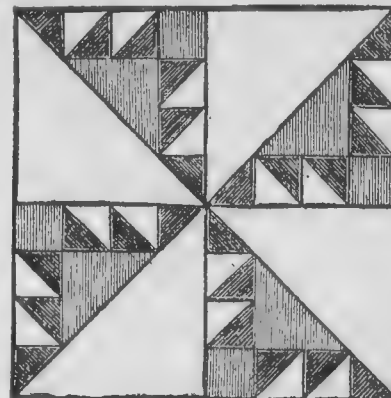
ORANGE LILY is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by The T. Eaton Co., Limited, Drug Dept.

Work for Busy Fingers.

Tatted Centerpiece.

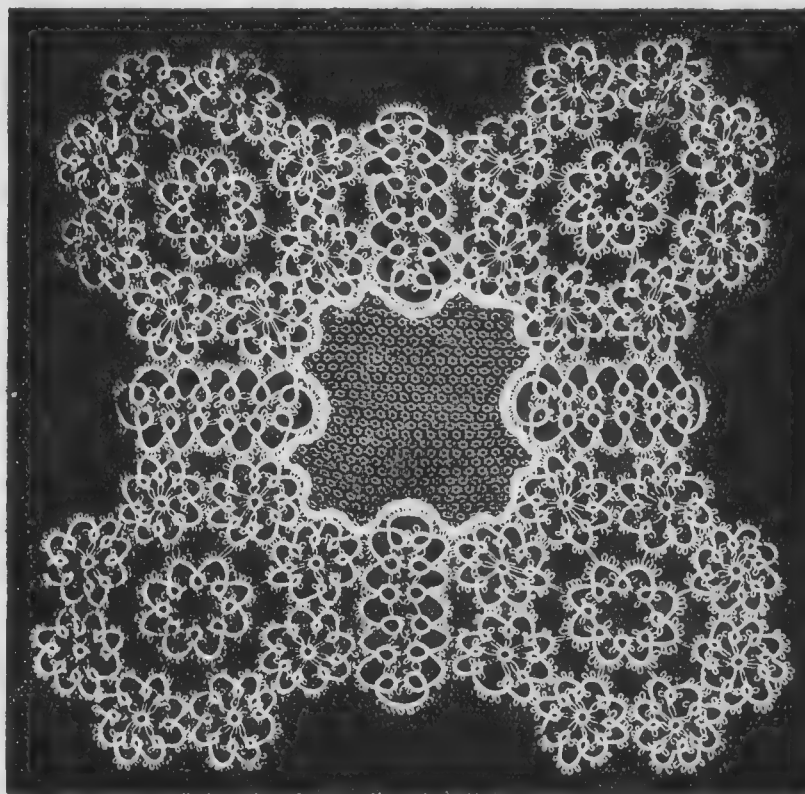
Beginning with the larger rosette in the center of corner wheel, make 3 double knots, (1 picot, 3 double knots) 5 times, close; make a chain of 4 double knots, (1 picot, 2 double knots) 3 times, 1 long picot, leaving $\frac{1}{4}$ inch loop, (2 double knots, 1 picot) 3 times, 4 double knots; make another ring, joining to preceding by 2d picot, and continue until you have 8 rings, separated by 8 chains. Join last ring to 1st, and connect the last chain at base of ring where the 1st started.

Around this rosette connect 8 smaller ones, as follows: Make 1 double knot, (1 picot, 2 double knots), 7 times, 1 picot, 1 double knot. Cut and fasten thread. Make a ring of 3 double knots, 1 picot, 3 double knots, join to picot of middle ring (which are drawn out to about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch), 3 double knots, 1 picot, 3 double knots, close; make a chain of 4 double knots, 1 picot, (2 double knots, 1 picot) 5 times, 4 double knots; alternate these rings and chains until you have 8 of each, joining each ring to the center by the 2d picot, and to each other by side picots. Join to long picot in center rosette by 3d picot of 1st chain. When making the 2d rosette, join to 1st by 2d picots of 2 consecutive chains, next to the center joining. Continue



Flying Cloud Quilt Block.

izing small pieces. I use scraps of bleached cotton left from making underclothing, for the light. If you have plenty of this, as most housekeepers do have, lovely quilts may be made by coloring a portion blue or red, with diamond dyes for cotton. I have done this many times.



Tatted Centerpiece.

until you have 8 rosettes surrounding the larger one, joined to that and to each other as indicated. This completes the corner wheel.

To join these wheels, make a double line of rings and chains, as follows: Make a ring of 6 double knots, 1 picot, (3 double knots, 1 picot) 4 times, 6 double knots, close; make a chain of 4 double knots, 1 picot (2 double knots, 1 picot) 2 double knots, 1 picot 6 times, 4 double knots; another ring like 1st, joining to preceding ring by 1st picot at side. Alternate rings and chains until you have 6 rings and 5 chains; make the turning chain of 4 double knots, 1 picot, (2 double knots, 1 picot) 10 times, 4 double knots; continue down other side, joining the rings also to opposite rings by middle picots, and making another turning chain at the end, join to base of ring where 1st chain started. Join 1st and 2nd, 4th and 5th chains on each side by middle picots, to 2 chains of small rosettes of corner wheels.

When the border is thus completed, baste it neatly upon a square of lace net or linen, as preferred, and buttonhole all around, taking every picot which touches the center. Then trim away the superfluous net, lay the mat face down upon some soft surface, lay a damp cloth over it, and press with a rather hot iron.

If a larger mat is desired, join 2, 3, 4 or more of the oval figures at the sides, between the corner wheels, or alternate the ovals with 2 of the smaller rosettes, placed in line. No. 50 linen thread, either white or ecru, makes a very handsome and durable centerpiece, which is very effective used as a cover for a small, polished table.

"Flying Cloud" Quilt Block.

Use three colors, dark, medium and light, any desired. A very pretty block, and one that is especially nice for util-

Child's Crocheted Bonnet.

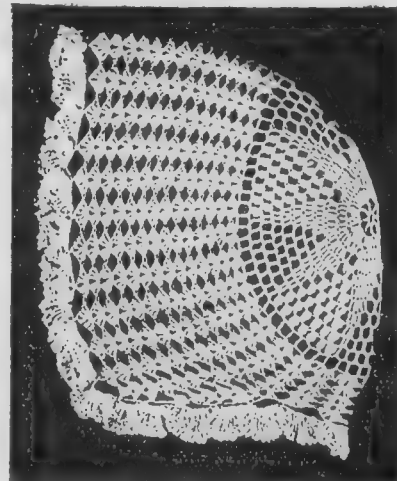
Make a chain of 6 stitches, join.

1. Chain 5, (1 treble in ring, chain 2) 7 times, join to 3d of 5 chain at beginning.

2. Chain 3 (for 1st treble always), a treble in same place, (3 trebles under 2 chain, 2 trebles in treble) 7 times, 3 trebles under 2 chain, and join to treble, 3 chain.

3. Counting 3 chain for a treble, make 2 trebles between 1st 2 trebles of last row, * 4 trebles in 4 trebles, 2 in next; repeat around and join.

4. Chain 5, miss 2 trebles, (2 trebles in next treble and 1 in next) 5 times, chain 2, miss 2, repeat from * around, joining after last 2 trebles to 3d of 5



Child's Crocheted Bonnet.

chain, which represents the 1st treble and 2 chain. As the rows are begun and joined in a similar way throughout, detailed directions for same are not necessary.

5. * chain 2, a knob under 2 chain (to make the knob, take up the thread and work under the chain 4 times) chain 2, miss 1 treble, 8 trebles over next 6 (2 in 1st, 1 in each of 4 and 2 in next), chain 2, miss 2, 8 trebles over next 6, and repeat from * 6 times.

6. * (chain 2, a knob under next 2 chain) twice, chain 2, miss 1st of 8 trebles, 6 trebles in 6 trebles, chain 2, a treble under 2 chain, chain 2, miss 1 treble, 6 trebles in 6 trebles; repeat from * 3 times.

7. * (chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 3 times, chain 2, 5 trebles over 6 trebles, (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) twice chain 2, 5 trebles over 6 trebles, repeat from * 3 times.

8. * (chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 4 times, chain 2, 4 trebles over 5 trebles, (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 3 times, chain 2, 4 trebles over 5 trebles, repeat from * 3 times.

9. * (chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 5 times, chain 2, 3 trebles over 4 trebles, (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 4 times, chain 2, 3 trebles over 4 trebles; repeat from * 3 times.

10. (chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 6 times, chain 2, 2 trebles over 3 trebles, (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 5 times, chain 2, 2 trebles over 3 trebles; repeat from * 3 times.

11. * (chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 7 times, chain 2, 1 treble between 2 trebles, (chain 2, a treble under next 2 chain) 6 times, chain 2, a treble between 2 trebles, and repeat from * 3 times.

12. * chain 2, a treble under 2 chain; repeat all around.

13. Make a shell of 3 trebles, 1 chain and 3 trebles in every other space all around.

14, 15, 16, 17. Shell in each shell of last row.

18. Shell in shell until you reach the 4th from where the row started; turn.

19. Shell in each shell of last row.

20, 21, 22, 23. Like 19th row, only narrowing 1 treble at each end of each row.

24. Leave remainder of shell at each end, putting shell in 2d shell from end, and turning with chain of 3 stitches.

25, 26. Narrow 2 trebles at each end, making shell in shell otherwise.

27. Chain 7, fasten in center of shell, repeat across front, and continue around neck of hood, fastening the chains at regular intervals.

28. Under each loop of 7 chain make 1 treble, 12 double trebles, 1 treble, with 1 double in double which fastened the chains in last row.

29. A double in treble. * chain 4, a double in next stitch; repeat from * all around.

Finish with ties of mull or ribbon, as desired. For winter wear this little

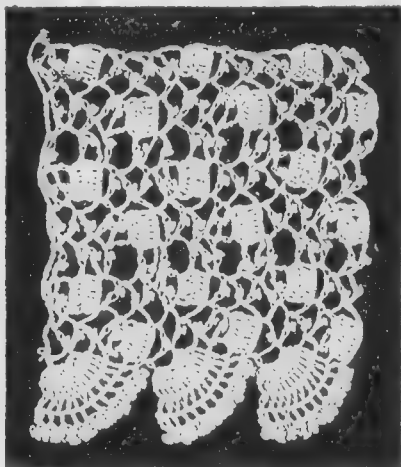
hood may have a lining of fine flannel or cashmere, of quilted silk, or of plain treble-stitch, crocheted to fit the outside.

Block and Picot Lace.

Make a chain of 50 stitches, turn.

1. Fasten back in 4th stitch from hook to form a picot, chain 4, miss 4, a double in next, (chain 6, picot, by fastening in 4th stitch of chain, chain 2, miss 4 stitches of foundation chain, fasten in next) 3 times, turn.

2. Chain 5, a double under chain last made, just before the picot, (chain 6, picot, chain 2, fasten under next chain before picot) twice, chain 8, fasten back in preceding double, turn, chain 3, 6 trebles under 8 chain, (chain 6, picot,



Block and Picot Lace.

chain 2, fasten in next picot-chain as before) 3 times, chain 8, fasten in preceding double, turn, chain 3, 6 trebles under chain, repeat from * turn.

3. Chain 3, a treble in each of 5 trebles and 1 in top of 3 chain, to complete the block, * chain 3, fasten under next chain (always just before the picot), chain 6, picot, chain 2, fasten under next chain, chain 6, picot, chain 2, 7 trebles over 6 trebles and in top of 3 chain, chain 6, picot, chain 2, 12 trebles under loop of 5 chain at end of row, turn.

4. Chain 3, a treble in each treble, starting with 3 chain for 1st, chain 3, fasten under next chain, chain 6, picot, chain 2, fasten in next chain, chain 6, picot, chain 2, fasten in last treble of same block, chain 6, picot, chain 2, miss 1 picot-chain, fasten in next, chain 6,

picot, chain 2, repeat from * fasten in 1st treble of next block, chain 6, picot, chain 2, fasten in top of 3 chain, turn.

5. Chain 3, fasten under 1st chain, make a picot-chain as previously, fasten under next chain, working through the row like 2d row, to scallop; then treble in treble of last row, chain 1; repeat from * around scallop, turn.

6. Chain 3, a treble under 1st 1 chain, chain 3, a double in 1st stitch of chain, chain 3, a double in same stitch, forming 2 3-chain picots, a treble under next 1 chain, repeat from * around scallop, a treble in each of 6 trebles and in top of 3 chain, and finish like 3d row from * to end.

This is a simple pattern, looking much more elaborate than it really is, and suitable for a variety of uses. A different scallop may be easily added, and the lace made wider or narrower, at pleasure.

Oregon Shell Lace.

Cast on 29 stitches, knit across plain.

1. Slip 1, knit 3, (over twice, narrow, knit 4) twice, over twice, narrow, knit 9, over twice, purl 2 together.

2. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 11, purl 1, (knit 6, purl 1) twice, knit 4.

3. Slip 1, knit 8, narrow, knit 5, narrow, knit 12, over twice, purl 2 together.

4. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 28.

5. Slip 1, knit 3, (over twice, narrow, knit 4), twice, (over twice, narrow) twice, knit 8, over twice, purl 2 together.

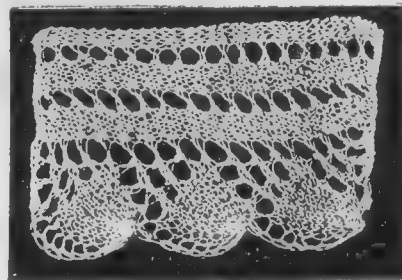
6. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 10, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, (knit 6, purl 1) twice, knit 4.

7. Slip 1, knit 8, narrow, knit 5, narrow, knit 14, over twice, purl 2 together.

8. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 30.

9. Slip 1, knit 3, over twice, narrow, knit 4) twice, (over twice, narrow) 3 times, knit 8, over twice, purl 2 together.

10. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit



Oregon Shell Lace.

10, (purl 1, knit 2) twice, (purl 1, knit 6) twice, purl 1, knit 4.

11. Slip 1, knit 8, narrow, knit 5, narrow, knit 17, over twice, purl 2 together.

12. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 33.

13. Slip 1, knit 3, (over twice, narrow, knit 4) twice, (over twice, narrow) 4 times, knit 9, over twice, purl 2 together.

14. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 11, (purl 1, knit 8) 3 times, (purl 1, knit 6), twice, purl 1, knit 4.

15. Slip 1, knit 8, narrow, knit 5, narrow, knit 16, put back last stitch knitted on to left hand needle, draw 10 remaining stitches over it.

16. Over twice, purl 2 together, knit 27. Repeat from 1st row.

This is a simple pattern, and is, I think, a very pretty one. The upper portion may be widened at pleasure by casting on 6 stitches for every stripe (that is, over twice, narrow, knit 4).

Knitted of Saxony or other fine wool it makes a pretty border for a baby's blanket, narrow ribbons being run in the spaces of the openwork rows or stripes and tied in dainty bows at each corner. In fine thread, omitting the stripes altogether, it gives a dainty trimming for handkerchiefs.

Where Doctors Never Ask Fees.

A Japanese doctor never thinks of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, though it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," says Dr. Matsumoto, "a doctor will not only give his time and his medicine freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide him over his dire necessities. Every physician has his own dispensary, and there are very few chemists' shops in the empire."

"When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect to be presented with a bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern appliances are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee. The strict honesty of the people makes this unnecessary. When he has finished with a patient a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow, and thank his patron."

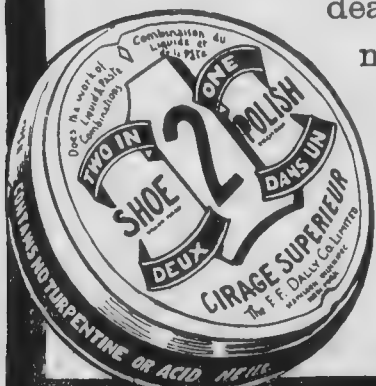
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Round the Evening Lamp.

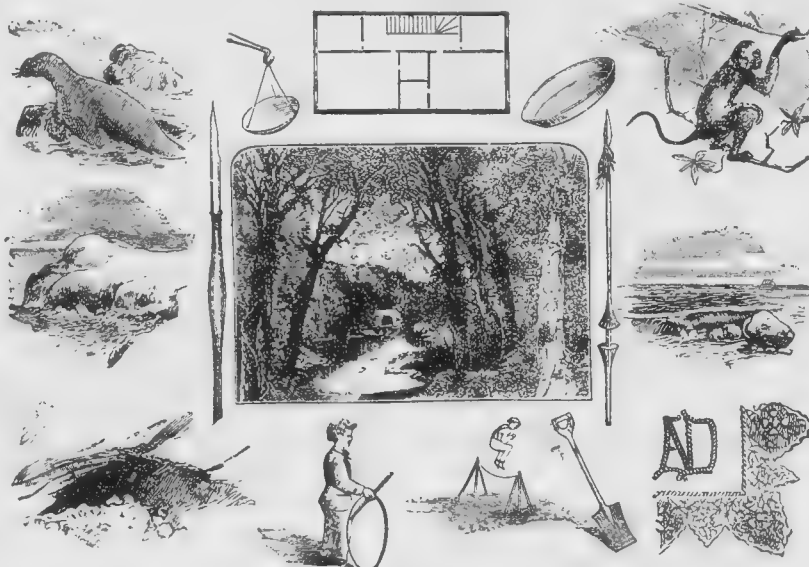
No. 1.—BEHEADED RHYMES.

Each of the stanzas contain two examples of this kind of rhyming, and, in each example the first blank is to be filled with a word that suits both the sense and the measure. The next blank that occurs is filled with all of the chosen word except its first letter; and this process goes on until the word can no longer be beheaded and yet leave another word.

A Night's Adventure.

It made a most tremendous —!
I gave my horse a sudden —;
He threw me full against an —,
And broke my collar bone.
"What can I do in such a —?
My horse is gone, I have no —,
I murmured with a groan.
I was as wet as any —;
The wind and thunder made a —,
And neither moon nor star was —;
The night was black as sin.
The fall had given me such a —!
And I was miles from any —;
I floundered on through mud and —
To reach the nearest inn.
But when I found the wished-for —,
And saw through windows dim with —,
A fellow holding up an —,
I would have cried with fear.
Each seat was filled with such a —,
As might have fled from any —
Of thief or buccaneer.

No. 2.—PICTORIAL ENIGMA.



The central picture indicates the whole word from the letters of which the words represented by the other designs are to be formed.

I strove to overcome my —,
And ventured on a traveler's —
To enter boldly there.
The porter waved aloft a —,
But still I stepped within the —
And took an empty chair.
The leader gave a fearful —;
Sprang up, and overturned the —,
Oh! I could cover half a —
With what I felt that night.
He came, and gave me such a —,
That I cried out again, though —
With anguish and affright.
"Come, will you join our game of —?
Or do you choose that I should —
The wretch, who wishes naught but —
To honest men like us."
With that he flung me from the —,
And seizing on me by the —,
He drew me forth into the —
And made a dreadful fuss.
The night had now grown clear and —,
I wandered to a distant —,
And thought the cold ground not so —,
As was that fearful spot.
But soon there passed a friendly —,
Who placed me in his empty —
And took me to his cot.

No. 3.—PICTURE PUZZLE.



In the above picture find the animal which is a great foe to the partridges shown.

No. 4.—WORD SQUARE.

- * * * * 1. A Stone of many colors.
- * * * * 2. Genuine.
- * * * * 3. An open surface.
- * * * * 4. A jump.

No. 5.—LADDER.

Uprights:

- * * * * 1st, condensing.
- * * * * 2nd, inconsistency.

Rounds:

- * * * * 1st, a man's name.
- * * * * 2nd, a coin.
- * * * * 3rd, a girl's name.
- * * * * 4th, a Latin proper name.
- * * * * 5th, a pronoun.
- * * * * 6th, a Scriptural proper name.

No. 6.—DOUBLE AMPUTATIONS.

1. Behead and curtail snappish, and leave to corrode; behead and curtail corrode and leave a pronoun.
2. Behead and curtail rasped, and leave to value; behead and curtail to value and leave a preposition.
3. Behead and curtail a portion of time, and leave a sign; behead and curtail a sign and leave a pronoun.

No. 7.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

In the following composition may be found the names of twenty-three rivers: O, what a garden! Nothing but weeds no bittersweet, and only one rose in each bed. Immerse your watering can in the stream and sprinkle that ragged robin or this Merode rose, or these

asters. O, see Tom and grandma in the honeysuckles! Be careful, Tom, big bees are there. It is your duty never to run such risks. Now James has thrust his naked foot into the deep mud! He is neither seraph nor angel. O, I owe him a punishment.

I used to live near Kansas, but I came up latterly to try a place where sage brush does not incur land. Ah, I see our friends approaching. Major White's approaching, and the colonel's on a black horse. He has a whip, and I dare declare he has put it to fine use.

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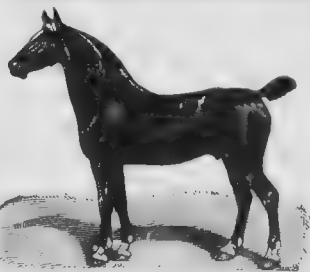
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Among the Flowers.**FLOWER NOTES.**

The busy farmer's wife cannot find time to care for a great variety or number of flowers, but for the sake of the refining influence they exert, she should raise a few kinds, for no woman has done all she could do for the good of her children unless she has taught them to love flowers.

Even if for no less selfish motive than the soothing, refreshing and cheering effect upon herself they produce, she will be well repaid for the time spent in caring for them.

If room or time confines the choice to a few only, let them be carefully selected.

In looking over the catalogues it will be noticed that some kinds of the same variety are more expensive than others. If you wish your heart to swell with pride at the result of your gardening, choose the higher priced varieties.

Further, if you can see your way to have only a few, pass by the very common kinds, and choose those that are admired by refined and cultured people. If your selection includes such flowers as sweet peas, pansies, picotees, carnations (Marguerites), petunias, mignonette, sweet alyssum, verbenas, nasturtiums and the best strain of white asters, you need not fear that a bouquet gathered from your garden will not be appreciated by anyone, however fastidious. Although the aster is so common, they are so useful for cut flowers, that a bed of them will prove a useful addition, but I would confine myself to the Giant Comet and Mary Semple varieties and have them both white.

As they are intended for cut flowers do not snip off any of the branches, then you will have flowers of all sizes, the first or main stock flowers will be large, while those produced on the lateral branches will be of graduated sizes, all of which combined with sweet alyssum and some kind of finely cut foliage make beautiful decorations for various occasions; while for home table decoration sweet peas, pinks and nasturtiums are always appropriate, but never use more than one variety at a time, and then use only a few dropped loosely into a vase.

In the cool, shady nooks in your lawn plant your pansies, mignonette and petunias, using the pansies as an edging, and just here it might be well to add, your petunias will produce more bloom if your soil is not too rich.

In the sunniest parts plant sweet peas, carnations, verbenas and nasturtiums. With nasturtiums, as with petunias, too rich a food is not advised, but instead rather scanty rations, to produce plenty of bloom instead of rank foliage.

If you have a large lawn, a large circular bed, say ten feet in diameter, of white asters, edged with either scarlet picotees or carnations, or large ruffled purple petunias, makes a fine show, as well as being useful for cut flowers. For the most generally satisfactory results, I would advise the best mixed collections of sweet peas, pansies and nasturtiums, but confine your carnations or picotees to scarlet and white, and your petunias to purple.

Never allow seed pods to form on peas, pansies or petunias. When alyssum has bloomed for some time shear all the old blossom stems off when it will immediately start into fresh bloom, as vigorous as at first. This little plant makes a pretty edging for any other plants in this collection. This list is of so easy cultivation that the busiest housewife can surely find time to care for them. If you have an unsightly fence you wish to hide, plant a thick row of morning-glory seed close to it, and the vines will do the rest. If you wish to screen your back yard from the view

from the front lawn, plant a wide row of tall double sunflowers; they may not be very pretty, but no other annuals answer the purpose as well.

Be generous with your cut flowers. If there are any invalids in your vicinity carry a little outside beauty to their bedsides in the shape of a few flowers, and remember that just a few are more acceptable than a vase so full that their gracefulness is obscured.

Tulips.

What an almost infinite variety! One Holland florist one year offered 1,800 distinct varieties. There is no use in having so many. Get a few of the leading sorts. They are marvelous in variety and form. There are the early and late single, and the early and late double, the large full white and red which look like roses. Then there are the deep red and golden. How many of the prismatic colors are woven into those garments of beauty! Then there come the unique parrot tulips, fairly grotesque in their gaudy robes.

People will look on a bed in full bloom in spring time and ask, "How do you sell them? We must have some and have some now." Better wait a while. Plant along in October. Have your grounds rich and in fine condition, then put in the bulbs in rows about a foot apart and six inches deep. Cover with fine earth and then put on about four inches of mulching of some kind. They are very hardy. We have known them to be frozen solid when in full flower, but they did not seem to mind it.

Hyacinths and the Narcissus are also hardy and very satisfactory. They can be grown out of doors or in the house as you choose. They are all cheap and for a little money you can get an immense amount of enjoyment. In the house when the weather without is most dreary, and chill and gloom are all around you, for a dollar or so you can enliven your home with these delightful companions. It may be winter without but it is all cheerful and smiling within.

The Aquilegia or Columbine. There are about fifty native varieties of this glorious flower. Many of them are natives of America. They are named from Aquila the eagle. They are columbines, something like our own columbine.

The finest of them are natives of our own land. Before us as we write this there is a large bed in full bloom. Do you know that in making their toilet this family uses up all the colors of the rainbow. Here is one from the Rockies—The Coerulea—a photograph of the deep blue of the sky and the fleecy clouds. It is exquisitely beautiful. Near it there is a single deep blue with long long spurs like its neighbor, and further is one of snowy white of the same form. Here is one without spurs, it is deep double blue—quilled like a Dahlia. There is one great double flower of delightful pink. There are marvelous variations both in form and feature. The great bumble bees visit them, crawl into them, and seem intoxicated with their nectar. They carry the pollen from one to another and so are constantly creating new sorts. You take a large bed and you will have from fifty to one hundred entirely distinct kinds.

There is a Pink Pain Tablet made by Dr. Shoop, that will positively stop any pain, anywhere, in 20 minutes. Druggists everywhere sell them as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, but they stop other pains as easily as headache. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets simply coax blood pressure away from pain centers—that is all. Pain comes from blood pressure—congestion. Stop that pressure with Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets and pain is instantly gone. 20 Tablets 25c. Sold by all druggists.

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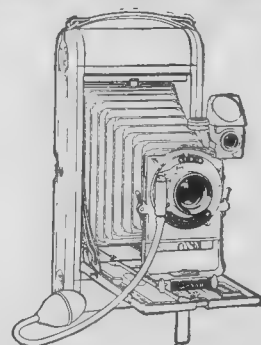
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Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure," as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

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The Home Doctor.**Suggestions.**

Cold applications strengthen the heart.

The best cure for biliousness is fasting.

The baby is not hungry every time it cries.

Gouty persons should eat freely of carrots and apples.

Lemon juice will more thoroughly cleanse the skin than soap.

Injudicious eating and drinking will make the pores of the skin large.

Table salt rubbed into the scalp will stop the hair from coming out.

Every one should drink at least two quarts of water during the day.

All starchy food should be thoroughly cooked, and slowly masticated, as an aid to digestion.

A beginning cold can be checked by anything that will set the blood into active motion.

If the skin is inclined to be scaly, do not steam the face nor use soap in washing.

Salt, used as a tooth-powder, will harden the gums, preserve the teeth and sweeten the breath.

Our door exercise is very necessary for children who are predisposed to consumption.

Equal parts of glycerine and lemon juice mixed and slipped often will relieve hoarseness.

Sufferers from rheumatism should eat boiled rather than roasted meat, but no meat at all is a better rule.

A good rule for every home—never give a child tea or coffee. Cocoa is very nourishing and satisfactory.

Table tea finely powdered and mixed with lard will stop the flow of blood, when bound on a cut or wound.

Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves, and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia.

Never clip or trim the eyebrows or the eyelashes; it will make them coarse and stubby.

It is said that great comfort to the feet is secured by weekly sponging the inside of one's shoes with a solution of equal parts ammonia and water.

Large pores on the nose and chin may be reduced by applying several times a day a lotion made of lemon juice and glycerine, or one of alum and water.

For Burns.—An excellent remedy is Carron oil, made of equal parts of linseed oil and glycerine mixed together. A good plan is to put it in a bottle and shake well before using.

Wash baby's mouth with cool water after nursing. The milk soon sours around the gums, and on the tongue is apt to cause thrush. Use a piece of soft old handkerchief.

When the eyes ache or are fatigued from continuous work, look away from the work frequently to rest them. Bathe them in warm salt water several times a day.

A handkerchief saturated with cold water tied about the neck over night will be quite effective in relieving sore throat. Tie some dry material over the handkerchief and thus prevent catching cold.

Distilled water is far better than the ordinary kind for greasy skin and all others. An ounce of dried rose leaves in half a pint of vinegar left to stand on them for a week, then adding rosewater, is a good remedy. Wash the face with a tablespoonful of this in distilled water and it will prove efficacious on the greasiest skin.

Witch hazel cold cream, which is very pleasing for a rough, sensitive complexion, is made as follows: Nine ounces of white petrolatum, one and one-half ounces of white wax, one and one-half ounces of spermaceti, three ounces of distilled extract of witch hazel. Melt the first three ingredients together, allow to cool to some extent, then add the

witch hazel extract and stir. When nearly cool add a few drops of oil of rose.

Take some moderately hot water and spray the hair once a week. Use no soap. Then dry it thoroughly. Hair takes three hours to dry.

Touch a soft corn with a little turpentine every night for two weeks and it should come out easily. Apply with a small camel's hair brush and be careful not to touch the adjoining skin.

Regularity in baby's habits is really necessary if he is to grow up strong and healthy. If one begins systematically, it will not be difficult to succeed in forming the necessary habits.

Faith, hope and cheerfulness are tonics to the sick and better than medicine to the weary and depressed. It does not require a medical education to fill up this prescription and hand out to those who need.

Black currant tea is an excellent drink for a sore throat. Put two tablespoonfuls of black currant jam, with a pint of water, into a saucepan and allow it to simmer for half an hour, strain it, and if it is to be taken for a cold or sore throat drink it as hot as possible.

Knitting is declared to be a most helpful exercise for hands liable to become stiff from rheumatism, and it is sometimes prescribed by physicians because of its efficacy. For persons liable to cramp, paralysis, or any other affection of the fingers of that character, knitting is regarded as most beneficial.

Many women ruin their hair with curling-tongs. Yet curling-tongs are all right if they are not too hot and if you keep them moving. The professional hairdresser perpetually turns the tongs so that they do not rust the hair. Rust is the term applied to that peculiar reddish condition of the hair when it has been curled too often with the hot tongs.

Walking is the finest exercise for everybody, and girls in particular. Physical culture with dumb-bells or other implements which develop the muscle and make one part of the body abnormal at the expense of another is not apt to be recommended. Severe training of that description may produce beneficial results for a time, but unless it is persevered with the muscles soon become relaxed.

A liberal supply of fresh water tends to make one fleshy, is excellent for the kidneys, and cures most forms of constipation by making the liver active. It must be remembered that too much water at meal times, just before or soon after, dilutes the gastric juice, and if persisted in, will eventually cause stomach disorder. It is better to wait a couple of hours after meals before drinking much water.

Women often wait until their hands and lips are chapped and bleeding before making any application. This condition can be entirely avoided with a little care. If the water for washing is "hard," add a few drops of benzoin, a little borax, or a small bag of oatmeal, any of which will soften the water. Dry hands and face thoroughly on a soft towel, before going out doors when it is cold or windy. Use a little cold cream after washing the face and wipe it off; this keeps the skin soft and prevents it from drying when exposed to the weather.

The Care of the Tongue.—The tongue quickly betrays all disturbances in the economy of the body; in health it is clean, moderately red in color and moist. When it is furred or "coated" it indicates fever, some impurity in the mouth, as foul or decayed teeth, or trouble with the digestive organs. If fever be the cause, the temperature of the body will be above the normal, 98½ degrees Fahrenheit. It is easy to determine if bad teeth are at fault; if these be all right seek for the source of the trouble in the stomach, liver or bowels. Constipation will produce a bad breath and a furred tongue. With nervous diseases a dry tongue is a sign of nervous depression; and a pale, flabby tongue indicates an anemic condition.

Weak women should read my "Book No. 4 For Women." It was written expressly for women who are not well. The Book No. 4 tells of Dr. Shoop's "Night Cure" and just how these soothing, healing, antiseptic suppositories can be successfully applied. The book, and strictly confidentially medical advice, is entirely free. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. The Night Cure is sold by all druggists.

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Boys and Girls.

The People Who Turned Into Cats.

Once there was a law that, on a certain day, when the meeting-house bell rang for noon, everybody should turn into a cat.

Well, and so you may be sure it was great fun to sit up on the big granite rock on the side of Deer Hill and see them turn, just where they were and whatever they were doing, at that very minute!

The minister's son had come into the study, with his hat in his hand, and said: "Shall Cornelius and I, sir, take our scythes, sir, and go out and mow a little while, sir?"

And then Mr. Fadyon's fool caught hold of the bell-rope. Mr. Fadyon's



Mr. Fadyon's Fool.

fool knew some things as well as anybody; and he knew how to ring the bell exactly when the sundial and the noon-mark and his grandmother's eight-day clock said it was noon.

So "ding, dong!" went the bell, and—it was only a Maltese kitten that had hold of the rope!

Just at that hour Aunt Patty was out in the garden hoeing weeds, with an old hat of Uncle Rodney's tied on her head; and she began to turn, first her nose and then her chin. They were very long and sharp when she was Aunt Patty, and they grew short and snubby, and whiskers began to start, and her ears pricked up as though she heard something, and then, quicker than you could say "scat!" she was a spotted cat chasing Deacon Davis's hens, that were trying to sneak through the garden fence with the old rooster's spurs on. After scaring them half out of their feathers, she kept on through Mrs. Deacon Davis's cat hole, and up in the back



Aunt Patty.

chamber, where she prowled about and sniffed in all the dark corners and behind the old tea-chests and barrels.

When she was Aunt Patty she always had mistrusted whether or no Mrs. Deacon Davis hadn't some cobwebs and poke-holes out or sight, for all that she kept everything looking neat as wax on the outside.

And then the minister's son jumped with one spring on the minister's shoulder, and began to bite the minister's hair and claw off his glasses, for he liked rough ways and mischief as well as any boy, only he had to be proper because he was the minister's son.

The minister looked around solemn and dignified, a good deal astonished; and then his glasses grew rounder and rounder, and his arms grew slenderer and slenderer; and then he seemed to wink all over; and then there was a great black cat, with a white spot on his throat and a white face and four white feet, sitting in the study-chair, snapping at the flies, with one paw on a volume of Jonathan Edwards' sermons.



Aunt Patty is Herself Again.

It was a great change for the minister. But as for Mrs. Deacon Davis, she didn't seem to need to alter hardly a bit.

But as soon as ten o'clock anywhere in town struck one at the same second, all the cats turned back to people again; and you ought to have seen how surprised they were to catch themselves doing such odd things.

Aunt Patty was rummaging through the minister's wife's bureau-drawer among her best clothes; and, bad as that looked in a cat, it looked a thousand times worse in Aunt Patty, and Uncle Rodney's hat still on her head and a hoe under her arm.

Mrs. Deacon Davis was curled up asleep in the rocking-chair, and she rubbed her eyes and put her hands in the wash-tub again, and didn't know anything had happened. She wouldn't believe it now if you should tell her. Only, when her clock struck one (it was always a little slow) she felt grieved to see a few cat's hairs on her chair cushion and to find she had lost so much good time right out of the heart of the day. "But then," she thought, "my nap has rested me up completely, and with such poor health as I enjoy, I do suppose I needed it. And, all is, I must work the smarter to make up."

The minister looked astonished to find himself playing with a large brown, limp rat. "It is very extraordinary! Most remarkable!" said he. "Gloriana!" he continued, turning to the black serving-maid, who was swinging herself down from the cherry-tree, where, a moment before, she had been a black kitten, chasing a squirrel. "Gloriana! you may take this dead animal and bury the creature in the garden. It will act as a fertilizer."

And then he began to walk up and down the footpath, from the door to the gate, with his hands behind him, and to think over the heads of his next sermon.

On the whole, it was funnier when the cats became people than when the people became cats; they were so surprised and shocked to find where they were and what they were doing.

Now, you just think, some night as you are dropping off to sleep, how the folks you know, one after another, would look turning to cats, and what they would fall to doing.

The next thing, if you don't believe my story ever happened, you will be believing some story not a bit more true.



The Minister and his Son.

STRANGE PREDICTIONS

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Prof. Postel:
Dear Sir—You are certainly the most wonderful astrologer living. Every one of your predictions came true. I consider that you not only saved me from an awful death but prevented the loss of hundreds of dollars. I trust that many people will profit by your advice. Sincerely,
MISS EFFA M. TRYON.

The accuracy of recent predictions made by this eminent astrologer has caused many of his friends to believe that he possesses a supernatural power, but he modestly asserts that his predictions are due alone to a scientific understanding of natural laws. The many thankful letters Mr. Postel has received from people who have benefited by his advice furnish ample proof that he is sincere in his work and has a kindly feeling toward humanity.

Readers of this paper can obtain a reading made from their Zodiacal and ruling sign, free of charge by addressing a letter to Albert H. Postel, Dept. 1056, No. 126 West 34th street, New York. Simply say you wish a reading of your life, stating your birth, date, sex and whether married or single; also give hour of birth if possible. Please enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage and clerical work, and the reading, also a copy of Mr. Postel's booklet, "Your Destiny foretold," will be promptly sent.

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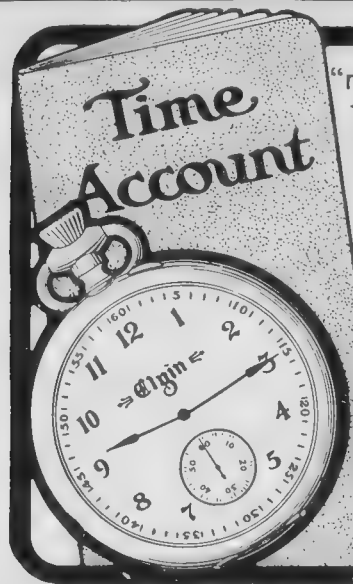
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Woman and the Home.

Where Water Runs Deep.

There is no froth where the water runs deep,
There are no fish in the foam;
'Tis true, and 'tis true in the world's far ways
And the quiet coves of home.

The gladness is not in the merry tune,
There is no smile in a laugh;
The fulness of joy lies hid in the heart,
Nor speaks in its own behalf.

You are merry and free with a passer-by,
You jest though your life be drear.
In silence the hand of a friend you grasp,
You wed your love with a tear.

Full many a favor you speed abroad—
Your due to the world expressed;
Your servant you send with charity's gift,
Your babe you hold to your breast.

The flatterer's tongue is fotsam and froth,
The beautiful moon is cold;
You are lured by the dancer's airy whirl,
Her heart is scornful and old.

There is little mind with the ready speech,
And the bold are never brave;
Only a silent and unseen force
Your wavering steps will save.

Then be not deceived by the seeming, vain,
Get the truth of things as you ram;
There is no froth where the water runs deep,
There are no fish in the foam.

Heart and Home Talks.

There is no lightener of toil like that of cultivating a love for the work that must be done in the home by associating with it the thought of the results to be obtained:

A cheerful, happy home, "the dearest spot on earth."

Appetizing, wholesome meals, that are both enjoyable and strengthening, fitting the body for its necessary activities and the brain for consecutive thought and study, the formation of high ideals, and mapping out the course to be pursued to attain them.

The mental attitude of the worker dignifies and ennobles the work and enables her to perform the most menial tasks easily and cheerfully.

Keeping in mind the idea that the many monotonous daily tasks are a part of the desirable whole which makes a comfortable, happy home for the family, a pleasant gathering place for friends and neighbors, a haven of refuge if but for the night to many a chance guest or weary traveler, will surely make the daily routine that is necessary to home-making well worth while.

There is much trying, hard work to be done in the home, scrubbing floors, cleaning attic and cellar, doing the family wash, pulling up carpets and dusting them, in short, waging a constant warfare against dirt and disorder, and if done complainingly and reluctantly the work is doubly hard. Try to do such work cheerfully, looking beyond the disagreeable task in hand to the result to be achieved, and be thereby heartened and strengthened.

And labor not beyond your strength. Yield to nature's demand for rest, turn from the work for a time to the easy chair or the couch, and a newspaper or a nap, relax utterly and rest for a while, and the work will be performed afterward in less time and with less waste of strength or effort.

It is laudable to aim at perfection—to do all things well, as well as is necessary for the comfort and well-being of the family—that of the worker included—but to work beyond one's strength or power of cheerful endurance is most unwise, and productive of discomfort and unhappiness if not ill health, which is sure to result if such misdirected effort is continued.

Aim to be a cheerful, companionable wife, and a wise and loving mother, always ready to share the husband's plans and pleasures and the children's joys and show them the right way out of their small troubles, rather than the model housekeeper who so often fails of every other duty, and whose house is so painfully neat that one scarcely dares breathe naturally lest something be displaced and give the housekeeper an attack of nervous prostration. Emulate not her, as you value your happiness.

Be not easily cast down; cultivate strong faith and hope until they become the common habit of thought and speech.

As you would have your children be, become yourself, their guide and example.

The husband's love for such a wife cannot but grow stronger as the years go by and no one in all the world can

at all compare with mother in her children's eyes.

Her ways are right ways because they lead to comfort, hope, happiness and heaven.

Simplifying Work.

Mothers of little children have so many unexpected demands made upon them that it is almost impossible for them to follow out with any regularity a system of housekeeping. But where there are no children, or the children have grown out of arms and are old enough to help, we think a carefully planned system is the best method of simplifying housekeeping.

To set aside certain days for the largest tasks that must be performed regularly, washing, ironing, baking, two days, and the regular weekly cleaning throughout the house keeps the work well in hand, and if every task is performed in the easiest and quickest manner possible, will leave the afternoons free for sewing or visiting and one entire day for catching up loose ends and making a shopping trip to town.

No one should allow herself to be bound to her system, as the galley slave to his task, for it is often best to put off some one of the special tasks until another day, but it is best to have a system and keep as closely to it as circumstances will permit with comfort.

Then we have our own easy ways of doing things. Our clothes are soaped and soaked Monday night, wrung out and put in the boiler in cold water and with plenty of cut soap. Tuesday morning, brought to a boil and boiled 15 minutes, then sudsed in plenty of water in the washing machine, put through the wringer, and rinsed in blueing water—in the washing machine also, so that they may be rinsed again to be sure that all boiling suds is removed. Sheets, tablecloths, pillow slips, towels and night dresses are hung up very straight and even, and when dry are carefully folded from the line, and very little effort is needed to iron those for everyday use, the towels and sheets being simply pressed in their folds.

We have no hardwood floors, so have carpets tacked down all through the house, downstairs, but we use a carpet sweeper daily, and a broom is needed to dust out the corners only once or twice a week. The chambers have painted floors with only small rugs before the beds and dressers that are easily shaken out of the windows.

We use a great deal of fruit on our table and we do very little pastry making, which requires so much time and labor. The children's natural taste for sweets is gratified by allowing them to make home-made candy, and we often make up the dough for a batch of cookies and let them cut out and bake them, sitting near the stove with knitting or mending to keep an eye on the process.

The children are all taught to help indoors and out, and our boys can sweep and dust a room or get a meal as well as the girls, while the girls can hitch up a team, rake hay or drive the plow or harvester as well as the boys. They enjoy working together, and often change tasks.

The Summer Vacation.

A little special planning should be given to the children's employment and enjoyment during the summer vacation months. Freed from school tasks it is not wise to give them too much freedom. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is a worn but not worn-out saying. The children should have an abundance of playtime and time for reading, but in every well regulated household every child will be required to perform certain tasks daily as his share of the work necessary for the comfort of the family, and to perform them at the same time as near as may be, faithfully and well, thus acquiring habits of promptness, perseverance, industry and neatness.

A boy is made more manly and a girl more womanly by being impressed with the importance of their regular assistance in making the home comfortable and attractive. If John must go to town on errands, and his regular work in the home be neglected or done by someone else for that day, when he returns let him know that a cog in the family wheel came near slipping without him. If Jane has been away for a visit of a day or two with a friend, when she goes about her accustomed tasks on her return tell her how much her help was missed. Nothing so much encourages us grown-ups, after all our years of experience, as to know that our work is appreciated. It is very easy to give the young people and the little people this knowledge, and to praise them should be as much a pleasure to us as to them.

The parents should plan little outings for friends with the children. Picnics, visits to friends and to town, little parties at home, no matter how simple the preparations must be—these all sweeten life and add to its joys.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

COOKING RECIPES.

Strawberry Fritters.—Beat one egg very light, and pour it into one cupful of sweet milk and add one tablespoonful of sugar. Into this dip slices of stale sponge cake cut into neat pieces. Fry in hot butter, arrange on a hot plate and heap each fritter with strawberries and sugar. Serve with cream, either plain or whipped, if preferred.

Rusks.—One cupful of lard and a little more of sugar, two eggs, one pint of warm milk, nutmeg, one cupful of yeast, flour to make a dough. Mix well and let rise. When marking these out after they have risen use a round pan, and make the first row around the outside the largest, each succeeding row smaller, ending with one big rusk in the centre.

Corn Pone.—One cupful of cornmeal, one cupful of flour, one cupful of sour milk, with a little soda, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of baking powder. Use the fine meal, not the granulated. Put sugar, flour, meal and butter together, put in the rest, and beat hard. Bake in a bread tin about half an hour.

Maine Crumpets.—One-half cupful of sugar, two-thirds cupful of shortening mixed together. Add one-half cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger and salt, one-half cupful of sour milk with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. Flour to make the consistency of cookies. Roll about one-half inch thick. Bake in quick oven.

Steamed Puffs.—Butter as many teaspoons as there are persons to be served. In the bottom of each put three tablespoonfuls of any kind of fruit, either canned or fresh. Then fill the cup two-thirds full of a batter made as follows: One and one-half cupfuls clabbered milk, a scant half teaspoonful of soda, pinch of salt and flour to make a rather stiff batter. Steam twenty-five minutes and serve with sugar and cream.

Cheese Fingers.—The cheese fingers are very quickly made and very savory. Mix one cupful of flour, one quarter teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder; rub into this two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-half cupful of grated cheese, and mix to a dough with ice water. Roll out in a thin sheet, cut in half-inch strips with a jagging iron and bake pale brown in a moderate oven.

Creamed Strawberries.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water. Add three cupfuls of boiling water, one cupful of sugar, and strain. Let the jelly set—it should be only half as firm as most jellies—then stir lightly in one quart of fine, sweetened strawberries, and one large cupful of whipped cream. Nearly fill custard glasses with this mixture and put on each a spoonful of whipped cream. Serve very cold.

Union Cake.—One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, six egg whites, one-half cupful of cornstarch, three cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of baker's extract of almond. Cream the butter, add sugar and eggs, dissolve the cornstarch in the milk, and add to the mixture. Next add the baking powder and flour sifted together, and then the flavoring extract. Bake in a moderate oven.

Baked Bananas.—Peel four bananas and cut in half lengthwise, then across, making four pieces of each. Butter a baking dish and lay in the fruit. Make a syrup of four level tablespoonfuls of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a pinch of salt, four teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and one-half cupful of hot water. Baste the bananas very often with this syrup while they are baking. Bake slowly for about half an hour, when the syrup should be quite thick. Serve hot.

Rice and Strawberries.—Boil half a cupful of well washed and dried rice in one quart of boiling water for twenty minutes. Drain it and put into a double boiler with a little salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and milk enough to cover it. Cook until the rice is thoroughly soft and the milk is all absorbed. Make a thick syrup of one cupful each of water and sugar and let it cool. In the centre of a glass dish heap strawberries, arrange the rice around them, and over the whole pour the syrup. Serve at once.

French Stew.—Put a little butter into a frying pan, and when it is hot add a sliced onion to brown. Boil carrots and turnips, cut in fancy shapes, till tender. Take some gravy from the meat joint, add to the onion, etc., and cook for a few minutes, all the carrots and turnips. Pour all on to a hot dish, garnish with sippets of toast and serve.

Corn Bread.—A very nourishing corn bread is made with a cupful of corn meal, two cupfuls of cold boiled rice, one cupful of milk, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, butter the size of an egg, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix corn meal, sugar, salt and baking powder together; add the other ingredients after melting the butter and putting the rice through the colander. Bake half an hour.

Baked Mince Roll.—This is quite a dainty dish, which can be made out of scraps of cold meat, ham or tongue, etc. Pass all the meat through a mince-meat machine and add to it a third of bread crumbs. Season this with parsley, pepper and salt. Beat an egg and work it into the mixture. Make some nice short crust, roll it out, place the meat on it, fold the pastry over so as to make a neat roll. Bake for twenty minutes and serve with thick brown sauce.

Honey Nut Sandwiches.—These are a dainty delicacy for afternoon tea. To make them, have a jar of strained golden honey, some finely chopped walnuts, almonds, pecans that were blanched before chopping and a number of the small raised quick biscuits that may be found in any first-class caterer's. After heating these by placing them in the oven in a closely covered pan, first brushing each one over the top with milk or water, split each one and spread with the honey, with which has been mixed the nuts, in the proportion of one tablespoonful of chopped nuts to each two tablespoonfuls of the honey.

Banana Float.—Take a small box of gelatine and dissolve in one teacupful of cold water one hour. Boil three pints of sweet milk and three and one-half cupfuls of sugar together. Keep out a little of the boiled milk and stir into the gelatine, then stir this into the rest of the milk and boil ten minutes. When cool stir in six bananas that have been broken to pieces with a silver fork. Mix thoroughly and set on ice. The next day, one hour before serving, take a quart of rich cream, sweeten to taste, flavor with vanilla and whip it well. Put the frozen bananas into a glass dish or bowl with the whipped cream on top.

Cherry Cake.—Pour hot water over one pound of candied cherries, let stand a moment, drain, dry in a cloth and set in the oven opening to dry. Take one-half pound crustless bread slices in as much milk as they will absorb. Add four beaten eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, four of warm butter, one-quarter pound of boiled and grated chestnuts, a dusting of cinnamon. When these ingredients are mixed well add the cherries. Pour into a buttered shallow pan, brush the top generously with butter, strew much sugar and cinnamon, and bake slowly in moderate oven. This is delicious served with chocolate.

Rhubarb Lumps of Delight.—Choose young and tender but plump stalks of rhubarb, wash, peel and cut in one and one-half inch pieces. Weigh and allow as many pounds of sugar as you have fruit. Put the sugar over the fire with one-half cupful of water allowed to each pound of sugar; bring to a boil, skim and add the thin grated yellow rind of a lemon and juice (a tablespoonful to each pound of sugar). Add the pieces of rhubarb to the boiling syrup, simmer gently, until transparent but not broken, drain, dust each lump with sugar and dry on paraffine paper in the oven or sun. Use the remaining syrup for stewing the rhubarb for immediate use.

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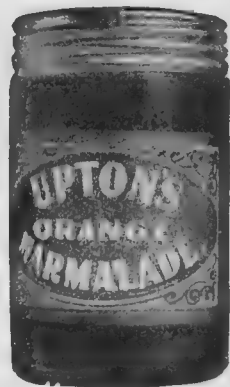
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If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 86, Windsor, Ont.

About the Farm.

The Joy of Bloom-Time.

We drove through the valley in bloom-time;
Oh, fair was the earth and new;
And through long vistas of fruit trees
The hills looked celestial blue.
We traversed the lovely valley
From the lowlands that border the bay
To the mountains uplifted in beauty
Beyond the white blossoming way.

We passed through the land in bloom-time,
It was white as the foamy sea,
And like spray up the rugged old hill-sides
Loose petals were scattering free;
While outlined in the high dim distance

Tall trees of the forest stood
That looked out on the western ocean.
That looked down on the vale and the wood;
Old trees that held lone vigil
Through days long gone like a flood—
And they caught in their lofty branches
The mists, and the winds set free,
Till they crooned to the inland valley
A song of the neighboring sea.

Homeward we wended in bloom-time
Oh, sweet was the silent night;
Home, by the few resplendent stars
And the early moon's soft light;
And all through the blowing orchards
Came the wandering evening breeze,
With odor of brine from the bay-tides
That was lost in the perfume of trees.
And we laughed and rejoiced in the bloom-time.

For the hearts of my people were glad
Of the beauty, as well as the bounty,
That comes from the hand of God.
For joy seemed the right grace to render
To Him, the Ancient of Days,
For He fashioned our lips for laughter
And attuned our hearts for praise.
Jessie F. Hutchinson.

IN THE DAIRY.

The cow is as watchful of the feed box as the man is of the dinner bell. It is a good thing to be regular with both.

The only way to tell whether or not you have a profitable milch cow is by the use of the scales and the Babcock test.

Get acquainted with your cows. Some of them may need a little petting in the way of feed and other may need restraining.

When the milk yields drop off in the middle of the milking period there is usually something wrong. It is up to you to find out what it is.

Too much skim milk makes sick calves. If you have any trouble with your calves cut down the skim milk the first thing and see if this is not where the trouble lies.

Bran is the best grain food with which to keep up milk yields in the spring before good grass comes. It is laxative in its nature and rich in protein, which makes milk.

Warts on the cow's udder may be removed by clipping them off with a sharp knife or shears. It is then a good plan to apply a little unsalted lard or oil to the sore spots until the roots soften up and drop out.

The high class dairy cow is usually a very nervous animal and anything which disorganizes her nervous system will upset the milk yields. Chasing by dogs, cross words and harsh treatment of any kind will upset her to an extent that will cost money.

Whole oats is good feed for young calves, especially to start with, as they soon get in the habit of grinding their feed. Later you can make the ration one part oats, one part bran and one part corn after the first two months. Later you can add more corn and decrease the oats and bran.

A tablespoonful of blood meal, which can be bought at any drug store, is an excellent thing for digestive disorders of the calf, to feed with the milk twice a day. Raw eggs are sometimes good for the same trouble provided you have no blood meal, but it is a good plan to buy some the next time you go to town.

Don't condemn a cow because she gets thin after milking for a long period. In fact, we never saw a good dairy cow that would not become thin after milking any considerable time. The cow to be suspicious of is the sleek, fat cow. The chances are she is putting the feed on to her back instead of into the milk pail.

A Holstein cow has broken the world's record for milk production when in seven consecutive days she produced 631.7 pounds of milk equivalent to 32.88 pounds of butter. In sixty days she produced 208.39 pounds of butter fat. Her name is Colantha 4th's Johanna. How many cows in your neighborhood will it take to produce this much butter in sixty days? Good blood tells.

In buying a milk cow don't forget to look at the udder. See that it is square and that the teats are well placed, one on each corner. A good udder is one of the best signs of production and properly shaped teats are a great gratification in milking time. Also look at the heavy veins just in front of the udder. The large, tortuous veins indicate a large blood supply and it is from this blood that the milk is taken.

Don't turn the cow out to grass too early for until the grass has lost its washy nature it makes very poor feed. It is better to keep the cows up and feed them a little grain than to compel them to draw on their own bodies in such a case, which will mean decreased milk yields. Hand raised calves should not be turned out to grass until they are at least four months old. Spring calves will do better if kept in the barn until late summer. However, they should have plenty of exercise.

We have described several times the conditions which are present when there is difficulty in getting butter to come. However, one of our readers again writes concerning her trouble in getting butter to form quickly and wishes to know what the trouble is. The trouble usually occurs when the cream is churned at the wrong temperature. Proper temperature differs from 52 to 64 degrees Fahrenheit. However, the age of the milk, the feed the cows eat and the time of lactation sometimes have something to do with it. The size of the fat globules decreases with the length of the milking period so that the milk from stripper cows doesn't churn as easily as milk from fresh cows. If we try to get the butter too quickly we sometimes spoil the quality of it. The best butter is made by churning from thirty to forty minutes and when it comes to this time, the grain and also the particles of the butter are good. In fact, the lower the temperature at which we can get butter the better the quality will be. The best creameries churn butter at a temperature of 52 degrees. Fortunately they do not have to turn the churn, which is the case of the busy housewife. There is great satisfaction, however, in good butter and it pays to take a good deal of trouble with it after we have taken the previous trouble in milking the cows and taking care of the cream.

Milk Fever.

Milk fever is one of the dread diseases which very frequently attacks the dairy cow. Most of our readers are probably familiar with this disease and know how fatal it is, as about 60 per cent. of the cases die. The symptoms of the disease occur any time from a few hours to a week after calving. The symptoms are indicated by a feverish condition, uneasiness, refusing food, neglect of the calf and general indications of misery. The animal soon lies down and seldom arises. Internal medicines are practically useless. However, the one remedy which has proven very successful is that known as the air treatment, which has been the means of saving many cows. In fact, if taken in time it will cure practically all cases. Air is injected into the udder by means of an air pump through a sterilized tube. There are several instruments made for treating such cases. Sometimes, in emergencies ordinary bicycle pumps have been used with good success, although there is some danger from infection. The next time your cattle have the milk fever get your veterinarian or some experienced dairymen to try this treatment. The disease very rarely appears in heifers or cows that are light milkers but invariably attacks animals that are heavy milkers. It is commonly supposed that the cow being too fat before freshening or having been forced too much brings on a predisposition to the disease.

Keeping Milk Sweet.

Care and cleanliness are the great essentials in keeping milk in good condition. The paying attention to the little details makes the difference between good milk and poor milk. W. J. Fraser of the Illinois Experiment Station gives the following suggestions in regard to this matter:

Keep the cows clean and do not compel or allow them to wade and live in filth. This means clean yards and clean, well-bedded stalls. Everything short of this is absolutely repulsive and should not be tolerated any longer in a civilized community.

Stop the filthy habit known as wetting

the teats, by which is meant the drawing of a little milk into the hand with which to wet the teats before and during milking, leaving the excess of filthy milk in the pail.

Wash all utensils clean by first using lukewarm water, afterwards washing in warm water, and rinsing in an abundance of boiling water, then exposing until the next using in direct sunlight, which is a good sterilizer.

Use milk pails, cans, etc., for no other purpose but to hold milk.

Keep out of these utensils all sour or tainted milk, even after they have been used for the day. Using them for this purpose at any time infects them so badly that no amount of washing is likely to clean them. Bacteria are invisible, and millions can find lodging in the thin film of moisture that remains after the dishes are apparently clean.

Poultry Pointers.

A clean coop, good food and freedom from lice make healthy, vigorous chicks.

Place the coop containing the June chicks in a shady place where they will be comfortable and grow fat during the hot weather.

Do not use close, stuffy coops during warm weather. Make them as open as possible so that the air may circulate freely in them.

Overfeeding in hot weather is a prolific source of trouble, both with mature fowls and with chicks. Neither should have more at each meal than will be consumed within a short time.

At this season of the year young ducks that are four weeks old need no shelter except from the sun and rain. Open sheds or simply water-tight roofs set on posts are sufficient.

Feeding a wet mash to little chicks will almost invariably cause bowel trouble. If moistened mash is fed at all it should be so dry that it is crumbly and not fed more than twice a day.

If the chicks appear droopy look for the big head lice that bore into their heads frequently with lard in which is not, it is wise to grease the chicks' heads frequently with lard in which is mixed a very little carbolic acid.

Be sure that none of the fowls in the breeding yard become too fat or too thin; a condition of medium flesh and good health is required for the best results.

Give fresh water at least twice each day in clean dishes and thoroughly scald the dishes with boiling water once a week. Dirty drinking dishes are one of the best means of spreading diseases among members of a flock.

Any of the leading brands of prepared chick feed sold by poultry supply dealers are economical and satisfactory for feeding the June broods. These feeds are made of dry, small grains with a small per cent. of meat scraps added and are fed dry.

Little turkeys, or poults as they are called, should be fed entirely on dry foods. Any of the leading brands of dry grain chick foods on the market are excellent for the purpose. After the poults are ten days old they require some meat food, like high grade beef scraps. If they are free on the farm they will obtain this meat food in the fields.

The young of all kinds of poultry, including ducks, geese and turkeys, will grow faster and be healthier if provided with clean, well-ventilated sleeping quarters and allowed to run on fresh, clean grassy sod in the day time. The coops should be moved to a new location every morning so that the ground in front will be clean, fresh and wholesome. Good food and careful feeding will not produce the best results if coops and runs are not sanitary.

In hot weather all kinds of vermin multiply rapidly and to keep them from gaining a start all fowls, especially hens and chicks, should be dusted occasionally with some lice-killing powder, sufficient quantity being used to fill the plumage. Little chicks should have their heads greased with some ointment made for the purpose or with lard to kill the large head lice which sometimes kill the youngsters if allowed to flourish.

Preserving Eggs.

In June when the price of eggs is low the thrifty housewife should "put down" eggs to be used during the late fall and winter months when the price of fresh eggs will be always prohibitive. Various methods are recommended for this purpose, some of which are very successful, while others are seldom or never satisfactory. Some methods which are recommended as reliable will not keep eggs so well as they will keep with no other treatment than stor-

ing in a cool, dry, well-ventilated cellar. In this connection the results of a score of experiments conducted recently in Germany may be interesting.

These experiments lasted eight months, at the end of which time the eggs were examined and their condition noted. In one experiment the eggs were preserved in brine (nothing said regarding the make-up of the brine) and all eggs proved undesirable, having a strong taste of the liquid in which they were immersed. In a second experiment the eggs were wrapped in paper and eighty per cent. proved useless as food. Of those preserved in a solution of salicylic acid and glycerine, only twenty per cent. were fit for use. Of those rubbed with salt, packed in bran, dipped in paraffine and varnished with a solution of glycerine and salicylic acid, thirty per cent. were of satisfactory quality at the end of the experiment. In one experiment the eggs were placed in boiling water for twelve to fifteen seconds to sterilize them; fifty per cent. of those were useless. The same per cent. of the eggs treated with a solution of alum and fifty per cent. of those treated with a solution of salicylic acid were spoiled. A number were varnished with water glass, some with collodion and others with shellac; of the eggs used in these three experiments, forty per cent. were found useless. Eighty per cent. of those packed in peat dust and the same per cent. of those packed in woodashes were found reasonably good. The same results were obtained from experiments in which eggs were treated with a solution of boric acid and water glass and with a solution of permanganate of potash. In one lot of eggs which were varnished with vaseline all were found to be good. Those preserved in lime water and also those immersed in a water glass solution were found practically perfect for use as food.

The German authorities in charge of these experiments recommended the water glass solution for the purpose more highly than any of the other methods which proved satisfactory. The use of vaseline as a varnish requires too much time because every egg must be varnished separately. The lime water preservative was found to impart to the eggs a slightly disagreeable taste.

In preparing the water glass solution one should be careful to obtain a high grade water glass, which is sodium silicate, which is best for the purpose when purchased as a heavy liquid appearing somewhat like a syrup.

One part of this by weight should be mixed with nine parts of water by weight, the water having previously been boiled and cooled. For keeping eggs a longer period than eight months a twelve per cent. solution of water glass should be used instead of the ten per cent.

An earthen jar is the best receptacle for this preservative, though a clean wooden keg or barrel is fairly satisfactory. Barrels that have been used to contain sugar, molasses or any substance of that kind should not be used until thoroughly burnt out, for any foreign substance will cause a deterioration of the water glass which means that the eggs will be spoiled.

Do Farmers Sell Too Much.

It is often stated that farmers "skimp" their family tables in order to market greater quantities of fruit, milk, cream, butter, eggs and poultry. If this is true in any instance, there can be no greater mistake. At the prices for which the farmer must sell such products and buy other food supplies there is nothing gained, and much is lost, in health, comfort and enjoyment.

Milk, cream, butter and eggs, freely used, supply in better and cheaper form the same elements as meat. A too concentrated diet of bread, pastry, potatoes and meat is not conducive to good health, in fact, is really the cause of many ailments. Less of these should be used and more fruit, vegetables, milk, cream and eggs. If the farmer's children are thin, scrawny and heavy eyed, it is because too much of the farm produce goes to market. The farm's best products are the rosy-cheeked, happy-faced boys and girls, which can be raised only on a nourishing diet. Much more study should be devoted to their food and care and sleeping quarters than to that of any other of the farm "stock." And it will pay better in the end.

Teach the boys and girls how to do business by taking them to town and all around with you on your business errands, and send them alone occasionally to do the family marketing, shopping, etc. Experience is the best teacher—give them a little experience while yet in your guidance and it will help them through all the after years.

If you would keep your sons and daughters on the farm, make the home pleasant and the farm work interesting and profitable for them as well as yourself. In short, take them into business as partners, not as drudges or slaves.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without pain. What it has done once it will do again.



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The dairyman's gold is cream; the skim-milk his principal "by-product." To get all the profit he must use an

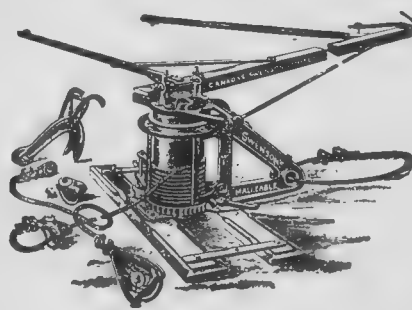
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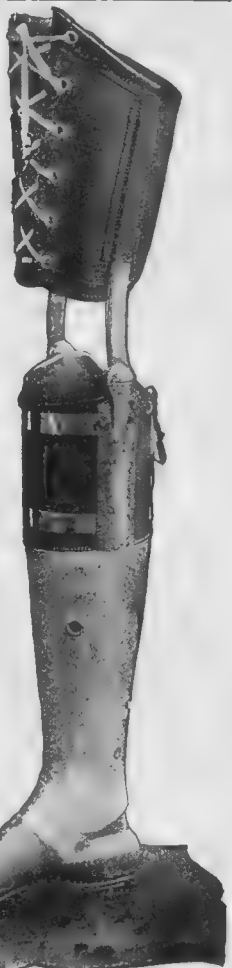
To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

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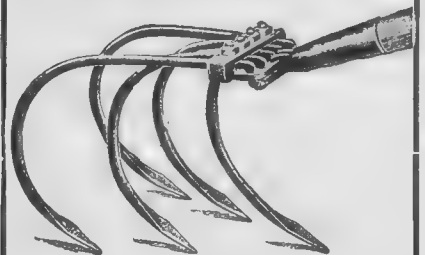
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Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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In Lighter vein.

Behind the Footlights.

Some provincial touring companies make a profit from their audiences in more ways than one.

Such a company was playing "The Broken Vow" in a small town in Manitoba.

The audience didn't appreciate the performance, and eggs, cabbages, and potatoes rained upon the stage with striking persistency.

Still the play went on. The hero raved and tore his hair, dodging the bouquets of turnips that were also forced upon him.

Finally, a gallery auditor, in a paroxysm of rage, hurled a heavy boot, and the actor, thoroughly alarmed, started to retreat.

"Keep on playing, you fool!" hissed the manager from the wings as he hooked in the boot with an umbrella. "Keep on till we get the other one!"

An Important Person.

There are not a few men who fancy that because they are persons of wealth and consequence they are exempt from the duties of the ordinary citizen. A man of this sort was drawn to serve upon a jury, and did not appear when his name was called in court. The Court ordered that he be fined five pounds.

About half an hour afterward the man appeared in the court-room to answer tardily to his name.

"You have been fined five pounds for non-attendance," said the judge.

"But I had a very important business engagement," said the man.

"Did you suppose that that an engagement would excuse you for not answering the summons of the Court?" asked the judge, rather angrily.

The juror, who was a pompous man with an important air began to grow indignant at being addressed in this way.

"I would have your honor understand," he exclaimed, "that I am one of the most prominent business men in this community!"

"Oh! In that case," said the judge, quietly, "you will be able to stand a larger fine. Mr. Clerk, you will increase this gentleman's fine for non-attendance to ten pounds!"

A Mighty Country.

An Irish contractor in San Francisco sent to Ireland for his father to join him. The journey was a great event to the old man, who had lived in rural districts all his life, and he reached San Francisco much excited.

After several days of sight-seeing his son resumed his business, and suggested that his father should visit the Presidio.

"The Presidio, father, is the Government reservation for the soldiers—a fine bit of park, and you'll enjoy yourself."

At the end of a strenuous day the old man stood gazing at the big buildings, comparing them with the small huts of his old home. Seeing a soldier near he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Me bye, phwat's that string of houses forninst us?"

"Why, those are the officers' quarters."

"And that wan with the big smoke-stack?"

"That's the cook's shanty."

"Shanty, is it? Well, 'tis a great country! 'Tis palaces they're using."

The young man offered to show him the new gymnasium. On the way the sundown gun was discharged just as they passed. The old man, much startled, caught his companion's arm.

"Phwat's that now?"

"Sundown," replied his friend, smiling.

"Sundown, is it? Think of that, now! Don't the sun go down with a terrible bump in this country?"

Very Smart.

Strange to say, when a bottle is full it is possible to put still more in it. At a certain race-course a sharper wagered a sovereign he could put more water into a black bottle than any person present. An onlooker immediately accepted the challenge, filled a bottle with water, and passed it to the sharper, saying:—

"There, I think she's as full as she can hold. If you crowd any more water into her, mister, I'll pay up."

Without saying another word, the sharper corked the bottle tightly. Then he turned it upside down, and in the hollow that is found in most large bottles he poured about a gill of water.

"I'll trouble you to hand over the money," he said to the other man when he had done the trick.

He received the stakes, and coolly walked off.

Correct.

"Who can tell me who our first President was?" asked the teacher in a Chicago school.

"George Washington," instantly answered a bright boy.

"George Washington was our first President," replied the teacher, "and this is what you should have said. Never reply to such questions in monosyllables. Now, who can tell me what I have on my feet?"

"Shoes," spoke up one boy.

"You have not answered correctly. Who can answer that question in a correct manner?"

"Stockings," suggested another boy.

"No, no, no! That is not the way."

At this a boy in a back seat began to wave his hand eagerly.

"Well, what have I on my feet, Johnnie?"

"Corns," replied Johnnie, triumphantly.

The Intelligent Goat.

Three colored men were discussing the intelligence of different animals. One favored the dog; another, the horse; but old Peter Jackson said, "In my opinion de goat am de 'telligentest critter livin'." De goat kin read, I saw him do it. Once I wuz walkin' down street dressed in mah suit, an' wearin' mah new plug hat. When I got down on de main street, I seed a billbo'd on which it said: 'Chew Jackson's Plug.' A goat wuz standin' thar when I passed an' when I wuz about ten feet away he must hab recognized me, for the next thing I knew, I went sailin' in de mud. When I looked 'roun' dat goat wuz chewin' mah plug hat for all he wuz worth. Gem'men, da is no question in mah mind about de 'telligence ob de goat. He am a wondah.

The Useful Wish-Bone.

It was at the Thanksgiving dinner, and the little daughter of the house had partaken of the turkey with great freedom.

"I want some more turkey," said Frances.

"I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," said Frances' mamma.

"I wan't more." And Frances pouted.

"You can't have more now; but here is a wish-bone that you and mamma can pull. That will be fun. You pull one side, and I will pull the other; and whoever gets the longer end can have her wish come true. Why, baby, you've got it. What was your wish, Frances?"

"I wish for some more turkey," said Frances, promptly.

She got it this time.

A Foregone Conclusion.

"Pa, what is a foregone conclusion?"

"Something that you know will

happen before it does. For instance, it's a foregone conclusion that if your mother should come into this room now and see me with my feet cocked up and my cigar going nicely, as you see me, she would immediately think of something that — Ah, here she comes! Listen!"

"Henry," she said, "I wish you'd see if you can't do something to the dining-room window. I can't get it up or down. And when you get that fixed oil the hinge on the kitchen-door. It squeaks terribly."

Gun in the Way.

During the Spanish war the men of a certain New York regiment, recruited on the East Side, were spoiling for a fight and it became necessary to post a sentry to preserve order. A big, husky Bowery recruit, of pugilistic propensities, was put on guard outside, and given special orders to see that quiet reigned, and, if trouble came his way, not to lose possession of his rifle. Soon a general row began. The soldier walked his post nervously, without interrupting, until the corporal of the guard appeared on the scene with reinforcements. "Why didn't you stop this row?" shouted the corporal. The sentry, balancing his rifle on his shoulder, raised his arms to the boxing position, and replied: "Shure, phat could I do wid this gun in me hands!"

How it Happened.

"If yo' will dess puhmit me to specify a word or two, Pahson," respectfully said a stranger who had entered Ebenezer Chapel just before the beginning of the sermon. "I'll take pleasure in infawmin' de brudren and sistahs yuh dissembled dat Puhsiding Eldah Fishback enawmously regrets dat he can't be wid yo' all today, as expected, uh-kaze why, he's dead."

"Muh name am Magoon—Brudder 'Lonzo Magoon, yo' mought call it fum over beyant Timpkinsville; and Eldah descended upon muh household yisto'day, and we had chicken potpie, squinch p'serves, baked shoat and mince pie for d'inner, and somehow or nudder in her zeal, muh wife—fine a lady as dere is in de land, to!—she took and anonymously put hoss-liniment stiduh brandy into de mince-meat, and it killed de Eldah plumb dead! 'Twuz a glorious death, and he met it half way! And I s'p'ications all de rest of us would be dis minute uh-walkin' on de glory-lit hills of immawtality hand in hand wid de Eldah, if 'twuzn't for de fact dat de good man beat us to dat 'ar pie. Yaas!—he beat us to it. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank yo' fo' yo' attenshun!"

It Got Mixed.

In small newspaper offices in remote country places, where the "copy" goes direct from the editor to the compositor, without the formality of "licking into shape," the need of a proofreader is often felt. For example, in a certain provincial office, a short time ago, the printer in "making up" the paper got the galleys mixed.

The first part of the obituary of a townsman had been dumped into the forms, and the next handful of type came from a galley in which was a description of a fire. The country folk were much startled when they came to the paragraph which read thus:

"The pall-bearers lowered the body to the grave. It was consigned to the flames. There were few, if any, regrets, for the old wreck had been an eyesore to the town for years. Of course, there was individual loss, but that was fully covered by insurance."

Finding a Horseshoe.

There is a man who has a very poor idea of the horseshoe as a bringer of good luck.

"I found one in the road some time ago," he remarked. "As a matter of fact, another old gentleman found it also about the same time. We both

wanted it, and there was a tussle for it.

"I got the shoe, a black eye, a torn finger from a rusty nail in the shoe, and a summons for assault and battery.

"It wasn't a very good start, but I thought I'd give it a fair trial. Of course, in nailing the shoe above the front door I managed to smash my thumb and fall from the step-ladder.

"Then I sat down and waited for the luck to begin. That shoe seemed to be endowed with the power to attract trouble in every form.

"Duns, bailiffs, the landlord, measles, and poverty were rarely out of the house, and my faith was shaken.

"Then one day, when a rate-collector was standing on the top step, that shoe came down with a crash."

"Ah!" interrupted a sympathizer. "Luck at last!"

"Not a bit of it," sighed the unlucky one. "It missed him by a foot."

"Safely Invested."

"Tell yer what, John," said a farmer just returned from London, to his son; "I've been an idiot to let my money stay in th' savings bank at 2½ per cent. all these years, when they pay 5 per cent in London."

"I don't believe they pay so much interest!" said John, with a determined air.

"Oh, yer don't, Mr. Smarty, don't yer? Well, I've just lent £20 at that very rate to-day. I'll tell you how I done it. I met a young man in front of the Mansion House, and he says to me, says he: 'Sir, I would like to borrow £20, for which I will pay 5 per cent interest.'

"But," says I, 'I don't know you, and how am I to tell that you will pay me the interest?' 'If you doubt me, sir,' says he, 'I will pay you 5 per cent. in advance.'

"Well, that looked safe enough, so I gave him two £10 notes, and he paid me 20s. back for the interest right on the spot. I'm to meet him at the same place every year and get the interest. I tell you what, John; it makes me wild to think what I've lost all these years."

Then There Was Silence.

The west-bound omnibus was crowded, and the occupants were listening with delighted interest to the "high-toned" conversation of two stylishly dressed ladies, one of whom was accompanied by a very small boy.

Soon every one around knew, without asking, that one of the ladies had recently moved into "a larger house, farther west."

"Do you know, dear," she was saying, "we had such a trying time getting things into order on the last occasion we removed, that this time we just handed the house over to—" (naming a fashionable firm of house furnishers) "and they did everything. My husband and I went touring on the Continent until things were in order."

Here confidences were interrupted by "sonny" shouting: "Oh mummy, look!"

"He is such an observant child. What is it?" she continued.

"See," he cried, pointing to a smartly-groomed individual on the pavement. "there's the man who comes every week for the furniture money."

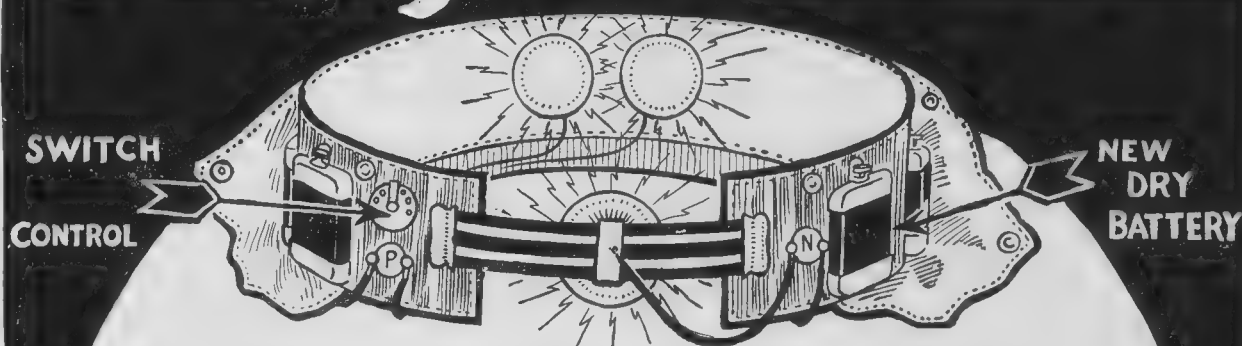
Scot and Cabman.

A Scotsman arrived at Euston Station one day by a noon train and gravely asked a cabman if he could drive him to catch a train at Waterloo Station at four o'clock. Cabby, after much cogitation, thought he could do it in the time. The traveller got inside, and for three hours and fifty minutes that cabman drove the man from the North by devious ways across London. When he was set down at Waterloo the Scotsman sought a policeman.

"What's the fare from Euston?" he asked.

"One-and-six," was the response. "Here," said the canny one, "will you kindly settle with the cabman while I get my ticket?"

Simply Marvellous



Throw away that old Vinegar Belt!

It's a nuisance, and it won't cure you. It must be constantly renewed, and it can't generate enough electricity to do any permanent, lasting good. Dr. Lorenz's Body Battery is the new—the better—the only **home** way to cure disease by electricity. This marvellous invention is as great an improvement over the antiquated "vinegar belts", as the modern reaper and binder is, over the ancient scythe.

Dr. Lorenz's Electro Body Battery

is the only appliance that supplies a slow, steady current of electricity of any desired strength direct to the parts of organs affected. Dr. Lorenz's Body Battery generates, in actual volts and amperes, **ten times as much power** as is given off by the strongest "vinegar" belt. This battery requires **no charging**. It is always ready, and gives a current strong enough to **light an electric lamp**.

Electricity is health. Whether you suffer with Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago—Indigestion, Dyspepsia or Constipation—Liver, Kidney or Bladder Trouble—Nervousness, Sleeplessness or Headaches—Weakness or Failing Vitality—get one of Dr. Lorenz's Body Batteries and regain your health, strength and vigor. **Sold on easy payments if desired.**

Health is in your grasp. Don't delay. Write at once for our booklets and easy payment plan, so you can find out all about this wonderful new invention that cures disease, and how easily you may own one.

"Victor" Electric Body Appliance Mfg. Company,
127 Victoria Street, Toronto, Canada.

3

GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

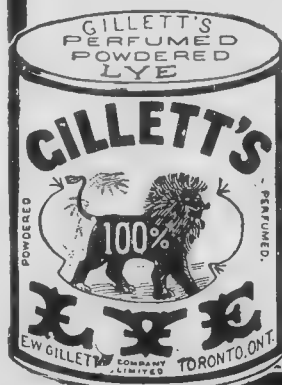
CAUTION.

Put a strong glass on the label and examine it closely every time. Always look for the name "**Gillett's**."

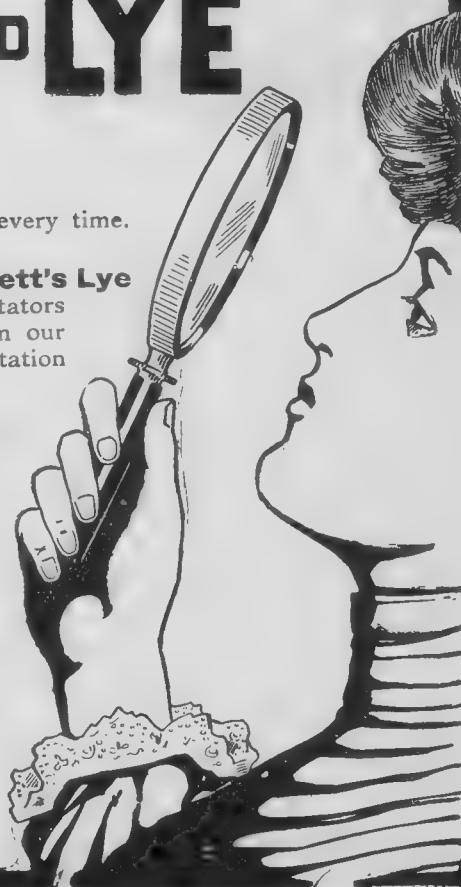
Like all good articles, which are extensively advertised, **Gillett's Lye** is frequently and very closely imitated. In some instances the imitators have actually copied directions and other printed matter from our label word for word. Be wise, and refuse to purchase imitation articles for they are never satisfactory.

Insist On Getting Gillett's Lye

and decline to accept anything that looks to be an imitation or that is represented to be "just as good" or "better," or "the same thing." In our experience of over fifty years in business we have never known of an imitation article that has been a success, for imitators are not reliable people. At the best the "just as good" kinds are only trashy imitations, so decline them with thanks every time.



E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.



DON'T BUY GASOLINE ENGINES UNTIL YOU INVESTIGATE. "THE MASTER WORKMAN," a two-cylinder gasoline, kerosene or alcohol engine, superior to any one-cylinder engine; revolutionizing power. Its weight and bulk are half that of single cylinder engines, with greater durability. Costs Less to Buy—Less to Run. Quickly, easily started. Vibration practically overcome. Cheaply mounted on any wagon. It is a combination portable, stationary or traction engine. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. THE TEMPLE PUMP CO., Mfrs., Meagher and 15th Sts., Chicago. THIS IS OUR FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR.



Comfort In Working Boots

A man cannot work when his shoes pinch—when a seam rubs against his toes until it makes a corn—when a wrinkle chafes his foot constantly. With the end in view of getting away from these defects so common in many working boots we have produced the Amherst. This boot is Blucher made, of soft grain leather, on the roomy, comfortable last shown above, with even seams. Entirely made of solid leather, it guarantees durability, stability and long service—at \$3.00 a more economical working boot cannot be made. We deliver them to you prepaid for \$3.00 Send to-day.

Geo. H. Anderson & Co.,
Port Arthur, Ontario

MILBURN'S

LAXA LIVER PILLS

Are a combination of the active principles of the most valuable vegetable remedies for diseases and disorders of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

CURE CONSTIPATION

Sick Headache, Jaundice, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Dizziness, Blisters and Pimples.

CURE BILIOUSNESS

Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Water Brash, Liver Complaint, Sallow or Muddy Complexion.

CLEAN COATED TONGUE

Sweeten the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system. Price 25c. a bottle or 5 for \$1.00. All dealers or THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Every Boy Wants

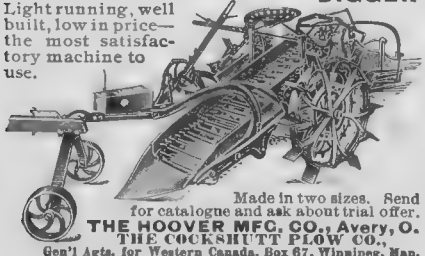
A WATCH and CHAIN FREE

For selling 25 copies of that popular illustrated monthly, the "Canadian Pictorial" at 10 cents each. Send us the \$2.50 and you get a guaranteed Ingersoll Watch, stem wind, stem set, and a serviceable Chain. Watch alone for selling 20. Other premiums—all good. Everyone likes the "Pictorial." It "sells at sight." Beautiful glossy paper. Over 1,000 square inches of exquisite pictures in each issue. Many worth framing. Send no money, but drop us a postcard, and we will forward supply of "Pictorials" also premium list and full instructions. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the "Canadian Pictorial," "Witness" Block, Montreal.

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The HOOVER POTATO DIGGER

Light running, well built, low in price—the most satisfactory machine to use.



Made in two sizes. Send for catalogue and ask about trial offer.
THE HOOVER MFG. CO., Avery, O.
THE COCKSHUTT FLOW CO.,
Gen'l Agts. for Western Canada, Box 67, Winnipeg, Man.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

There are nearly 2,700 crossing-sweepers in London.

In the British Army to-day there are 44,000 teetotal soldiers.

Every year fully 20,000 of the population of India are killed by snake bites.

Probably not one person in a hundred knows which is the largest city in the British Empire. It is Bombay.

The collection of palms in Kew Gardens, London, is much larger than any other in the world, nearly 500 species being represented.

Oxford is the largest University in the world; it has twenty-one colleges and five halls.

In Portugal married women retain their maiden names and are always known by them.

On one of four type-setting machines which have just been installed in the printing department of the Vatican, the Pope has set up ten lines.

It was stated that during the hearing of a divorce case at Detroit that a girl had offered a wife £1,000 for her husband, and that the wife had accepted the offer.

A legacy of £10,000 was devised by a London merchant to Mr. George Elmy, a clerk who had been in his employ for forty years. On the eve of the fortune the good and faithful servant died of heart disease.

The largest and heaviest building stone ever quarried in Britain was taken from the Plankington bed near Norwich. It was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed over thirty-five tons.

According to the official returns for the year ending Easter, 1907, issued by the Convocations of Canterbury and York, the voluntary offerings made to the Church of England by her members reached the munificent sum of £7,462,244.

On the Belgian State Railways all the newspapers left in the train belong to the Government. They are sent to the paper mills, made into pulp, and serve afterwards as railway tickets. Over 100 tons of newspapers are collected every year.

Birds can eat and digest from ten to thirty times as much food in proportion to their size as men can.

If a man could eat as much in proportion to his size as a sparrow is able to consume he would need a whole sheep for dinner, a couple of dozen chickens for breakfast, and six turkeys for his evening meal.

Curious Mine.—One of the most curious mines in the world is in Tongking, China, where, in a sand formation, at a depth of from 14ft. to 20ft., there is a deposit of the stems of trees. The Chinese work this mine for the timber, which is found in good condition, and is used for making coffins and troughs, and for carving and other purposes.

Fish Trade Statistics.—Fish to the value of £8,163,000 was landed in England and Wales in the past year, as compared with £7,965,000 in 1906. The total weight of wet fish was 14,001,000 cwt., against 12,194,000 cwt. in 1906, whilst there were in addition 35,874,000 oysters, 4,676,000 crabs, 495,000 lobsters, and 553,000 cwt. of other shellfish.

No member of the British Royal Family in the direct line can legally marry without the consent of the Crown.

The smallest salary paid to the head of a civilized government is £3 a year to the President of the Republic of Andorra, in the Pyrenees.

—Mr. James Martin, of Wilmington, Delaware, still rides to hounds, although he is ninety-three years old.

"Tip-Up" Seats in Church.—The Woodlands Road Wesleyan Chapel, Middlesborough, which has just been opened, is provided with "tip-up" seats similar to those in use in theatres.

One-Man Parish Council.—The Rev. Allan Coates, of Barsham, Suffolk, who has acted for four years as the parish council, has been reappointed by the county council for a further term of three years.

The smallest woman in the world has passed away at Chicago. This was Maggie Minnott, whose years were thirty-two, while her inches were but twenty-seven and her weight 31 lbs.

Child Who Speaks Seven Languages.—A ten-year-old girl named Minna Weisbein has astonished the United States immigration authorities by her ability to speak and read Russian, Polish, French, German, Italian Spanish and English.

Record Courtship.—A Swiss couple have recently married after a courtship of forty-five years. They became engaged in their teens, but the young man vowed to make £10,000 before asking the young lady to marry him. While he was making his pile in America nearly 3,000 love letters passed between them.

Brains in Jars.—The world's largest single collection of anthropological specimens, accumulated during more than half a century is in Washington. It includes between 4,000 and 5,000 identified skulls and skeletons of human beings, sixty mounted skeletons, and nearly 200 brains. The last named are arranged in special jars, placed upon tiers of shelves, and include some specimens of rare value. Among them are the only two American Indian brains in preservation; also those of five wild gibbons, and a perfect brain of a male full-grown American bison.

Probably the oldest man alive is Hadji Raouf, who lives in Constantinople, and is said to be 132 years old. He still works at his profession as a saddle-maker, and has never left the house he was born in. His father is believed to have lived to the age of 142.

Rector Knits Scarves.—All the children of the Church Sunday School at Lytchett Matravers have each been presented by the rector with a woolen scarf knitted by himself. Being unable, through failing sight, to read or write by artificial light, the rev. gentleman has in this way found occupation during the long and dark winter evenings.

A Fence of 2,036 Miles.—After five years' work Australia's great transcontinental rabbit-proof fence has been completed. Its length is 2,036 miles, the cost of its erection has been nearly £250,000. It is furnished at intervals of five miles with systems of traps, in which hundreds of rabbits are captured and destroyed daily. Inside the barrier there seems as yet no trace of their presence.

Roumania is the most illiterate country in Europe. The last census shows that in a population of about 6,000,000 nearly 4,000,000 neither read nor write.

On the new Holland-America liner there will be a palm court and a fish pond from which the passengers will be able to select their fish for cooking.

Denmark is a land of small farms. It contains 224,000 land owners, more than half of whom do not have more than one acre; 96,000 less than four acres each. Only 2,000 have more. These small land owners are in the poultry business.

The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its temple of serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upwards of 1,000 serpents of all sizes. These they feed with birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

Robert Womack, who discovered Cripple Creek, the world's greatest gold camp, and sold his claim for £125, is reported to be living on charity at Colorado Springs, and a subscription for his relief has been started. The camp has yielded £59,500,000 in gold since 1901.

The Chicago Pullman Car Co. recognizes the value of politeness as a business asset. The Company has just distributed the sum of £175,000 amongst its conductors and porters who have been reported upon as showing proper courtesy to the company's customers during the past year. A sum equivalent to a month's pay has been sent to each man.

An English farm hand, seventy-two years old, has been granted a pension for services in the Crimean war, fifty years ago. He was in the British artillery, served in the trenches, was in the midst of the fighting around Sevastopol, and volunteered to nurse the dying soldiers in the cholera camps. He will hereafter draw the tremendous pension of \$5.40 a month.

Big Profits on Margarine.—So large is the profit resulting from the sale of margarine as butter that it was stated at a meeting of the Middlesex County Council, England, some shopkeepers are willing to run the risk of being fined. The council were informed that in some cases shopkeepers were making from £16 to £17 a week profit, and the fraud was most prevalent in the poorer districts.

Butchers' Boys Form A Guard of Honor.—Butchers' boys in white aprons and overalls formed a guard of honor at the wedding of Mr. Barker and Mr. Bashford, at Reigate, England. When the ceremony was over they strewed their aprons on the path for the newly-married couple to walk over. A stalwart butcher drove the carriage, and two others, with shin bones dangling from their sides, acted as footmen.

Beer Label as Deed Stamp.—An amusing instance of the use of trade labels is reported from a Crown Colony in West Africa. A Commissioner asked a dusky chief to produce his copy of a trading agreement, and was amused to find that the "honest" trader who had secured the trading concession from the chief had detached a label from a beer bottle of a well-known firm and affixed it to the agreement as a government stamp.

An amusing story is told of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland when she was quite a little child. Her Majesty was not allowed to share dinner with the elder members of the royal household, but was permitted to make her appearance at dessert and place herself beside some particular favorite. One day she sat by a courtly old general, and after eating some fruit the little girl turned and gazed up at him. Presently she exclaimed:

"I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me."

"On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my future Queen," replied the old general. "But why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woebegone expression the little Queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all of them down with it!"

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of her childish treble.

Provide pure water for bees. If you fail they will find it, even if they must go to a stagnant pool. Direct sunshine falling upon the hive is not only hard on the bees but frequently melts the wax.

Millionaire Clergyman.—The Rev. Francis Paynter, of Guildford, was the only millionaire clergyman in this country. He gave directions that he should be buried in a wicker coffin in his grave at Stoke-next-Guildford, and that his body should be borne to the grave by his own men-servants, each of whom should receive £1 for such service.

Seventy-Five Years with One Firm.—Mr. George Ashworth, of Rawtenstall, Lancs who has just completed his eighty-sixth year, has worked continuously for Messrs. Hardman Brothers at Newhallhey Woollen Mills, Rawtenstall, for a period of seventy-five years, and is still in the same employment. He is now engaged as foreman fulling miller at these mills.

Swallowed Her Diamonds.—Mrs. Lizzie Good, of Oakland, California, swallowed two diamond earrings to recover possession of them from Dr. Adam Lyon, to whom she had entrusted them as security for £25—fees for medical services. Dr. Lyon had the woman arrested, but she was released later on the advice of his attorney, who said it would be impossible to convict her of a crime.

Married to a Bunch of Flowers.—In India, with its teeming and poverty-stricken myriads, parents often find it no easy task to marry off their daughters, for a wife has to be bought by the suitor. Widows are cheap, and when a father finds his daughter getting on in years, he makes a widow of her by the simple process of marrying her to a bunch of flowers. When the flowers are dead, she is technically a widow, and can be offered at a bargain price.

Operation on Leopard's Tail.—A novel surgical operation has just been performed on a leopard in Paris. The animal recently, while eating his dinner, also bit his tail; gangrene set in, and it became necessary to amputate a portion of the tail to save his life. The leopard was lassoed, thrown on his back, a piece of soft wood was given him to gnaw, and while held by ten men the veterinarian proceeded with the removal of a portion of the tail and cauterized the wound. The animal roared considerably, but the operation was declared successful.

A Club for Dandy Dogs.—There has just been opened in one of London's fashionable streets a toilet club for dogs. Here the pets of the smart set can have their hair dressed and their coats trimmed to immaculate perfection. For three shillings they can be bathed. If their teeth are imperfect they can be stopped or extracted, and if their claws protrude too far they can be daintily manicured. Thus groomed according to the Mayfair mode, their coats put on, and their goggles attached, these exquisite creatures are taken for their afternoon motor ride.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.



Baby's Own Soap—Best
for Baby and best for you

For preventing chapped hands;
For making the skin soft and smooth;
For keeping the complexion free from blemishes—
Nothing can take the place of Baby's Own Soap.

The fragrant creamy lather of Baby's Own Soap is permeated with minute globules of refined vegetable oils, which heal the skin and keep it soft and smooth.

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, MFRS., MONTREAL.

BACKACHE!

The Remedy Free Until Cured.
No Drugs, Plasters or Liniments



Nearly every disease gives its first warning through the kidneys or the nerve and muscular centre at the "small of the back." Of all first symptoms this is the most important, but unfortunately the most neglected. There is hardly a case of breaking down of the general system or of any of the organs which does not give decided and repeated warnings through lame or weak back. Never was the old proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine," more truly exemplified than in this instance. Could I apply my remedy to every man with lame back in its first stages, all the deplorable consequences this symptom warns you of, such as Debility, Loss of Manhood, Varicocele, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Kidney, Liver and Stomach troubles, etc., could be easily prevented and cured. The causes of backache are so many and varied that I have not space to discuss them in this advertisement, but this you may be sure of; some part of your organism is in distress, and is calling for help—calling for strength. Plasters and liniments are at best only a temporary relief. The cure must be more deep-reaching than this. The natural remedy is Electricity. I have applied it successfully for nearly forty years, and I have a very simple proposition to make to all sufferers, It is this: I will give you my world-famed Herculex

Dr. Sanden Electric Belt Free Until Cured

You need not pay one cent in advance or on deposit. When cured pay me the usual price of the Belt—in some cases as low as \$5. If not cured or satisfied, return the belt and the transaction is closed. You yourself will be the judge. Discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way.

There is no deception about this offer. It is a straightforward business proposition. From my vast experience in treating this trouble I have gained a knowledge which enables me to locate the cause almost invariably when the symptoms are described, and to apply the current so as to reach the seat of the trouble and restore health to the afflicted part.

Write or call at once—to day—and let me assist you to health and happiness as I have
FREE BOOK. so many thousands of others. I will at once arrange to give you a suitable Belt on the terms above mentioned, and will send you my book on medical electricity, profusely illustrated, free, sealed, by mail. Send for this book. Every man should read it. Address,

DR. W. A. SANDEN, 140 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

Office Hours 9 to 6.
Saturdays until 9 p.m.

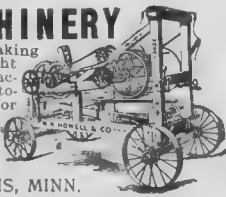
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There is money in making wells if you have the right machinery. We manufacture a full line of up-to-date machines. Write for our catalogue "A" free. We pay freight and duty.

R.R. HOWELL & CO.

MFRS., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



For getting in foal from 1 to 6 mares from one service of a stallion or jack, \$3.50 to \$6.00. Safety Impregnating Outfit, especially adapted for getting in foal so-called barren and irregular breeders, \$7.50. All goods prepaid and guaranteed. Write for Stallion Goods Catalog.

CRITTENDEN & CO., Dept. 34, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.



GILSON MFG. CO. LTD, 700 York St. Guelph, Ontario.

Black Watch

Chewing Tobacco

Rich and satisfying.

The big black plug.

2268

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE

WHEN

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health.

The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood.

The second period that constitutes a special drain on the system is during pregnancy.

The third and the one most liable to leave heart and nerve troubles is during "change of life."

In all three periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to tide over the time. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto Ont.



The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

TEMPERANCE TALK.

The Dangers of Drug Using.

The constant increase in the use of opium and its derivatives has created a general interest in the subject, and many are investigating it who have never felt the touch of its blighting influence.

There are various causes which lead to the use of drugs, and while pain and sleeplessness are among the chief causes of such addictions, the wear and tear on modern life, acting on individuals who are eager to accomplish more than their strength will permit, unquestionably leads many to resort to the false stimulus of drugs.

No one intentionally creates a craving for drugs. But the average person learns their potency for good without learning of their possibilities for evil, and begins their use with no knowledge of the consequences that are sure to follow.

Few persons are brave enough to submit to physical suffering when they know of some way to stop it. Few will endure the discomforts of sleeplessness if there is any way to induce sleep. But those who are in need of help for such ills should be wary of the remedies they use. The so-called simple remedies often contain a deceptive drug that gives temporary relief, but leads to lasting injury.

While it is unfortunately true that physicians are responsible through careless prescriptions for many of these sufferers, it is often the case that a prescription which would have been harmless as well as useful if taken only as directed, is filled again and again, until some drug which enters into its composition becomes a necessity.

Most drug users begin their addictions as a relief from suffering, and often they do not even know what they are taking until the habit is formed. Pain is the master tyrant in this world, and men and women of sterling principle, who would have resented the suggestion that it was possible for them to become the victims of an addiction have come out of the tortures of a prolonged and painful illness to find that they have become slaves of some insidious drug, and that they cannot exist without it.

Drug using has none of the social features of drinking, which owes much of its popularity to that cause. It is a practice which usually is concealed as long as concealment is possible. Many a drug victim receives the sympathy of friends for some malady that perhaps has no existence, save as a convenient excuse for the ravages of morphine or opium.

Sometimes the secret is guarded from one's family until the changed condition and general failure tells the sad story, and after that it becomes a question whether it shall be shielded from the outside world or admitted as the cause of peculiarities that might otherwise be censured.

But whether an addiction is admitted or concealed its effects are the same. Sooner or later there comes the same condition of agony, the same pitiable helplessness.

Opium a Poison.

Opium, in whatever form it may be used, is a poison. And while small doses will alleviate suffering, its continued use causes such a change in the system as produces an increased power of resistance to the effects of the poison, and, as resistance increases, the dose must be increased to produce the desired effect. If this process is continued there is scarcely any limit to the quantity of the poisonous drug that can be taken without causing death.

When the poison is taken into the system in this manner, a change takes place in the nerves and tissues of the body, which is made necessary by the presence of the poison in the system. In addition to the tolerance that has

been built up the organs adapt themselves to the constant presence of the poison, and, having become adapted to its presence, what was once an abnormal condition becomes the normal condition, and the deprivation from the usual supply causes pain and suffering.

The sufferings of the drunkard who cannot get his accustomed supply of whiskey are said to be mild compared with the torture of the drug habitue when deprived of his drug.

There is a marked similarity between the disease of drunkenness and the diseased condition caused by drugs.

A Temperance Centennial.

It is proposed to celebrate the organization of the first temperance society by a World Temperance Centennial Congress at Saratoga Springs, New York, June 14th to 30th next.

April 30, 1808, there was organized at Moreau, Saratoga County, N. Y., by Dr. Billy James Clark, assisted by Rev. L. Armstrong, Gardner Storr and James Mott, the first temperance society in history. This organization is still in existence, and holds at least one meeting annually, for the election of officers and the transaction of business necessary to its perpetuation.

For the World's Congress a convention hall seating five thousand people has been secured. All nations of the world will be invited to send national representatives and delegates will be invited from churches, medical associations, historical societies and all temperance organizations.

In the preparation of the program the history of the century of temperance reform has been divided into twenty year periods. The growth of temperance sentiment, organization and legislation during each of these periods will be dealt with exhaustively.

Saratoga Springs is said to be a village of hotels and not an expensive place in which to spend a vacation. It is said twenty thousand people could easily be lodged within five minutes' walk of the great convention hall.

Liquor as a Medicine.

Druggist Miller, of Indianapolis, Ind., who owns one of the best drug stores in that city, at the corner of 24th street and College avenue, filled 3,800 prescriptions last year. His customers are the well-to-do class, who employ the most skilled physicians. In the whole lot of 3,800 prescriptions written last year there were just four that called for liquor. In poorer parts of the city, where lower-priced physicians are called, the proportion of prescriptions that call for liquor is much larger. No comment is necessary. The facts are eloquent in themselves.

War Against Alcohol Spreading.

Archbishop Ireland has given us this interesting statement: "During my travels through Europe recently I have discovered that the war against alcohol is spreading over every country on that continent. There is not a single country in Europe today that does not have its annual conference of anti-alcoholic workers, and this conference is made up of the best and leading thinkers of every country."

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Eexterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

EAT ORANGES

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP WELL

Careful tests have proved beyond question that orange juice has clearly defined medicinal virtues. Those who suffer with Indigestion—are compelled "to diet"—find that after eating oranges regularly for breakfast there is no distress, no palpitation.

Where there was a tendency towards constipation, the eating of oranges regulated the bowels.

In skin troubles, those who began the morning meal with an orange were noticeably improved.

There is, however, a quicker way to get better results. This is to take one or two "Fruit-a-tives" tablets at bedtime in addition to the juice of an orange before breakfast the next morning. "Fruit-a-tives" are the juices of oranges, apples, figs and prunes, in which the medicinal action is many times intensified by the special way of combining them. Valuable tonics are then added.

Take the juice of an orange before breakfast—take "Fruit-a-tives" at night—and you will quickly be rid of Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, Constipation and Biliousness. "Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50. Sent on receipt of price by "Fruit-a-tives," Limited, Ottawa.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

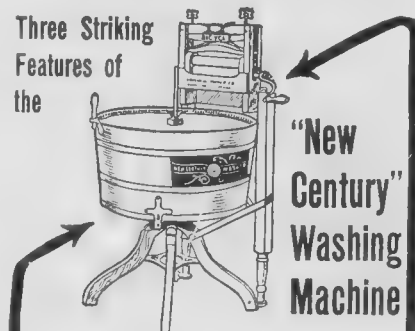
CURES

Dyspepsia, Boils, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Mrs. A. Lethangue, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B. B. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."



Ball Bearings insure easy running. Strong Spiral Springs reverse the motion, and really do half the work.

Wringer Stand is strong and rigid—and so attached that it is always in the right position.

Price \$9.50—delivered at any railway station in Ontario or Quebec.

Write for free booklet.

Dowdell Manufacturing Co. Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

35

GREAT BARGAINS by OCEAN MAIL

PEACH'S TABLE DAMASK

Sent FREE the recognised Guide of Ideal Home Decorations. 500 Illustrations.

Direct Loom Prices Direct to You. Lace Curtains, Muslin, Cretonnes, Tapestries, etc., Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Tailoring, Boots and Shoes.

For 51 years admitted the best for lasting service. See List of Reliable Household Linens. Canadian Currency quoted. MARVELLOUS PARCEL Postage Free

10 Dinner and 6 Half-Parcel \$3.10 Tea Cloths 1 of each

2 White Damask Table Cloths, 2 1/2 yds. by 2 yds. rich pattern, hemmed.

2 White Damask Table Cloths, special make, in cotton, having the effect of Linen Damask, 60 ins. long, 54 ins. wide, hemmed.

2 Half Bleached Table Cloths, hard wearing.

2 Irish Cambric Tea Cloths, Hand Embroidered and Drawn Thread.

2 Tray Covers Embroidered and Drawn Thread. Marvellous value. Try one. Reliable Wearing.

Price Lists may be obtained at the office of this Paper. SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms, Box 658 NOTTINGHAM, Eng. (Est. 1857).

DROPSY Cured; quick relief; removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; 30 to 60 days effects permanent cure. Trial treatment given free to sufferers; nothing fairer. For circulars, testimonials, and free trial treatment write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons Box G, Atlanta, Georgia

THAT NASTY TASTE IN YOUR MOUTH MEANS INDIGESTION

That nasty taste in your mouth, with the dull, run-down feeling which accompanies it, the loss of appetite, loss of strength, loss of interest in life, means that your stomach is out of order and must be put right, or worse will follow. Mother Seigel's Syrup strengthens stomach, liver, and bowels, restores them to natural action, and so makes an end of all digestive disorders. Here is an example:—"I suffered terribly with my stomach, and could find no benefit from the many remedies I tried. But Mother Seigel's Syrup gave me immediate relief, and now I am completely cured."—From Mme. Lagambe, Hanmer, Ont.

Take MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP AND BE WELL.

Price 60 cts. per bottle.
Sold everywhere.

A. J. WHITE & CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

SOMERVILLE Steam Marble and Granite Works ROSSER AVE., BRANDON



ABERDEEN to BRANDON

A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobber's profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

MAIL ORDERS

Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES
with cross handles carried in stock.
Curling Stones sharpened at \$4.00 per pair.

Remember! BRANDON.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Waiter (who has just served up some soup): "Looks uncommonly like rain, sir?"

Diner—"Yes, by Jove! and tastes like it, too. Bring me some thick soup."

Model—"Have you heard poor old Greene has had his studio burned down and all his pictures destroyed by fire? Such a nice fellow, too."

Artist—"Yes, his art is in the right place, I must say."

Bagley—"All of Mrs. Howe's children call her the 'mater.' Isn't it nice to see such affection?"

Bailey—"That isn't affection. She succeeded in marrying off six daughters in six years, and they call her the 'mater' because they think she has fairly earned the title."

A Scottish preacher, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"Brethren, it's nae fair; gie a mon half a chance. Wait till I get along, an then if I m nae worth listening to, gang to sleep, but dinna gang before I get commenced. Gie a mon a chance!"

A woman suffrage lecturer recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply:

"Please, mum, which horse be that?"

"Yes, he had some trouble with his eyes," said the celebrated oculist. "Every time he started to read he would read double."

"Poor fellow!" remarked the sympathetic person. "I suppose that interfered with his holding a good position?"

"Not at all. The gas company gobbled him up and gave him a lucrative job reading gas-meters."

Senior Partner—"That new lady shorthand clerk who types your letters spells ridiculously."

Junior Partner—"Does she? Well, if she does it's about the only word she can spell, so far as my observation goes."

She had just been stating her reasons for refusing his hand.

"I hope," she said, "that I have made myself perfectly plain."

"No, I cannot say that you have," he replied. "I—I think Nature had something to do with it."

Then he made his exit.

"Professor," said Mrs. Gaswell to the distinguished musician who had been engaged at a high price to entertain her guests, "what was that lovely selection you played just now?"

"That madam," he answered, glaring at her, "was an improvisation."

"Ah, yes, I remember now. I knew it was an old favorite, but I couldn't think of the name of it to save me."

Vicar—"Well, Mary, I was very surprised to see John walk out in the middle of the sermon yesterday."

Mary—"Ah, sir, I do 'ope you'll excuse my poor 'usband. 'E's a terrible one for walkin' in 'is sleep."

"Talk about animals having no intelligence!" exclaimed an assertive member of a club. "My dog Rover cannot speak, I admit, but he has as much sense as I have."

"Very likely," admitted a listener, "but that doesn't prove that the animal is intelligent!"

More to the Point—"My voice is still for war," shouted the impassioned orator.

"How about the rest of you?" yelled a sarcastic bystander.

"Don't you think," said the young man, "that literature is in a state of decline?"

"Unquestionably," replied the other. "It's in a chronic state of decline—without thanks."

Great Strides—"His success in a financial way has been something marvellous."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. I've often heard him tell how, when he came here fifteen years ago, all he owed in the world was a sovereign or two, and last week he failed for ten thousand."

Dumley—"I read in the financial papers this morning that 'money is easier' now. What on earth does that mean?"

Popley—"Probably it means that it goes easier. At any rate, I don't find that it comes any easier."

Gentleman (indignantly) — "You praised your kitchen coal up to the skies, and said it was most economical. Why, it won't burn at all!"

Coal Dealer (coolly)—"Well, what could you have more economical than that?"

Her Mother—"I should rather you would not go sailing with that young man, Clara; I don't believe he knows a thing about a sail-boat."

Clara—"Oh, but he does, mamma; he showed me a letter of recommendation from a city firm he used to work for, and they speak very highly of his salesmanship."

Pusher—"Gusher is not very happy in his choice of adjectives."

Usher—"Why so?"

"Miss Gumms fished for a compliment by asking him what he thought of her slippers."

"And what did he say?"

"He said they were immense."

Evelyn—"You've been courting me now for a number of years, George, and I want to make a little Leap Year proposal."

George—"I—I am not in a position to m—marry just yet, but—"

Evelyn (interrupting)—"Who said anything about marriage? I was going to propose that you stay away from here and give somebody else a chance."

Railway Director—"We have divided up the work so that each of the directors has a fair share to do. Higgins is secretary, I am treasurer, and Spriggs is—"

Griggs—"Why, Spriggs is so deaf that he can't hear thunder. What does he do?"

Railway Director—"Oh, all the complaints are referred to him."

The teacher of a certain school received the following note explaining the absence of one of her pupils the day before:

"Plese excooze Henny for absents yeesterday. Him an' me got a chance to ride to a funeral in a charrige, an I let him stay home, as he had never rode in a charrige an' never went to a funeral, nor had any other pleasures. So plesse excooze."

Trial Proves Its Excellence.—The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. If not found the sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise as untruthful.

"IT'S ONLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUGH"

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a Consumptive's grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

The "Red Cross" Sanitary Closet



Used in the following Western Public Schools—
"Neepawa"
"Killarney"
"Melita"
"Wolseley"
"McGregor"
and hundreds of other private homes and public buildings.

The only good closet for use where you have no waterworks.

A simple chemical process destroys all deposits.

Can also be supplied in Cabinet form with removable tank.

Write us for booklet and information.

AGENTS

J. H. Ashdown HARDWARE Co.
LTD.
WINNIPEG.

Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe.
Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.
WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.
General Agents for Canada.

Don't Have "Spring Fever"

"Spring Fever" is just another name for Biliousness, Irregular Bowels, Upset Stomach.

What you must do is to get the blood pure—by stirring up the liver—making the bowels regular and the stomach sweet. The quickest, and surest, and pleasant way to do all this is to take Abbey's Salt. It's the best spring tonic.

25c and 60c a bottle.

Abbey's
**Effer-
vescent Salt**

Eddy's

Silent Parlor Matches

"Silent as the Sphinx."

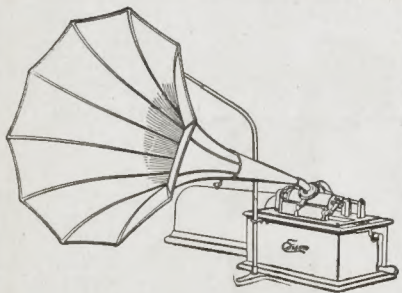
All Good Grocers Sell Eddy's Matches

TEES & PERSSE LIMITED, Agents

CALGARY

WINNIPEG

EDMONTON



Columbia
Graphophone
\$35.00

Including 12 records of your own choice specially tested by us.

Terms: \$8.00 Cash and \$5.00 per Month until paid. No Interest.
Boxed and Freight Paid in Manitoba and the Territories.

Celebrated Columbia Graphophone, guaranteed perfect in every detail. A child can operate it. Genuine improved "Lyric" reproducer with real sapphire, highly polished oak cabinet, tandem spring motor, can be wound while playing, large japanned 19-inch steel Floral Horn and Crane of beautiful design. By making special arrangements with the factory for a large number of these, we are able to sell to you at a very low price. We are the only firm in the West selling these on easy terms, and have the largest stock. 10,000 records to choose from. Catalogue Free, No. 72. Recorder for making records in your own home with this machine, \$5.00 extra. Money refunded if not as represented. Reference: Bank of Hamilton.

The Winnipeg Piano Co.,

295 PORTAGE AVENUE.

The Biggest, Busiest and Best Piano and Talking Machine House.

Broadwood, Knabe, Bell-Haines Bros. and Evans Pianos, Columbia, Edison and Victor Talking Machines, sold on Easy Monthly or Fall Payments.

Repairs on Talking Machines a Specialty.

Work Guaranteed.

Hints for the Housewife.

At the Dinner Table.

He sat at the dinner-table
With a discontented frown;
The potatoes and steak were underdone
And the bread was baked too brown;
The pie was heavy, the pudding too sweet,
And the meat was much too fat;
The soup so greasy, too, and salt,
'Twas hardly fit for the cat.

"I wish you could taste the bread and pie
I've seen my mother make;
They are something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a slice of her cake."
Said the smiling wife: "I'll improve with age—
Just now I'm but a beginner;
But your mother has come to visit us,
And to-day she cooked the dinner."

A mustard plaster mixed with the white of an egg will not leave a blister.

If a steel needle is held between the teeth when peeling onions for pickling it will prevent the eyes from watering.

If your cellar is damp, as it is apt to be in the early spring and fall, put a piece of unslaked lime in it. It absorbs the moisture, and keeps the place sweet.

Cheese may be kept from going mouldy by wrapping it in a cloth dipped in vinegar and wrung nearly dry. Cover the cloth with a wrapper of paper, and keep in a cool place.

Hair brushes should be washed, if possible, every day. The best plan is to keep two in use at the same time. Unless a clean brush is used the hair loses the bright, glossy look that it should have.

A veteran housekeeper says that washing lamp-chimneys is a waste of time. Just hold them over the steam from a boiling tea-kettle, then rub them with a dry newspaper folded up into a wad, and lastly with a soft cloth, and they will be all that can be desired.

When your gas burns poorly, probably the mantle is black. If so, remove the globe, get a salt shaker, and with it sprinkle salt on the mantle, as much as will cover it, then light the gas and let it burn till all the black is off. Then replace the globe. Cleaned thus, the mantle should be as good as new again.

It takes less than a minute to put on an old pair of gloves when one has a dirty piece of work, such as dusting or making a fire, to do; but what a saving it is to the hands! Housewives who make a point of thus protecting their skin never have unsightly ingrained blacks on their hands, nor those distressing cracks that get so dreadfully chapped and painful.

If a skirt is much splashed with mud, or stained along the hem, it should never be brushed until the stains are completely dry, prompt treatment while the mud is still wet only causing the dirt to sink into the material. If brushing does not succeed in eliminating the marks when the material is dry, sponging with pure alcohol should be tried, this method succeeding admirably both with serge and cloth costumes in dark colors as well as lighter fabrics.

What to Wear.—Fair women who flush easily should avoid light blue, more especially for evening gowns, and the woman of indefinite coloring should never wear black velvet, while she of brilliant complexion and decided features will probably look splendid in it. Then, again, the dullness of chiffon is trying to some and the sheen of satin to others. The only way to come to a decision in these matters (and once learnt one should bear it in mind) is to hold the various materials up before you and study the effect in the glass.

Sweeping An Invalid's Room.—Everyone knows how untidy a sick-room becomes, and how annoying the dust of the sweeping is to the patient. "To remedy this," said a trained and capable nurse, "I put a little ammonia in a pail of warm water, and with my mop wrung dry as possible go all over the carpet first. This takes up the dust and much of the loose dirt. A broom will take what is too large to adhere to the mop, and raise no dust. With my dust-cloth well sprinkled I go over the furniture, and the room is fairly clean."

Soothing for Coughs.—Toffee has a great advantage over cough mixtures, because, as it requires to be slowly sucked away, it has a longer time in which to act on the parts which are irritated by coughing. This simple toffee

is both soothing for coughs and delicious to the palate. Take half a pound of Demerara sugar, one pound of butter, one tablespoonful of treacle, one tea-spoonful of ipecacuanha wine. Mix the sugar, butter and treacle together, and boil them slowly for half an hour. Then add the wine, and when thoroughly mixed with the other ingredients pour the mixture on to a greased plate to cool.

Laying the Cloth.—A table ought first to have a protective covering of thick felt or baize—fastened securely at the corners by tapes—to prevent hot dishes damaging the woodwork, and also to help to deaden the sound of plates and other items being placed upon it. It is not wise to choose a material of bright coloring for this purpose, as when children are present and any liquid gets spilled thereon, the dye from the baize is apt to discolor the white linen cloth. In such cases it may be necessary to have a piece of oilcloth placed between the baize cover and the linen. Spread the linen evenly on the table.

To Remove Stains from the Hands after Peeling Apples.—Rub the inside of the apple peeling on the part stained and you will find that the ugly mark will soon disappear.

Polished tables may be kept in good condition if about once a week they are rubbed with a mixture of turpentine and olive oil. Apply with a piece of flannel, afterwards polishing with a dry cloth.

When washing the hands, rub them over with a bit of lemon, for the juice has a cleansing and softening effect on the skin. Lemon-juice, diluted with an equal quantity of water, is sometimes used to remove freckles, but for many people this remedy would be too drastic and would cause a rash all over the face.

To Make Cold Cream.—Take ½ lb. of the best lard and a little essence of lemon. Put these in a basin and pour boiling water upon them, then set aside, and when cold pour off the water. Twice repeat the process of scalding, then with a fork beat to a soft cream. Put in jars and it is ready for use.

Never give painted toys to very young children. They are a source of great danger, as it is difficult to prevent children from putting them to their mouths, more particularly at teething time. Tin toys are also better banished from the nursery, as many nasty cuts are caused by a fall on the sharp edges of a tin toy badly made.

To Prevent Clothes Iron-Moulding from the Rust off the Boiler.—When the washing is done each week empty all the water out of the boiler, and while the latter is warm rub it all over with soft soap, and let this remain on till the boiler is required again; it is easily washed off. Mutton fat can also be used. If this is done every week the boiler will never iron-mould the clothes.

Cooking Oatmeal.—Oatmeal should be cooked in a double boiler. This is a small boiler hung or placed in a lower boiler, which is partly filled with boiling water. In other words, we give the oatmeal a water bath, which ensures perfect cooking and removes the danger of burning. Stir the oatmeal into boiling water until it begins to thicken. Cook constantly for half an hour. Do not stir after it begins to cook.

Fish Toast.—Take the remains of any cold fish, pound well with butter, pepper, a pinch of mace, a little chopped onion, parsley, and salt. Mix well with some cream, warm it in a pan over the fire, and stir in the yolk of an egg. Put it on to hot buttered toast, piled high. It must be thick enough to stand. Sprinkle over with breadcrumbs, pour a little clarified butter on the top, and brown.

Smokers' Wives.—Not every housewife knows that a large bowl of fresh water placed in a room over night will absorb all the smell of tobacco from the evening's pipes and cigars, and prevent that stale smell in the morning which is so difficult to get rid of. At the same time, all ends of cigars and tobacco ash should be cleared away before closing the room for the night. This simple precaution is quite worth while where a small flat is concerned, and where the dining-room is used in lieu of a smoking-room.

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen, painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by all druggists.

These Goods Free To You

You can get any of the following articles and many others simply by saving

GOLDEN WEST SOAP WRAPPERS

and sending them to us.

Everybody in the West knows that Golden West Soap is a Western-made article and specially made for Western conditions and Western people. Your grocer sells it, and charges no more for the same sized cake than you pay for poorer grades of soap; and in addition to this you get our valuable premiums.

Our catalogue shows the complete line but here are a few:—

STANDARD SOAP CO. LIMITED, Calgary, Alta.

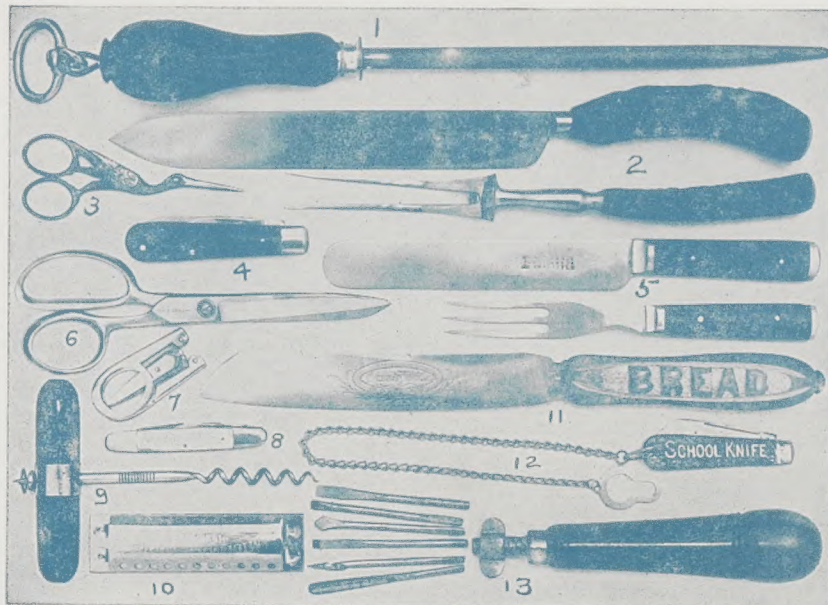
This Coupon is accepted by us as of equal value to Six wrappers when accompanied by other wrappers.



This attractive silver plate teaspoon free for both ends of a 2 lb. carton of Golden West Soap or Golden West Washing Powder. Enclose 2c. stamp and address

Dept. H. M. STANDARD SOAP CO., LIMITED, Calgary.

FINE HOUSEHOLD CUTLERY



No. 1—Best Steel, a very useful household article. Free for 40 wrappers or 10 wrappers and 25 cents postpaid.

No. 2—Handsome Carving Knife and Fork. Good value. Free for 200 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and \$1.00 postpaid.

No. 3—Dainty Embroidery Scissors, artistically mounted. Free for 60 wrappers or for 20 wrappers and 25 cents postpaid.

No. 4—Best Jack Knife. Strong and serviceable. Free for 50 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 20 cents postpaid.

No. 5— Ebony Handled Steel Tipped Knives, English Sheffield Steel, with forks, 1 dozen knives, or 1 dozen forks. Free for 300 wrappers or for 50 wrappers and \$1.40 postpaid.

No. 6—Sunset Scissors, seven inch blade, best razor steel. Free for 50 wrappers or 15 wrappers and 20 cents postpaid.

NOVEL JEWELRY DESIGNS—Postpaid.



No. 62—Gold Plated Crescent Brooch Pin with seven stones, brilliant cluster. For 30 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents.



No. 63—Circle Cluster Brooch border of 15 jewels, close set, showing no metal. Centre is a cluster of emeralds and 1 brilliant. For 100 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 40c.



No. 64—Wreath Brooch, set with 7 brilliants, entwining branch and blossom, each blossom set with an inserted stone. In either green, gold or rose gold. For 30 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents.

Value of Golden West Wrappers

As applied to the different brands we manufacture:—

LAUNDRY SOAP AND SPECIALTIES

Golden West Laundry Soap.....	1 carton equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
Golden West Washing Powder.....	1 " " " " " " " "
Golden West Powdered Ammonia.....	1 " " " " " " " "
Golden West Lye.....	1 tin " " " " " " " "
Bristle Scouring Soap.....	1 cake " " " " " " " "

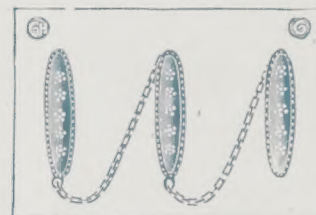
TOILET SOAPS

Heather Bouquet.....	each cake equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
Golden West Toilet.....	" " " " " " " "
Weir's Buttermilk.....	" " " " " " " "
No. 77 Baby's Bath.....	" " " " " " " "
"Herron's" Floating Castile.....	" " " " " " " "
No. 3725 Hard Water.....	" " " " " " " "
Golden West Glycerine and Pine Tar.....	" " " " " " " "
Weir's Pine Tar.....	" " " " " " " "
Uncle Tom's Tar.....	" " " " " " " "

BAKING POWDER, etc.

"Trophy" Baking Powder.....	each tin equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
"Trophy" Baking Soda, one lib. package.....	" " " " " " " "
"Trophy" Baking Soda, " 1/2 lb. package.....	" " " " " " " "
"Trophy" Jelly Powder, each package.....	" " " " " " " "
"Trophy" Flavoring Extract, 2 oz. bottle.....	" " " " " " " "
"Trophy" " " 4-oz. ".....	" " " " " " " "
"Trophy" " " 8-oz. ".....	" " " " " " " "
"Trophy" " " 16-oz. ".....	" " " " " " " "

NOVEL JEWELRY DESIGNS—Postpaid



No. 65—Three-piece Baby Pin Set, consisting of 3 pins with chain attachment. For 20 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 10 cents.



No. 66—Cable Link Gold Plated Neck Chain, hung with Roman gold secret heart locket containing one brilliant. Opens and closes and has space for two photos. For 30 wrappers or for 10 wrappers and 15 cents.



No. 67—Real solid gold Shell Ring. Tiffany mounting, containing large brilliant, finest imitation diamond. For 100 wrappers or 25 wrappers and 50 cents.



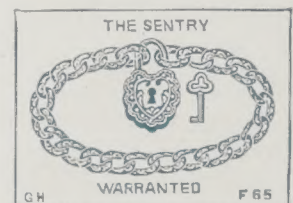
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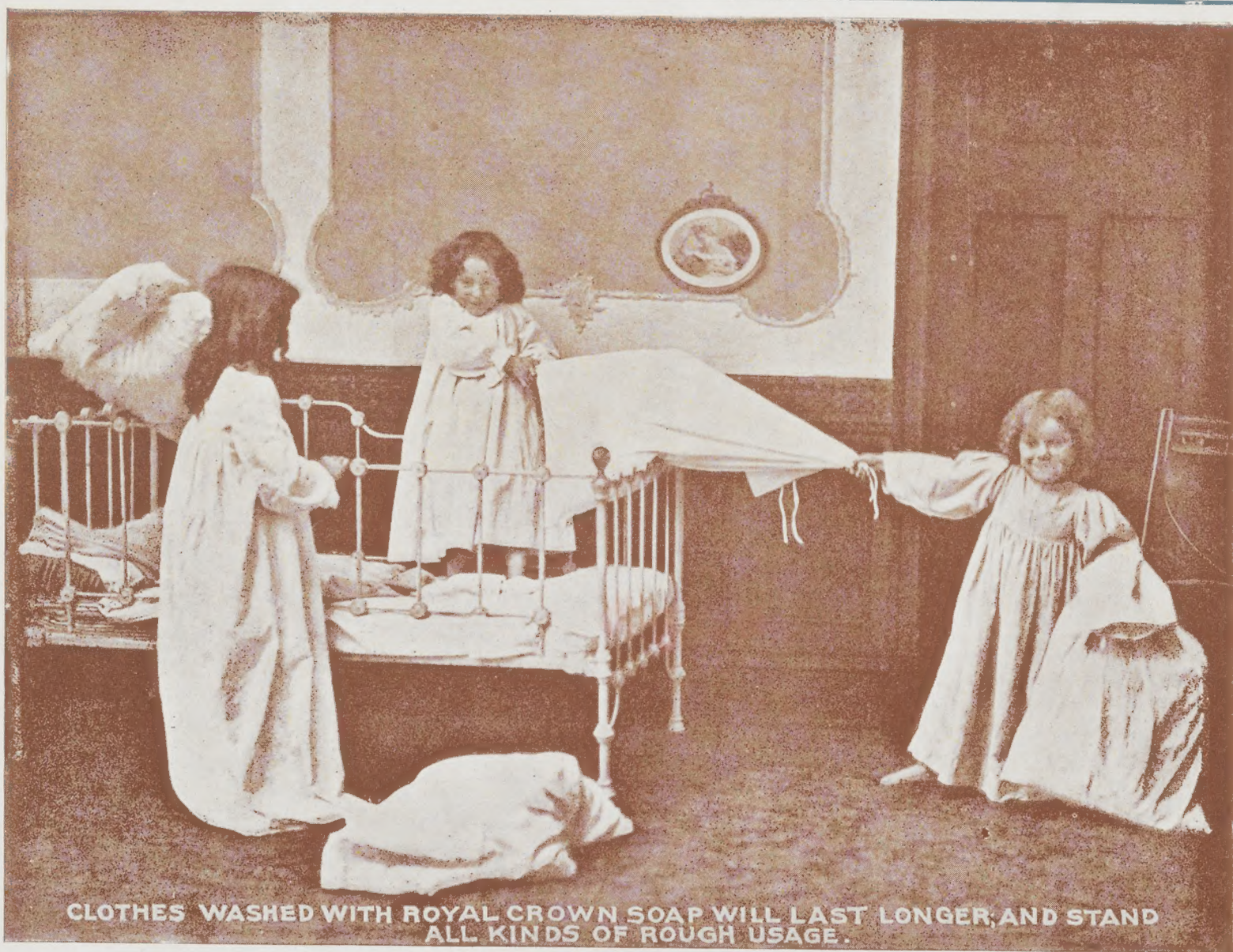
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